Oct. 2, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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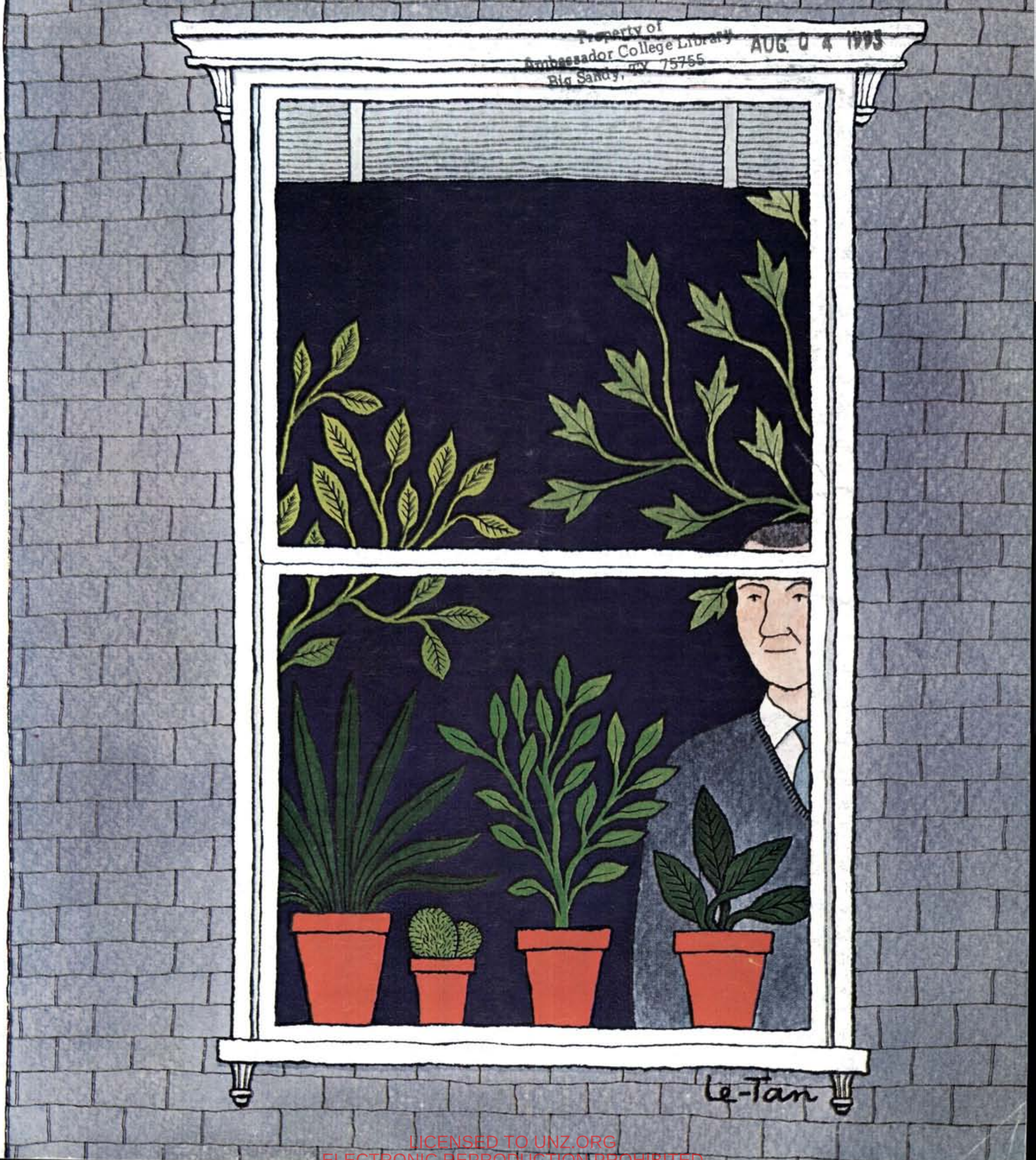

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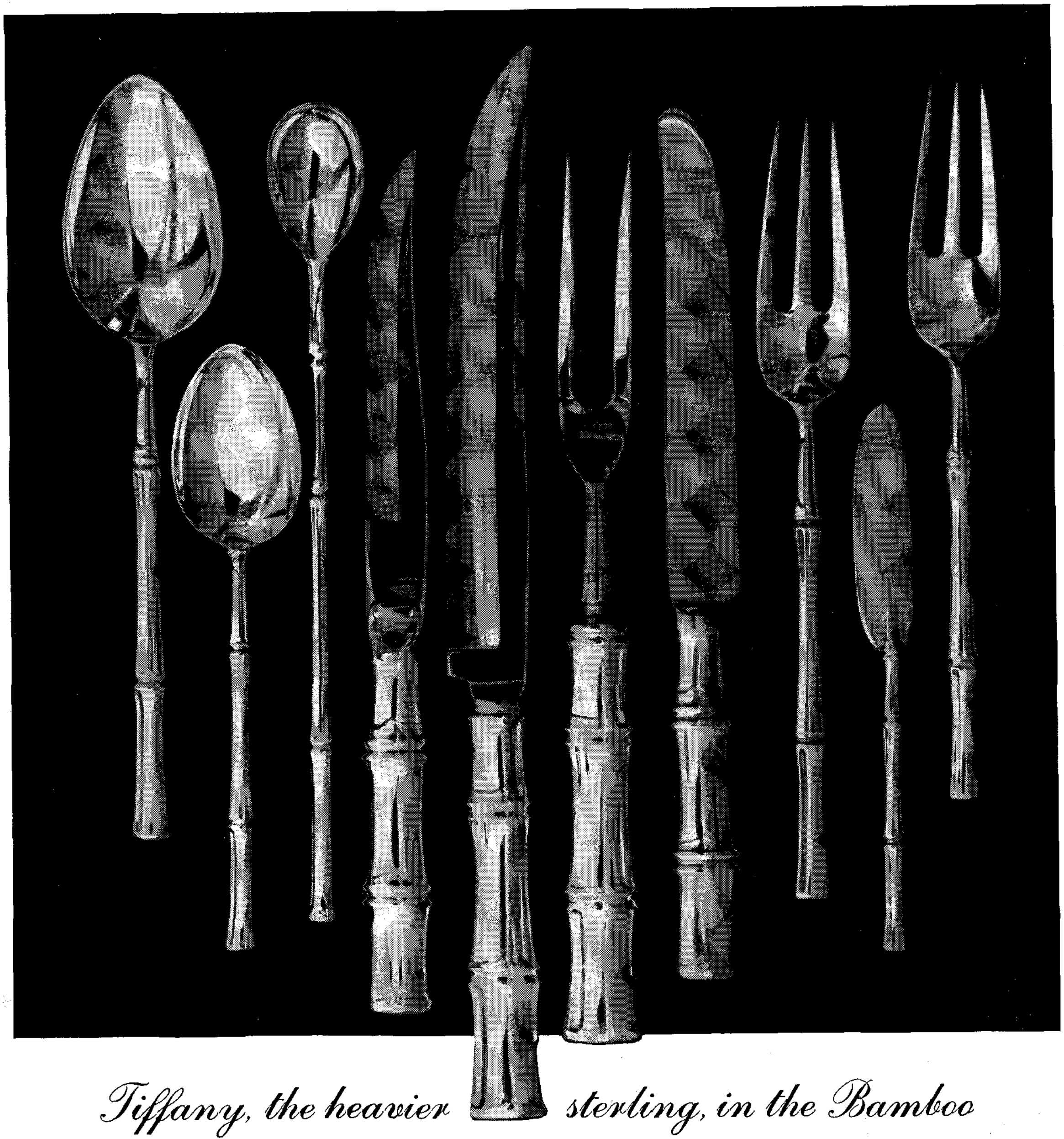

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Black Light Theatre of Prague—A one-week engagement by this company of dancers and mimes, presenting several programs of mystery and illusion. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8; Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2 and 8; Friday, Oct. 1, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2 and 8; and final performance Sunday, Oct. 3, at 5.)

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Leaves of Grass—Stan Harte, Jr., has written a varied, melodic score, though not an especially original one, for twenty-one of the poems, and they are sung (well) and danced to (after a fashion) by a company of four. The result is quite a vigorous show, which would be much better off without an intermission. Walt Whitman may not be everybody's poet, but who would have thought the old man to have had so much fun in him? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's merry new comedy, **play strindberg**, a takeoff on Strindberg's "Dance of Death." Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 29, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 23. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Solitaire/Double Solitaire—A double bill by Robert Anderson, with Richard Venture, Joyce Ebert, and Ruth Nelson. Directed by Arvin Brown. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 30. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:05. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—Henderson Forsythe in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at

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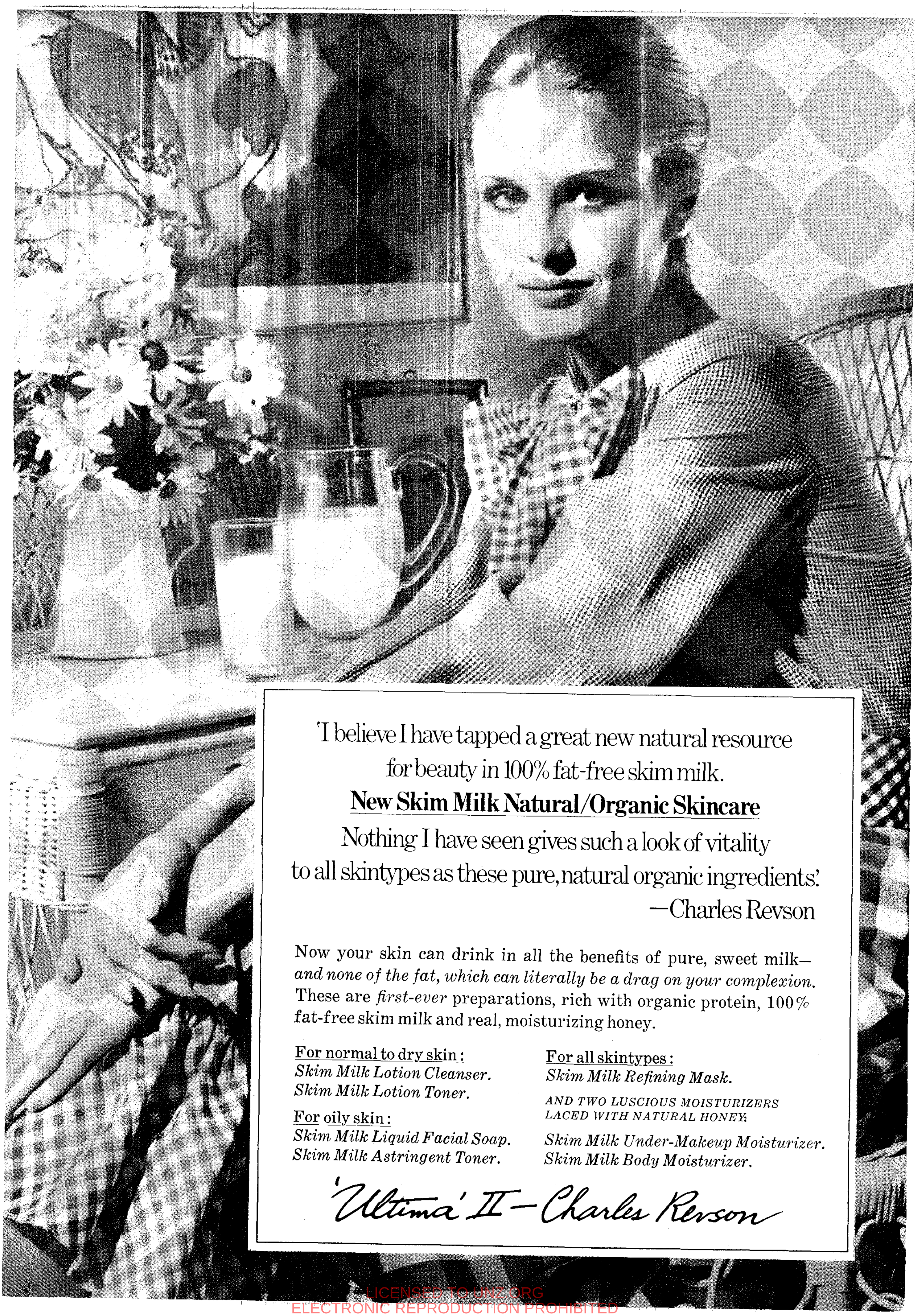

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—Charles Revson

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'Ultima' II — Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Oct. 3.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring musical version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Oct. 7, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2.)... **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Jane Russell, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the middle of the creek in two long clean strokes. Haines sat down on a stone, smoking. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Are you not coming in? Buck Mulligan asked. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Later on, Haines said. Not on my breakfast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Sir Walter had at first thought more of London; but Mr. Shepherd felt that he could not be trusted in London, and had been skilful enough to dissuade him from it, and make Bath preferred. It was a much safer place for a gentleman in his predicament: he might there be important at comparatively little expense. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Two material advantages of Bath over London had of course been given all their weight, its more convenient distance from Kellynch, only fifty miles, and Lady Russell's spending some part of every winter there; and to the very great satisfaction of Lady Russell, whose first views on the projected change had been for Bath, Sir Walter and Elizabeth were induced to believe that they should lose neither consequence nor enjoyment by settling there. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated musical adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** One man's family, with music. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 29, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TOUCH:** A little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 14—Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 7:30: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Reflections," "Feast of Ashes," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Pineapple Poll." ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Oct. 3, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

Wonderful World of Horses—Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Arabians, Andalusians, Palominos, saddlebreds, American Albinos, Morgans, and Chevrolets. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 8, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 10, at 1:30 and 6; and Monday, Oct. 11, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A utilitarian room where physical discomfort is often compensated for by fresh talent. Folk singer Ralph McTell will be here through Monday, Oct. 4. On Wednesday, Oct. 6, singer Mickey Newbury will arrive. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Wednesday, Sept. 29, Horace Pollard will be at the keyboard; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 3, the Cedar Walton duo will perform with singer Babs Gonzales; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4-5, singer-pianist Paddi Wicks will be assisted by a bass violist; Wednesday, Oct. 6, Hal Waters will play guitar; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 7-10, Bobby Timmons will head a trio. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Through Saturday, Oct. 2, Jan Hammer will be handling the electric piano, accompanied by a bassist. Pianist Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson and bassist Herb Buschler will take over on Tuesday, Oct. 5. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and bass player Herbie Lewis substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new, polished restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays. Drummer John Lewis is in charge of a trio Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten to four.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Part of the survival of the fittest; that is, Barney Josephson, of the long-lost Café Societies, still managing to come up with *spécialités de la maison,* such as Anita Sheer, coiled affectionately around her guitar, and sounding far more Andalusian than any American has a right to be, plus Sammy Price, who treats a Steinway in a fine (and historical) way. From eight to one, except on Sundays, when Cyril Haynes, solo, moves to the piano for a seven-to-midnight set. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Folk is the dominant genre, with Patrick Sky and Dave Van Ronk leading the current show. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 6, John Baldry and Hookfoot will come in. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Headquarters for six-stringed jazz. Through Sunday, Oct. 3, Kenny Burrell will be doing his solidly creative thing, working with a bass player. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The dependable Zoot Sims quartet is the current occupant of this relaxed club. On Tuesday, Oct. 5, James Moody will turn up with his foursome. Singer Eddy Jefferson joins in Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays through Thursdays. Nine until closing.

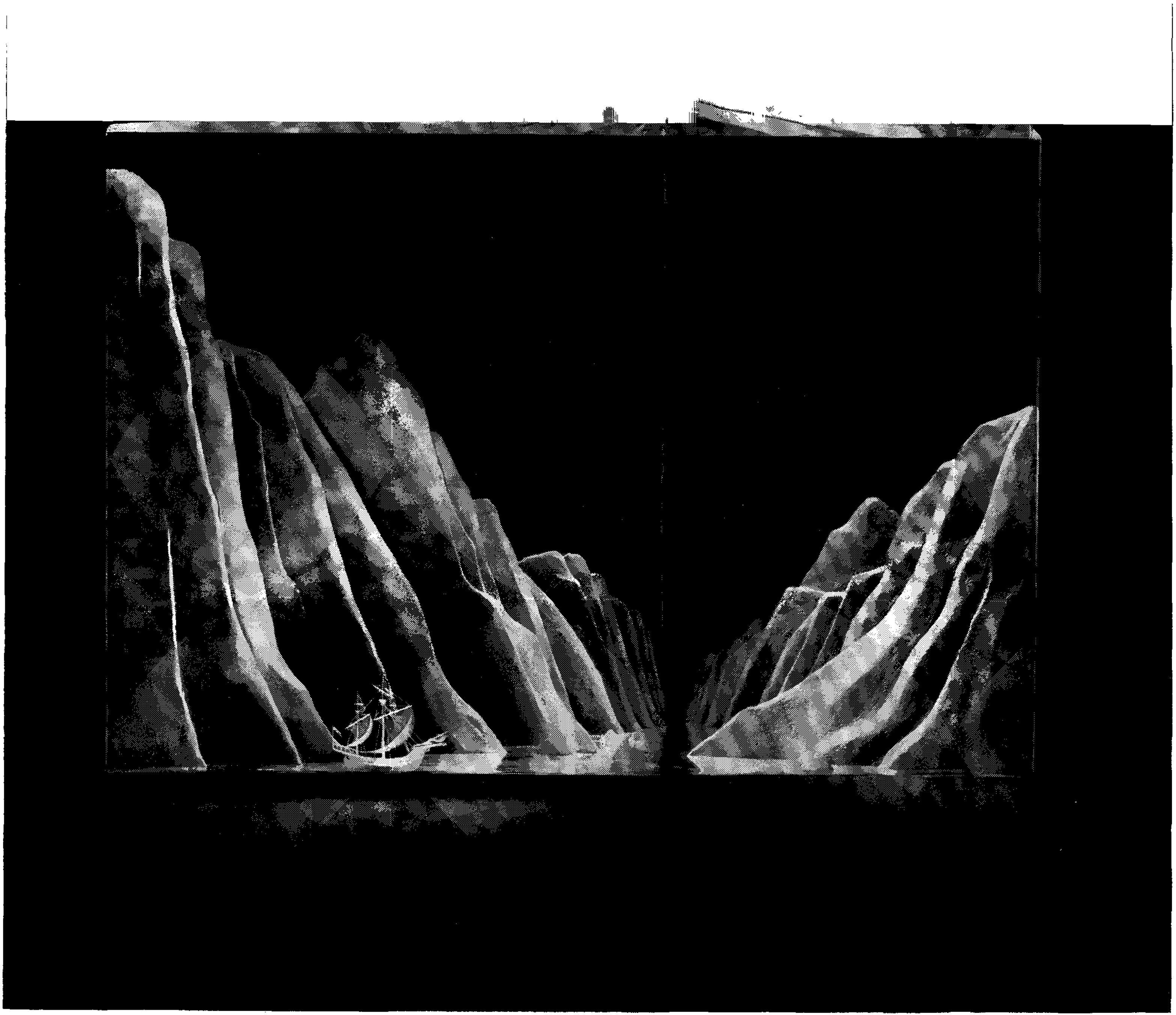
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Fridays through Sundays, Eddie Gale's quintet is on the stand. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. Sundays through Tuesdays, drummer Roy Haynes heads a trio. Thursdays through Saturdays, the Sunny Henry trio performs. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra play through Sunday, Oct. 3. On Tuesday, Oct. 5,



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FERDINAND MAGELLAN—FROM THE SERIES "GREAT EXPLORERS"

To the right, the southern coast of South America.

To the left, a land Magellan called "Tierra del Fuego" (Fireland) because of the many Indian campfires he saw at night.

Ahead, one of the most treacherous bodies of water in the world.

Overshadowed by precipitous mountains, the flagship *Trinidad* is about to enter the undiscovered passage to the South Sea now known as the Strait of Magellan.

Ferdinand Magellan was seeking a western route to the Spice Islands to buy cloves for King Charles of Spain. Of the five original ships, only three passed through the strait. Two finally reached the Spice Islands, but without Magellan, who died in the Philippines.

Steuben Glass has completed six engraved and sculptured designs in a series celebrating the great explorers of history: "Hernando Cortes," "Leif Eriksson," "Henry Hudson," "Lewis and Clark," "David Livingstone," and "Ferdinand Magellan."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Freddie Hubbard quintet moves in. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Third Phase, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—A grotto, judging by its décor, and a Columbia U. hangout, judging by its clientele. A kind of spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace is being led by a hyperactive cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two. Italian food. Open Thursdays through Saturdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Bill Evans, whose piano is made of satin-covered slide rules, is in charge of his trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Mondays, when a Latin spirit pervades the enormous room.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Freddie Hubbard, adept on trumpet and flugelhorn, leads a quintet here until Tuesday, Oct. 5, when pianist Herbie Hancock, who prepped for several years with Miles Davis, brings in his sextet. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Oct. 3, trumpeter Herman Autrey will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers whoop-de-do and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The sidewalk sideshow would have warmed the heart of Barnum, and it ought to attract a few dozen sociologists. Inside, however, the tone is set by rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted palms, and *cuisine française*. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only snacks are served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For a stimulating evening: Go see "Cleopatra" (the 1934 version, with Claudette Colbert, if you can find it). Then come to this ornate restaurant and compare the *mise-en-scène*. People dance to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, some polished entertainers come out and do things: through Saturday, Oct. 2, New Direction, and after that, the Jesters Four. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

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Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

BIG DEALS

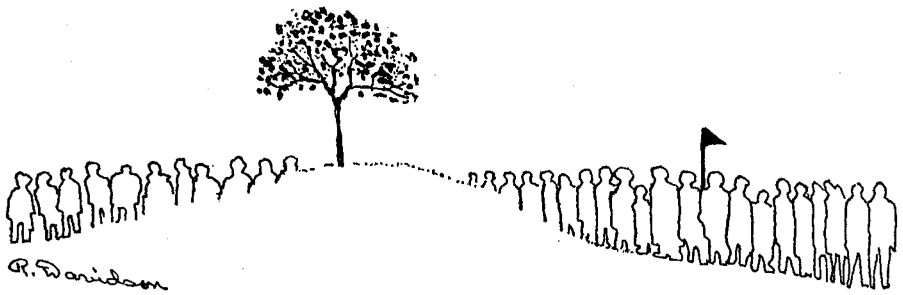
(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España will stop expounding their homespun, woven-in-Barcelona philosophy, all of it expressed in cantata and cavorting, on Wednesday, Sept. 29. Next evening's arrivals: the flamencans who call themselves La Zambra, and Celia Cruz, who is both Caribbean and soprano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the next-door **FLAMENCO ROOM**, tiny though it is, more of the same, by half a dozen players of the Tablao, offering up the semi-impromptu sort of amusement so characteristic of early-morning life in Madrid—all of it only inches from the spectators. Eight until four every night but Sunday.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The preliminary bouts—Julius La Rosa, wrestling, in his own imitable way, with a bunch of pop tunes, and Pat Henry, cherishing a bundle of tried-and-tested jokes—end on Wednesday, Oct. 6. One night later, in comes a champion, Dionne Warwicke, the sounding board for the often classic Burt Bacharach songbook. Her running mate will be Lonnie Shorr, a better-than-average fast-talker. No silent nights. . . . ¶ *In the ground-floor lounge,* one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—A Peter Duchin orchestra has settled in at **LA FORÊT** (the maestro himself will be coxswain only on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29-30) to embellish this enchanted and enchanting woodland from eight-thirty to two-thirty. It's a five-day week—Tuesday through Saturday—hereabouts. . . . ¶ Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, spends Sundays and Mondays in the **CAFÉ** with a smaller crew (just three), seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—What's got into the Plaza? Well, the **PERSIAN ROOM** will, on Monday, Oct. 4, the night it comes to life again, be full of familiar faces: throaty, matinée-idolly Robert Goulet chanting, at ten o'clock, and Burt Farber and Mark Monte on the bandstand to head up their crews. But what's got into the courtyard once known as the Edwardian Room is a new name (**GREEN TULIP**), a new decorator, and a brace of new characters, Sig and Gary, who are strolling musicians. And what's got into **PLAZA-9 MUSIC HALL** is a dozen new young people and a sort of revue. And what's got into the **PALM COURT** at night is a new music man, Miguel, on guitar, though Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is still on hand from four-thirty until seven-thirty. Addenda: After his première, Mr. Goulet will sing at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and his showshop will be closed on Sundays; the **TULIP** is in action every night; **PLAZA 9** (which has a phone of its own: PL 9-3933) begins at seven-thirty, does a reprise at eleven, and shuts up on Mondays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Linda Bennett, the oriole in this highly gilded cage, does the last of her dinner and supper sessions on Saturday, Oct. 2. On Monday, Oct. 4, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Northwest Mounted Police bring in New Year's Eve well ahead of schedule. They'll be around for quite a while. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** puts Lana Cantrell, a *cantatrice* compounded of vim and vigor, on the throne during dinner and supper, and surrounds her with the dance music, from seven-thirty until two, of George Cort's orchestra. On Monday, Oct. 4, Mel Tormé, whose variations on a theme make him one of the deftest inventors since Thomas A. Edison, will succeed Miss C. on the throne. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE**, the prepossessing little chamber across the way, is exactly the setting for the chamber music that issues from the violin plied by that midtown landmark Gunnar Hansen. A better man for the job would be hard to find. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And what a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to station them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday, in the minute **ST. REGIS ROOM**! No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here?

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, his songs of the world's worldliest world, and his men-at-arms, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. The whole thing amounts to a quite elaborate literacy test. Usually not before ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right here. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever (after nine-thirty, it's by Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant,* what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving

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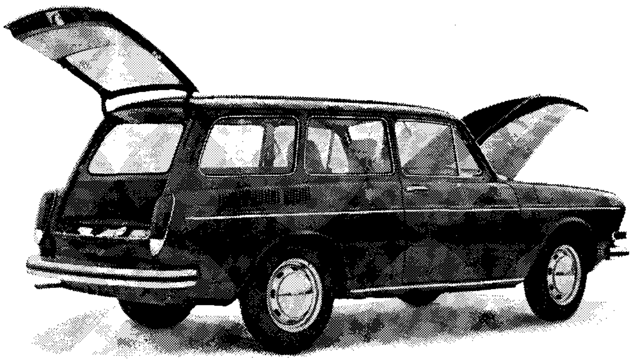
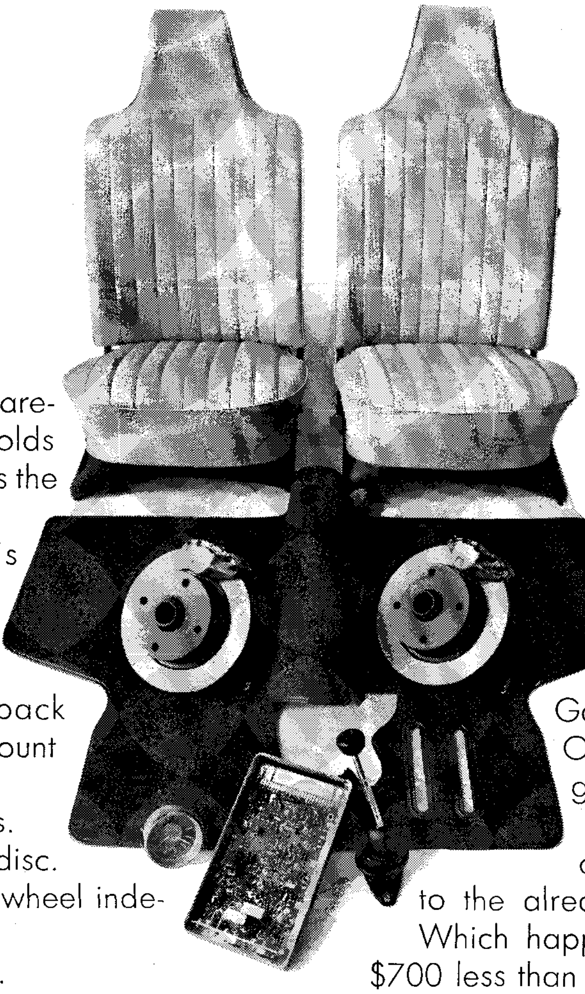


Even unpacked, it's loaded.



The Volkswagen Squareback, fully packed, holds nearly twice as much as the average sedan.

But even when it's empty, there's still something in it for you.

Fully unpacked, the Volkswagen Squareback holds an impressive amount of standard features.

The seats are buckets.

The front brakes are disc.

The suspension is 4-wheel independent torsion bar.

The floor is carpeted.

The carburetor is missing. (This is no oversight. In place of the carburetor is a computer that measures the precise flow of gasoline to the engine.)

The radiator's gone, too. (In its place is nothing. The engine is air-cooled.)

And, as a bonus, the Squareback Sedan sticks steadfastly to VW economics.

Gasoline is used sparingly. Oil is used frugally. Tires go on tirelessly.

All of the added features don't add a single thing to the already low price of the car. Which happens to be something like $700 less than the average sedan.

So although *it* may be loaded, that doesn't mean that to afford one, you have to be.

The Volkswagen Squareback Sedan

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): In a way, a closed circuit run by New Yorkers for New Yorkers, who, like all other vanishing groups, stick to their old friends, such as Mary McCarty. She arrives, after her evening stint in "Follies," to reprise the songs and skits she loves the most. There also arrive Billy Roy, on piano for her, and often a passel of her Broadway playmates. The combination makes this one of the few true *boîtes de nuit* in our town. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Anyone—be he waiter, busboy, or barkeep—who can carry a tray is required to carry a tune in this not especially disguised or especially sedate school of the opera. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): After three becalmed years as a member of the family in "Fiddler on the Roof," Bette Midler erupts as her own self—a bacchante with a haunted, haunting voice and a marvellously split personality: rock, country, Western, and lieder done straight out or converted into complete liederkranz. Around nine and eleven, and (on Saturdays) at one as well. Hear the whole thing. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in an equally handsome compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henry IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave., at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The appropriate accompaniment is guitar, between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all. Well, when in Rome . . . A magnum of domestic champagne, though, has been added—Lynn Richards, a girl whose knowing lyrics and rumbling piano have been heard in quite a few wee small hours and places about town. She takes Sundays off. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session and in the Gold Room during dinner. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN ANDERSON—Large laminated-wood sculptures; through Monday, Oct. 4. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Marble and bronze sculptures by this celebrated Dadaist; starting Monday, Oct. 4. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

MIKE BAKATY—Light-catching forms in ballooning fibre glass; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

ED BAYNARD—Drawings in blue pencil on canvas of plant and tree forms; through Oct. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

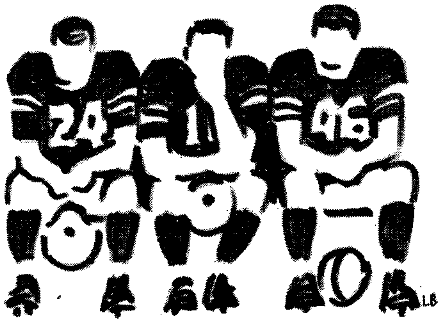
LYNDA BENGLIS—Abstract paintings in wax and one polyurethane wall sculpture built in sections; through Oct. 21. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

BRASSAI—Photographs of Parisian café scenes and of artists and writers, mostly of the thirties; through Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Humorous animal cutouts done this year, some with mobile parts; plus gouaches. The show will run concurrently with his show of tapestries at the Whitney Museum. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes; through Oct. 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE CERNY—Sculptures of the female figure, most of them in wood and stone, done since 1938; through Oct. 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)



ROLLIN CRAMPTON (1886-1970)—Paintings by a pioneer in American monochromatic canvases; *starting* Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ADOLF DEHN (1895-1968)—Oils, drawings, and watercolors, the earliest dated 1928, bv this lyrical landscapist of scenes in America and abroad; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Paintings by this landscapist and illustrator; through Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract oils of interiors, landscapes, and still-lifes; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

GUY JOHNSON—Twenty-four two-foot-square paintings of realistic fantasies; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOSHUA JOHNSTON—Portraits by this black artist who worked around the turn of the eighteenth century; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

DONG KINGMAN—Recent watercolors of scenes abroad; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH KOSUTH—Conceptual matter; starting Saturday, Oct. 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONID—Shimmering views of Venice by a lyrical Romanticist; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

JOHN LITTLE—Recent *paintings* and *collages* by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, and drawings by this intellectually refined American abstractionist; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

STEPHEN MUELLER—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, Oct. 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER MURCH (1907-67)—Drawings by an American known for his atmospheric compositions of mechanical forms and objects; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOE OVERSTREET—Compositions of geometrically shaped sections of brightly painted canvas attached to the ceiling and floor at different angles from the wall; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

EDUARDO PAOLOZZI—Thirty-five prints done since 1964 by this prominent British sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (The Blue Parrot, 1057 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

DAVID PEASE—Paintings suggesting toys, cutouts, and building blocks; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

DONALD PERLIS—Large realistic nudes; through Oct. 16. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Ten paintings from different periods and one owl sculpture; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

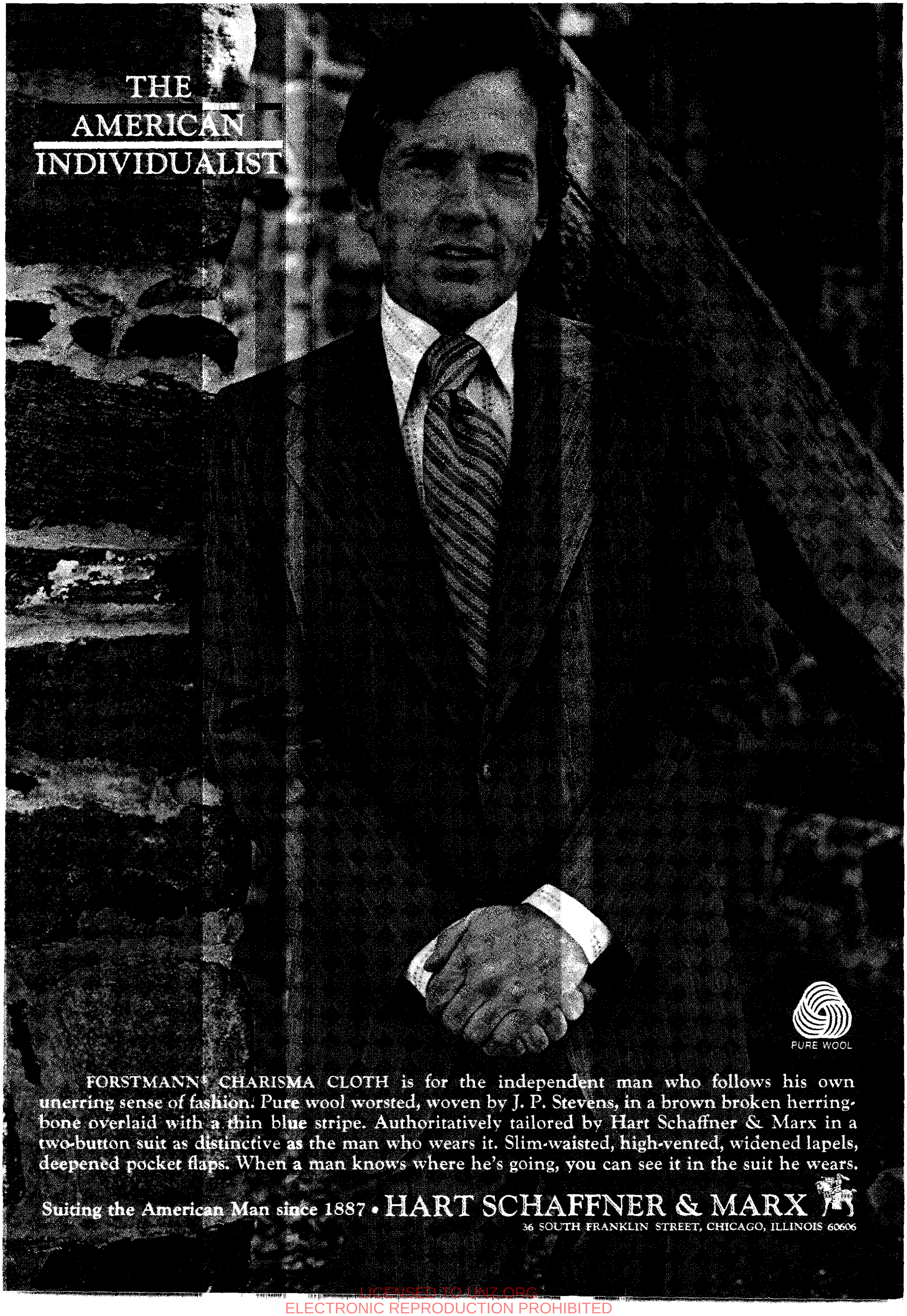
GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—New bright paintings of vivacious nudes by this veteran social realist; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

SALVATORE ROMANO—Two big wood and plastic sculptures, each of which consists of an upper section that floats on water in a lower section; through Oct. 13. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ROTH AND JESUS RAPHAEL SOTO—Horizontal and vertical bars of brilliant color by the former and ten Optical kinetic reliefs done between 1964 and 1966 by the latter, a leading Latin-American artist; through Oct. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMILIO SANCHEZ—Paintings and drawings of sunlit Caribbean structures. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. Through Nov. 7. . . . Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Also graphics at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Through Oct. 16.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Forty drawings and



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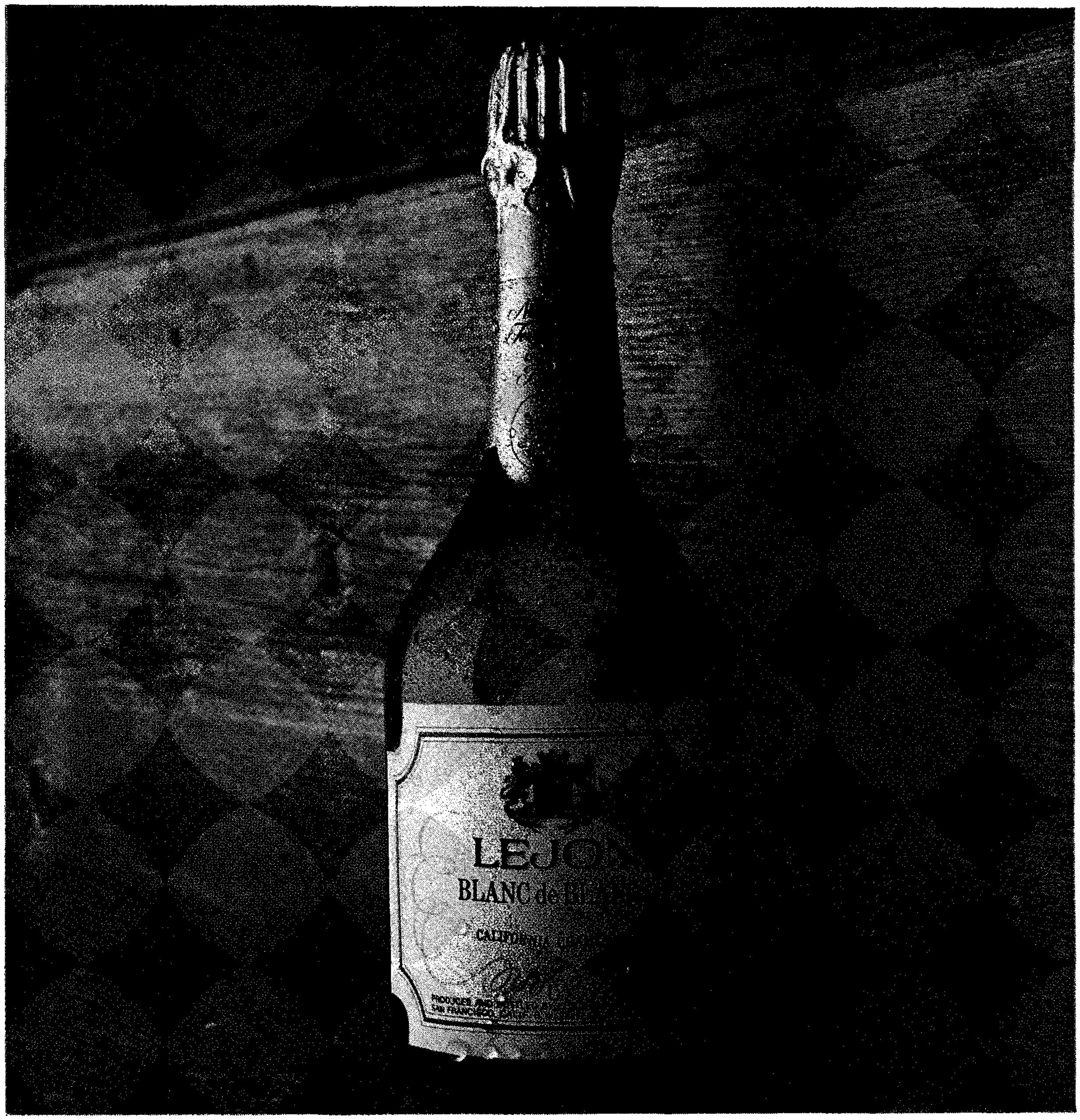

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Lejon. For people who know something about Champagne.
And, also, something about life.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a group of etchings; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Eighteen paintings by this renowned South American abstractionist; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert van Eyck—Paintings that suggest figures in macabre landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart (1899-1962)—The first show in America by this German follower of the De Stijl movement; through Oct. 30. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kim Whanki—Nine large monochromatic paintings in a concentric pattern that creates an effect of woven textures; through Oct. 21. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Twenty-five small abstract watercolors, plus six oil paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Three young realist painters, two of landscapes and one of cityscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Works on film by Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Richard Serra, and Keith Sonnier; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EMMERICH**, 420 West Broadway: Noland, Frankenthaler, Liberman, Natkin, and other gallery artists; through Oct. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Monet, Laurens, Picasso, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans; through Oct. 15. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dali, de Kooning, Duchamp, Gorky, Kandinsky, Moore, and fifteen others; through Oct. 16. . . . **KRUGIER**, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Indian erotic miniature paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth; through Oct. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: An exhibit of three young artists—Richard Channin, Ron Lusker, and Arne Magnuson; through Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.) . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by fifteen gallery artists; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: About seventy landscapes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, some of them well known: Thomas Cole, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin; through Nov. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings related to the geometric-Constructivist mode, including canvases by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Delaunay, Albers, Arp, and Moholy-Nagy (to name several); starting Friday, Oct. 1. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Oils and mixed mediums by Morris Broderson, Cristóbal Toral, and Mary Bauermeister; through Oct. 16. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. . . . ¶ A special collection of thirty-five paintings by artists ranging from a pupil of van Eyck to Hopper, showing the use of light for expressive purposes; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages, from Cézanne to Pop, arranged as a capsule history of modern art; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Forty-five photographs that survey the ideas and attitudes about women that have recurred in photography in the last seventy years; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Thirteen posters by A. M. Cassandre, leading twentieth-century poster designer; through Oct. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1-2, at 8, there will be a recital by singer-guitarist Chris Johnson.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by ten artists averaging twenty-five years of age, unfamiliar in New York, who are recipients of awards from a foundation; through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty-six paintings, drawings, and etchings, covering the entire career of Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the collection bequeathed to the Museum by the artist's widow; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Tuesday, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Twenty tapestries executed in the past two years from designs by Alexander Calder; starting Tuesday, Oct. 5. A complement to this showing is his exhibit (starting Tuesday) at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ Abstract compositions with an aura of landscape by Charles Schucker; through Oct. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

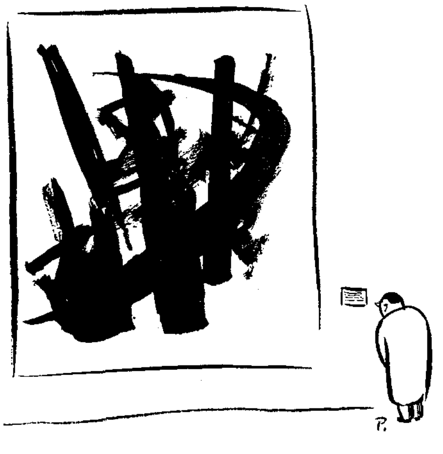
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sunday, Oct. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—More than sixty master works of the Japanese decorative school from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, wood-block books, and other objects. Through Nov. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—A construction in transparent fibre glass, aluminum, and stainless steel by Audrey Hemenway Garfinkel, representing a "Sukkah" associated with the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles; through Oct. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Photogravures, most of them portraits, of the North American Indian done by Edward S. Curtis in the early twentieth century, along with supplementary material by other observers that dates back to 1524; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Manuscripts of the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Six large watercolors and drawings by John James Audubon, dated between 1841 and 1843, of an Eastern woodchuck, a striped skunk, and other New York animals; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)



Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Over three hundred examples of comics, tracing the history of this genre from its beginnings in Europe through its emergence in America in the late nineteenth century to contemporary underground comics; through Nov. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett-Mora, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, George Shirley, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Franco Bonisolli, Kostas Paskalis, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Irene Dalis, Nedda Casei, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Ludovic Spiess, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Barry Morell, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Faust," with Renata Scotto, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, Kostas Paskalis, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Franco Bonisolli, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Fidelio," with Ingrid Bjoner, Judith Blegen, James McCracken, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Irene Dalis, Nedda Casei, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Renata Scotto, Batyah Godfrey, George Shirley, Cornell MacNeil, James Morris, and Edmond Karlsrud.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Joyce Barker, Muriel Greenspon, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 7:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English),

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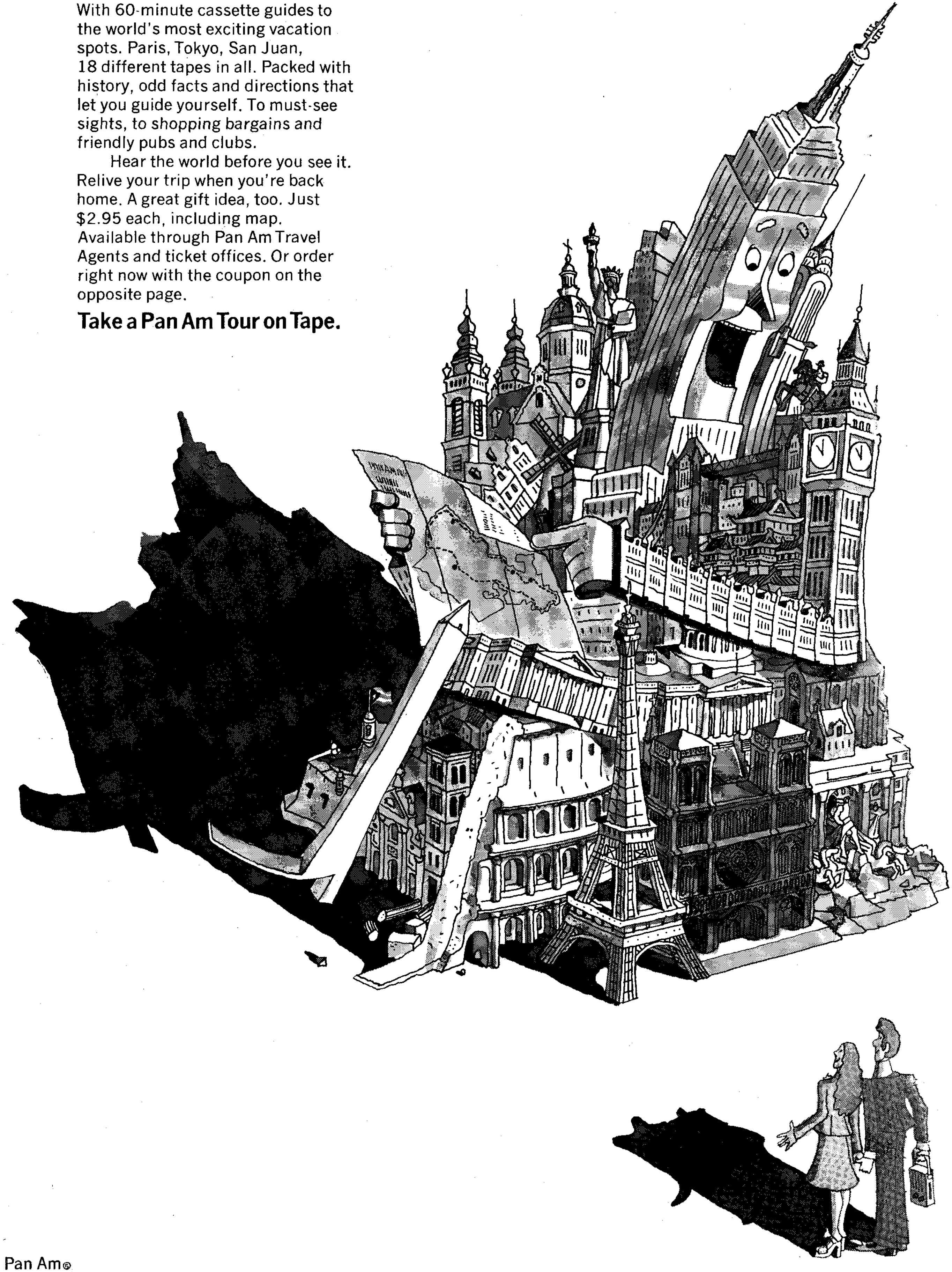

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with Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Jerry Jennings, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "Albert Herring," with Ellen Faull, Kay Creed, John Stewart, and Richard Stilwell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, Herman Malamood, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and David Rae Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 1:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Jerry Jennings, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 7:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Joyce Barker, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Carlos Montane, and Ryan Edwards. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Jerry Jennings, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and David Rae Smith. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 7:15: A new production of Bizet's "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Joanna Bruno, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Albert Herring," with Judith Anthony, Eunice Albert, Gary Glaze, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Joanna Bruno, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Syble Young, Harry Theyard, and Ryan Edwards. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Pierre Boulez directing performances of Liszt's oratorio "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" on Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 1, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 4, at 7:30 (all with Maralin Niska, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Donald McIntyre, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Michael Gielen conducting a Mozart-Schoenberg program on Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 8, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . NOTE: An hour before the concert on Saturday, Oct. 2, Miss Allen and Paul Jacobs, piano, will give a half-hour all-Berg recital.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing the opening performance of the season here, with Sophia Van Sante, mezzo-soprano; Tom Krause, baritone; and the Temple University Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8:15.)

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Ernst Maerzendorfer conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Robert Craft directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call 838-3773.)

RECITALS

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—A series of four programs of contemporary chamber music, the opening one conducted by Pierre Boulez, with the American Mime Theatre and others. The audience is invited to come at any time between seven and midnight. The performances will probably take place between eight and ten, with the periods before and after devoted to "encounters" —possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Oct. 1.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—The last of several performances. For an hour preceding the concert, the instrumentalists will be available for interrogation by members of the audience. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Michael Rudiakov—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Society of Black Composers—Twentieth-century works, by Noel DaCosta, Olly Wilson, and Ornette Coleman. Performed by Dennis Moorman, piano; Ron Carter, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

William Masselos—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Chamber Music—A program of twentieth-century compositions, played by Alexander Horvath and Israel Chorberg, violin; Alfred Loeb, clarinet; and Mitchell Andrews, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Ronald Anderson—Trumpet, with a chamber-orchestra conducted by Jacques Monod. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Susan Starr—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Velma Richter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 7:30.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Elaine Shaffer and Sol Schoenbach—Flute and bassoon, with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Michael May—Harpsichord and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Randy Newman—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.

Stars of Jazz—Eddie Condon, Wild Bill Davison, Barney Bigard, Art Hodes, and others, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.)

David Crosby and Graham Nash—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 4, at 8.

Hot Tuna and Mississippi Fred McDowell—Town Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6-7, at 8 and 11.

Lee Michaels—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8.

Tony Bennett—With Robert Farnon and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—Mets vs. St. Louis. (Shea Stadium. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:05.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Exhibition games: Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 6: Los Angeles vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 6: Detroit vs. Atlanta and Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (C.W. Post College, Brookville. Sunday, Oct. 3.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 9.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 2: Army vs. Missouri, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cornell, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 9: Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Ithaca, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Golf—Metropolitan Professional Golf Association Championship. (Sunningdale Golf Club, Scarsdale. Monday through Thursday, Oct. 4-7.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 4, at 7:35.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 6, and Saturday, Oct. 9.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 16. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 29; the Woodward, Sat-

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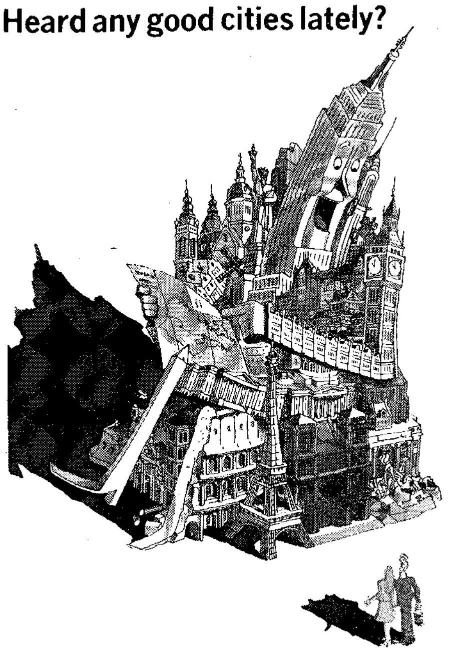

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, Oct. 2; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 6; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 18. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Oct. 4, through Friday, Dec. 31.

Sports-Car Racing—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Anthony Hecht reading some new poems and Anne Sexton reading from "Live or Die" and from her newest book of poetry, "Transformations." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a sixteen-day series of international films at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (362-7616)—Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30: "The Début" (Russia).... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 6:30: "Family Life" (Poland).... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 9:30: "The Last Picture Show" (United States).... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 7:30: "In the Summertime" (Italy).... ¶ Monday, Oct. 4, at 7:30: "Decameron" (Italy).... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: "Dodes'ka-den" (Japan).... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:30: "Directed by John Ford" (United States).... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 7:30: "Fata Morgana" (West Germany).... ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 7:30: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (France).... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 6:30: "Recruits in Ingolstadt" (West Germany).... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 9:30: "Born to Win" (United States).... NOTE: A series of discussions will follow some of the film showings. Sunday, Oct. 3, "Writers and Directors: Who Tells the Story?," with panelists Waldo Salt, Buck Henry, Krzysztof Zanussi, Frank Perry, and Jack Nicholson, and David Frost as moderator. Tuesday, Oct. 5, "Women in Film," with Barbara Loden, Susan Martin, Kitty Winn, and Eleanor Perry, and Molly Haskell as moderator.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, belonging to the Hartman Galleries. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 1.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 10:15 and 2: Old-master paintings, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 2.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 8, at 2: Chinese and Japanese snuff bottles and jades and other Oriental works of art, from the Hartman Galleries. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 1.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 2 elections are Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 2, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "60 Glorious Years" (1938), directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook.... ¶ Sept. 30 at 2: "The Informer" (1929), directed by Arthur Robison, with Lars Hanson and Lya de Putti.... ¶ Sept. 30 at 5:30 and 8: "They Drive By Night" (1938), directed by Arthur Woods, with Emlyn Williams and Ernest Thesiger.... ¶ Oct. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Oh, Mr. Porter" (1937), directed by Marcel Varnel, with Will Hay and Moore Marriott.... ¶ Oct. 2 at 11:30: "Berlin: Symphony of a Great City" (1927), directed by Walter Ruttman.... ¶ Oct. 2 at 3 and 5:30: "Sidewalks of London" (1940), directed by Tim Whelan, with Charles Laughton and Vivien Leigh.... ¶ Oct. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1944), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains.... ¶ Oct. 4 at 1: "The Fallen Idol" (1948), directed by Carol Reed, with Bobby Henrey and Ralph Richardson.... ¶ Oct. 4 at 6 and Oct. 5 at 2: "Reaching for the Moon" (1931), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels.... ¶ Oct. 5 at 5:30: "The Murder of Fred Hampton" (1971), directed by Mike Gray.... ¶ Oct. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "In Which We Serve" (1942), directed by Noël Coward and David Lean, with Mr. Coward.... ¶ Oct. 7 at 2: "Dead of Night" (1946), a multi-episode film, directed by Charles Crichton, Basil Dearden, and Robert Hamer.... ¶ Oct. 7 at 5:30: "The Fallen Idol" (1948).... ¶ Oct. 7 at 8: "Hamlet" (1913), directed by Cecil M. Hepworth. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Russian silent films: Through Sept. 30: "Zvenigora" (1928), directed by Alexander Dovzhenko.... ¶ Oct. 1-3: "Arsenal" (1929), directed by Alexander Dovzhenko.... ¶ Starting Oct. 6: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), directed by Friedrich Ermler. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.... ¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

The Great Outdoors—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.... ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; many shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

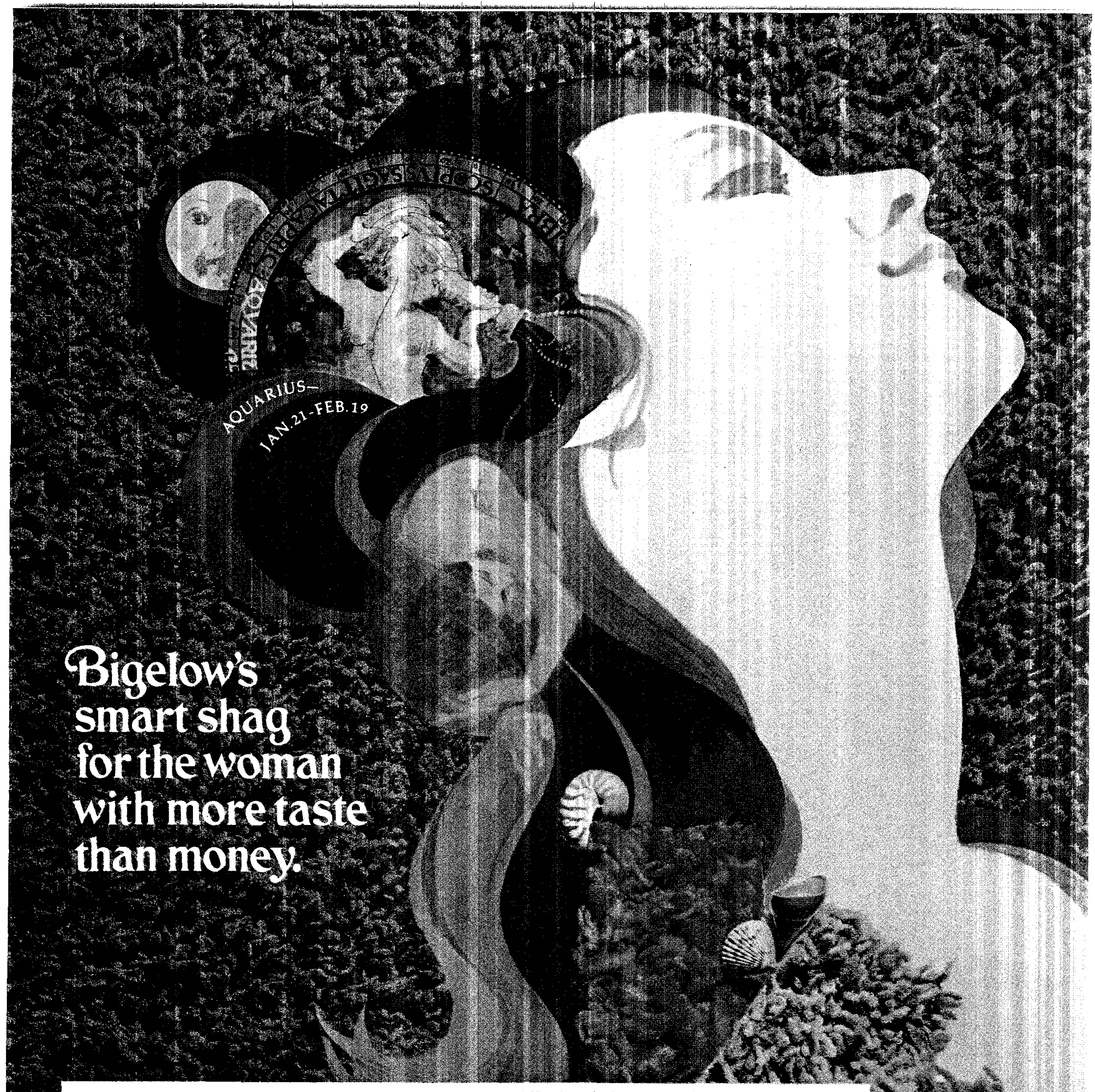
Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, 28, and 30, and Nov. 11 and 13.

Professional Football—At SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Oct. 17.... ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, Oct. 24.... ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, Nov. 7.... ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, Nov. 14.... YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, Oct. 17.... ¶ Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings, Oct. 31.... ¶ Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, Nov. 7.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 13, 17, 20, 24, 27, and 31, and Nov. 10, 13, and 14.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg. Oct. 15-23.)... ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 25-31.)... ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 2-9.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Oct. 16.)... ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 23.)... ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J.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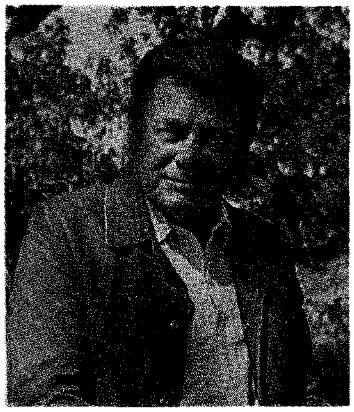
You expect a big car to be plush. What impressed me so much about the '72 Chrysler is the way they put it together.



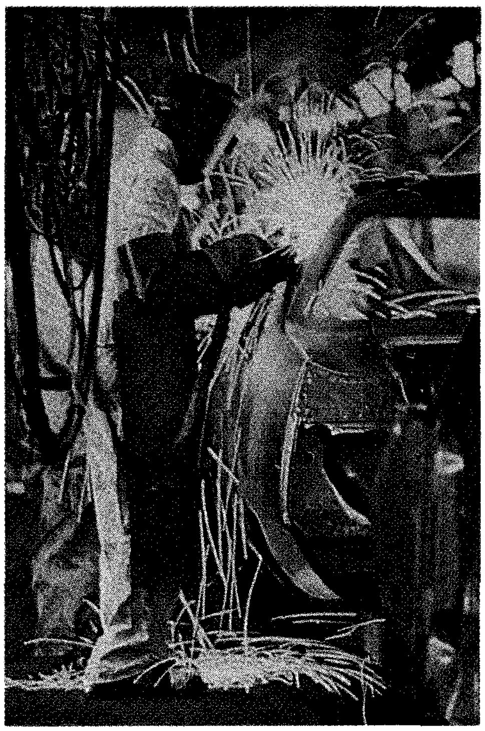
I always had heard about Chrysler being famous for engineering. But I had to find out for myself.

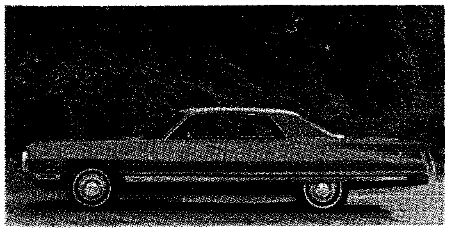
I conducted a little survey of my own among Chrysler owners. Friends. Acquaintances. Cab drivers. I never met a more enthusiastic bunch.

Then I went to Detroit. I talked to the Chrysler people. I saw how they build their cars. A few of the things I learned are on this page.

They weld their car bodies together in places where others use bolts. They believe this makes the Chrysler a better car.

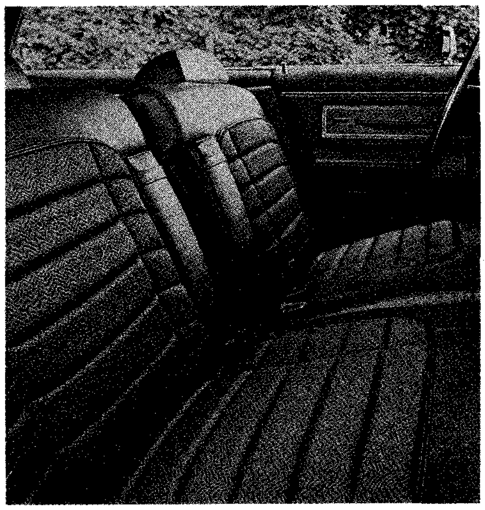
After all, the less bolts you use . . . the less chance you have of something coming unscrewed. Think of that next time you go over a pot hole.





The New Yorker has always been very plush inside. But what's more important is what they do to make sure it lasts.

The engineers have a thing they call the Bouncing Betty. It's a 168 pound weight they bounce up and down on the seat cushions 100,000 times. That's to make sure the seats are built to take all the times somebody gets in and out of a car. This is the kind of thing that impresses me about Chrysler.



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

I think the Chrysler New Yorker is a beautiful car. Inside and out. You can see that from the pictures here.

The one thing you can't see is the way it's built.

I watched them put these cars together. And let me say again, they're committed to building all their cars to work better and last longer than ever before. That's where they got their slogan for this year.

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

CHRYSLER
Plymouth

Oct. 30.)...¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 6.)...¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 13.)

RACING—NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Oct. 14-15.... AQUEDUCT: Oct. 18-Dec. 15.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 19-Nov. 13.... LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Nov. 15-Feb. 5.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Oct. 15-Dec. 15.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 22.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 13....¶ Symphony of the New World, Oct. 10....¶ Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, Oct. 13....¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, William Steinberg conducting, Oct. 27 and 29....¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 31....¶ Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 2....¶ New Philharmonia Orchestra of London, Nov. 3.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Madrid RTV Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 10....¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 12 and 17 and Nov. 2 and 7....¶ London Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 19-21....¶ Rudolf Firkusny, piano, Oct. 26....¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Oct. 28....¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 30....¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, and Leonard Bernstein, piano, Oct. 31....¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 3....¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 4....¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 5....¶ New Philharmonia Orchestra of London, Nov. 7....¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 10.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Clarion Orchestra and Chorus, Oct. 12....¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 24 and 26.... Music from Marlboro, Nov. 8.... HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Ruth Laredo, piano, Oct. 10 and 31....¶ Fernando Valenti, harpsichord, Oct. 16 and Nov. 6....¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Oct. 24....¶ Robert and Gaby Casadesus, pianos, Oct. 30.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 16, 17, and 30....¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 5.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Jesus Christ Superstar," a musical by Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score), with Jeff Fenholt in the title role....¶ Richard Kiley and Clive Revill in "The Incomparable Max," a play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee about the incomparable Sir Max....¶ A black musical, "Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death," by Melvin Van Peebles, with Barbara Alston, Lauren Jones, and Joe Fields....¶ From Israel, a musical, "To Live Another Summer, to Pass Another Winter," with Shoshana Shani. Book by Hayim Hefer, music by Dov Seltzer and others, lyrics by Mr. Hefer and others....¶ "Unlikely Heroes: 3 Philip Roth Stories," taken from his collection "Goodbye, Columbus;" Lou Jacobi and Michael Tolan head the cast....¶ A revival of the Leonard Bernstein-Betty Comden-Adolph Green 1944 musical, "On the Town," starring Phyllis Newman and Bernadette Peters....¶ Barbara Cook and Celeste Holm in "The Grass Harp," a musical based on Truman Capote's novel of the same name. Kenward Elmslie wrote the book and lyrics and Claibe Richardson the music....¶ Bob Goodman is responsible for the music and lyrics, and, with Bob Brotherton, for the book of a musical, "Wild and Wonderful," in which Julie Budd will appear....¶ A new Neil Simon comedy, "The Prisoner of Second Avenue;" Peter Falk and Lee Grant play the leads....¶ Schiller's "Mary Stuart," translated and adapted by Stephen Spender, with Barbara Baxley and Salome Jens, will be the first play of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

OTHER DATES—Columbus Day will be observed on Monday, Oct. 11....¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 69th Regiment Armory, Oct. 11-17....¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 23-31....¶ Veterans Day is Monday, Oct. 25....¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 31....¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 2.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Conformist."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 29: "Love Me Tonight" and "The Love Parade."
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "The Phantom President" and "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
Oct. 3-6: "Broadway Melody" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."
From Oct. 7: "It's Always Fair Weather" and "Les Girls."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Sept. 29: "The Invisible Ray."
Sept. 30: "The Raven."
Oct. 1: "The Black Cat."
Oct. 2: "Frankenstein."
Oct. 3: "Dracula."
Oct. 4: "Black Friday."
Oct. 5: "The Mummy."
Oct. 6: "Macbeth."
Oct. 7: "The Stranger."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 5: "Summer of '42."
From Oct. 6: "The Anderson Tapes."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Devils."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Sept. 29: "The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker."
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "A Night at the Opera" and "At the Circus."
Oct. 3-6: "The Big Store" and "A Day at the Races."
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Young Couple."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Anonymous Venetian."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 5: "The Touch."
From Oct. 6: "Sacco and Vanzetti."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Last Movie."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Sept. 29: "You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat."
From Sept. 30: "Klute."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"On Any Sunday."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
From Oct. 3: "The Last Picture Show."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago Tomorrow."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Steagle."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 5: "Shaft."
From Oct. 6: "Freaks."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cometogether."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Conformist."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Stewardesses."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Sept. 29: "Ryan's Daughter."
Sept. 30-Oct. 6: "See No Evil."
From Oct. 7: "The French Connection."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Sept. 29: "The Omega Man."
From Sept. 30: "Skin Game."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1141)
"Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Oct. 5: "Cuba Va!" and "Reggae."
From Oct. 6: "The Anderson Tapes."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 5: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"
From Oct. 6: "Death in Venice."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Klute."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Funnyman."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Sept. 29: "The Crook."
Sept. 30-Oct. 6: "See No Evil."
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 30: "La Femme Infidèle" and "This Man Must Die."
Oct. 1-3: "Children of Paradise."
Oct. 4-5: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" and "Bay of the Angels."
Oct. 6-7: "Weekend" and "Contempt."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 5: "The Grissom Gang."
From Oct. 6: "Black Jesus."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
"Freaks" and "Night of the Living Dead."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 30: "Pinocchio."
From Oct. 1: "$1,000,000 Duck" and "The Boatniks."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Sept. 29: "See No Evil."
From Sept. 30: "Kotch."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Desperate Characters."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Glen and Randa."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 1: "Tsar to Lenin."
From Oct. 2: "The Début."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Oct. 2: "Hoa Binh."
From Oct. 3: "The Telephone Book."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 6: "The Bear and the Doll."
From Oct. 7: "It Only Happens to Others."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 3: "Red Dust" and "Bombshell."
Oct. 4-7: "Wife Versus Secretary" and "Libeled Lady."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 5: "The Hunting Party" and "Hang 'Em High."
From Oct. 6: "Adios Sabata" and another feature, to be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 30: "Cometogether."
Oct. 1-7: "The Panic in Needle Park" and "Little Murders."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 5: "Summer of '42."
From Oct. 6: "The Anderson Tapes" and "Rider on the Rain."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Millhouse: A White Comedy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 5: "Summer of '42" and "There Was a Crooked Man . . ."
From Oct. 6: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 29: "More" and "Medium Cool."
Sept. 30: "Tropic of Cancer" and "Adalen 31."
Oct. 1-6: "Camille" and "Anna Karenina."
From Oct. 7: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Conformist."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 30: "Some Like It Hot" and "Viva Zapata!"
Oct. 1-4: "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Rock Around the Clock."
Oct. 5-7: "East of Eden" and "The African Queen."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adalen 31 (1969)—An extraordinarily sensitive re-creation of a strike and riot that altered the course of Swedish political life, seen through the eyes of an adolescent boy whose father dies in the events. Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," made this admirable and beautiful, though not, perhaps, altogether satisfactory film. In Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

Adios Sabata—With Yul Brynner, directed by Frank Kramer. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 6.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart, as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn, as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. (Olympia; Oct. 5-7.)

The Anderson Tapes—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is the gang leader; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Gramercy, Bleecker St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 6.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Thalia; Oct. 1-6.)

The Anonymous Venetian—And let everyone connected with the film be anonymous, too. (Plaza.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Sutton; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and with one of Michel Legrand's best scores. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 4-5.)

The Bear and the Doll—With Brigitte Bardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Michel Deville. Dim stuff, though you wouldn't think Cassel as a cellist could fail. In French. (Paris; through Oct. 6.)

Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me—Go down with this film and it doesn't look like up at all. With Barry Primus and Linda de Coff, directed by Jeffrey Young. (Little Carnegie.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Sutton; Oct. 3-6.)

The Black Cat (1934)—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi were fated to meet; the encounter took place in this nutty mélange of Black Masses and chess games, shadows and dungeons, Satanism and necrophilia. Edgar G. Ulmer directed. With David Manners being as ineffectual as ever, and Jacqueline Wells (later Julie Bishop). (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Black Friday (1940)—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi in a kind of Jekyll-Hyde affair about a respectable professor with a morsel of gangster brain grafted to his own by an ex-

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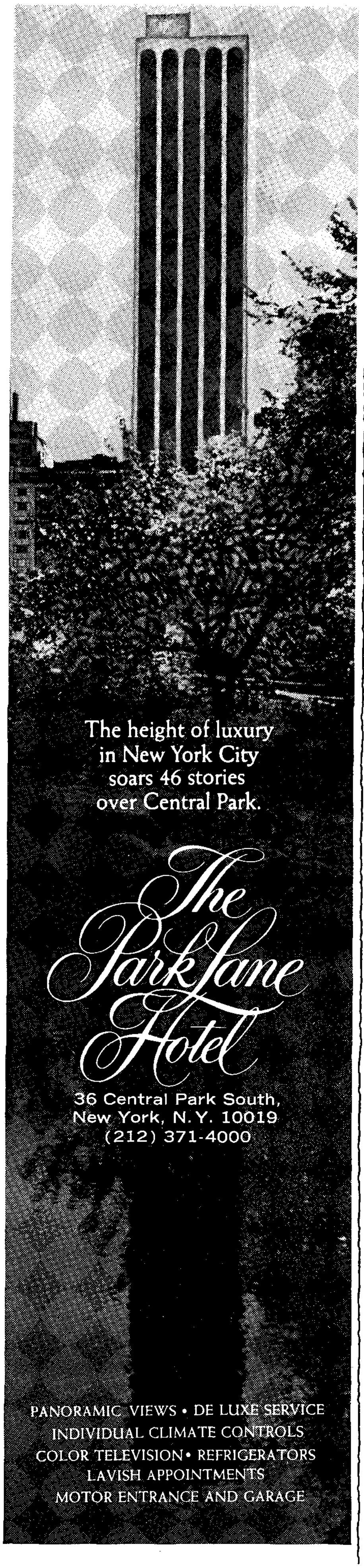
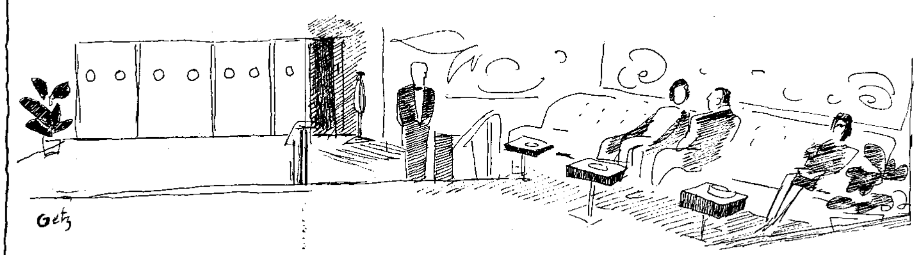


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



perimental surgeon. Directed by Arthur Lubin. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 4.)

Black Jesus—With Woody Strode, directed by Valerio Zurlini. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 6.)

The Boatniks (1970)—From Disney: Robert Morse, Stefanie Powers, and Phil Silvers in a comedy about the Coast Guard and a trio of crooks. (Guild; starting Oct. 1.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star, and Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed, from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Paramount; through Oct. 3.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me." It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. (Bessie Love can be seen, looking much the same, as the telephone-answering-service operator in "Sunday Bloody Sunday"). With Charles King, Jed Prouty, and Mary Doran. Harry Beaumont directed. (It was originally in Technicolor.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 3-6.)

Broadway Melody of 1940 (1940)—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 3-6.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Thalia; Oct. 1-6.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 1-3.)

Cometogether—With Tony Anthony and Lucianna Paluzzi, directed by Saul Swimmer. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Regency; through Sept. 30.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Midtown.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 6-7.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Greenwich; Sept. 29.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. (Kips Bay.)

Cuba Va!—A documentary film by Felix Greene on Cuba today, as revealed in the island's music. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped"). He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Sutton; Oct. 3-6. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Oct. 7.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Waverly; starting Oct. 6.)

The Début—Directed by Gleb Panfilov. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Oct. 2.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Written and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (34th St. East.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel, and it becomes too stagy. It was a huge popular success, however, and started a cycle. With Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 3.)

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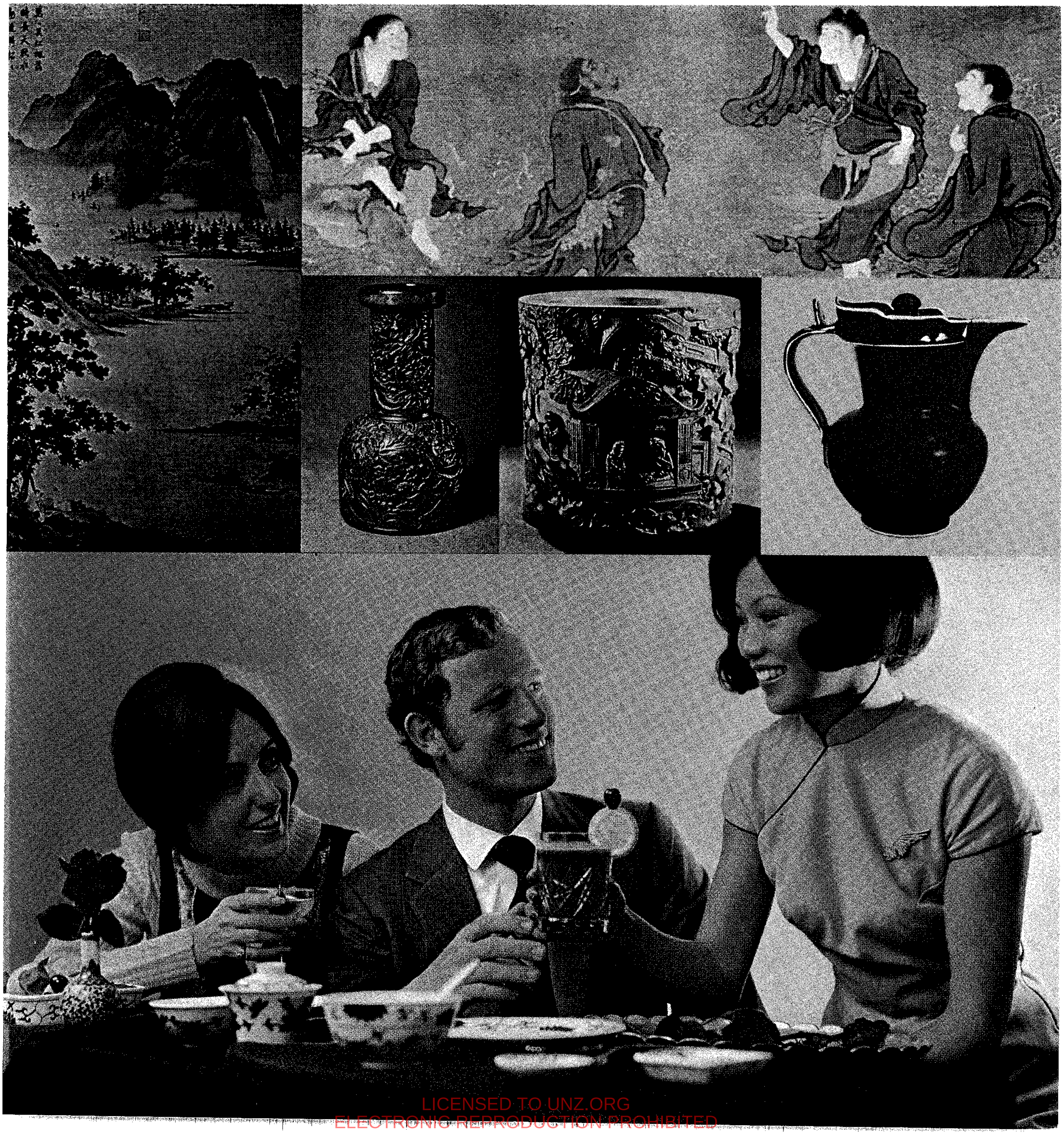

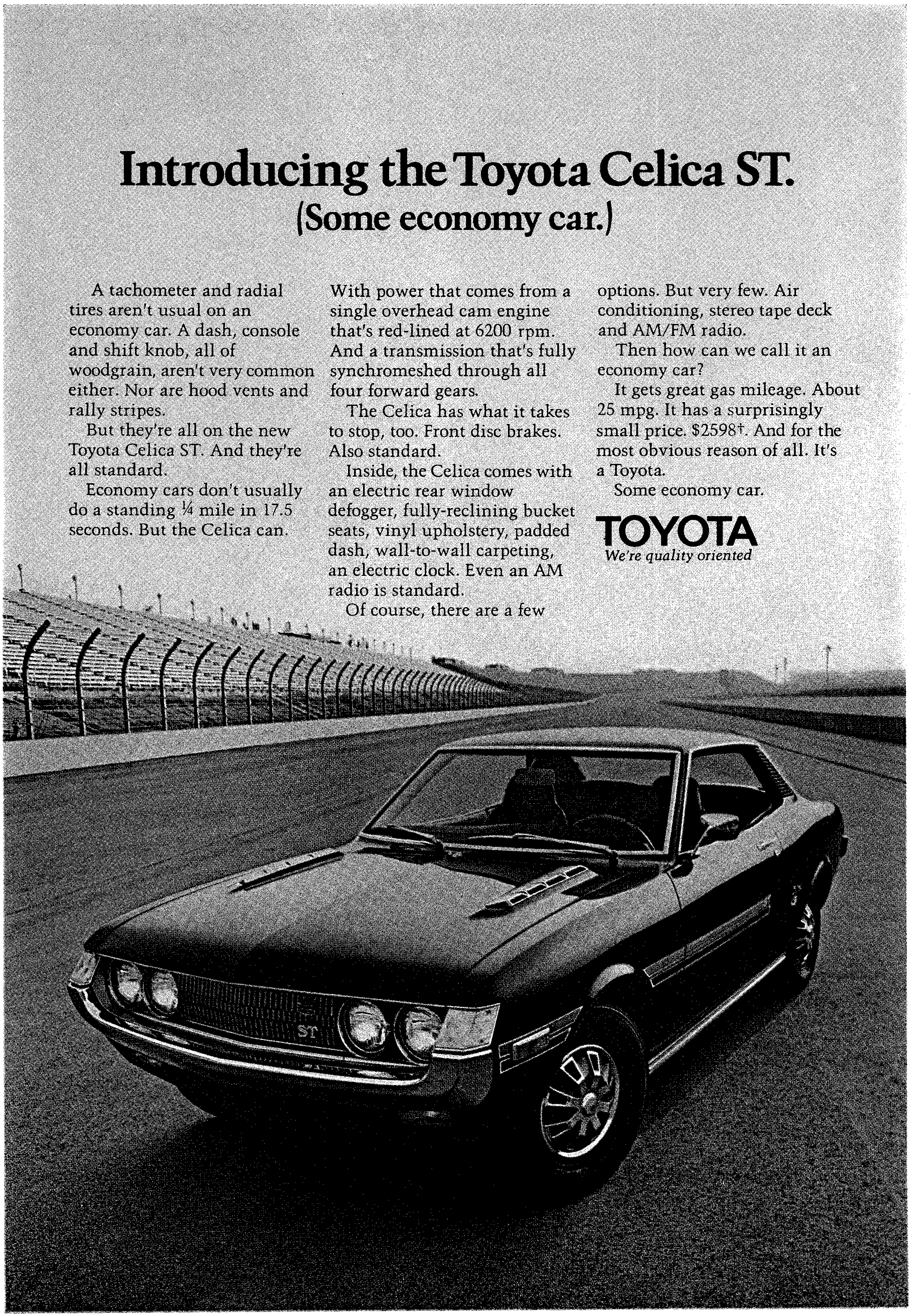

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zan movie of the Cain and Abel story, from Steinbeck, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Olympia; Oct. 5-7.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Elgin; through Sept. 30.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye as the monster's first victim. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Bijou Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 6.)

The French Connection—With Gene Hackman, directed by William Friedkin. (Orpheum; starting Oct. 7.)

Funnyman—Fresh and original. A remarkably pleasant film, directed by John Korty, about a young comedian (Peter Bonerz) who gets tired of "improvising" the same material for hundreds of nights in a San Francisco cabaret theatre. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Les Girls (1957)—George Cukor directed this overproduced musical. Nobody connected with it was really at his best—not Gene Kelly, who was the star, or Kay Kendall (though she does a good drunk "La Habanera"), or the scenarist John Patrick, and certainly not the choreographer, Jack Cole. He hit rock bottom. Even the Cole Porter score is weak. The cast includes Henry Daniell, Taina Elg, and that bane of movie musicals—the movie executives' idea of "adorable"—Mitzi Gaynor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 7.)

Glen and Randa—Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton, directed by Jim McBride. Skip it. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Grissom Gang—Robert Aldrich directed this brutal new version of "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" (the James Hadley Chase kidnap thriller that Orwell wrote about in "Raffles and Miss Blandish"). With Kim Darby and Scott Wilson. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

Hang 'Em High (1968)—Well, all right, if hanging's the punishment for Clint Eastwood's oaken acting. Pat Hingle slightly redeems things as a Western judge. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 5.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Murray Hill.)

Hoa Binh—Raoul Coutard's view of Vietnam as seen by an eleven-year-old boy. Heartbreaking. Coutard has a Vietnamese wife and knows the life he's showing. (Lincoln Art; through Oct. 2.)

The Hunting Party—A Western with Oliver Reed, Candice Bergen, and Gene Hackman, directed by Don Medford. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 5.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Waverly; through Oct. 5.)

The Invisible Ray (1936)—Boris Karloff as a scientist who has had a fatal dose of radiation, which means that his touch spells instant death. One of those sci-fi pictures about the Janus-headed morality of scientific research. Pretty good. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 29.)

It Only Happens to Others—With Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Nadine Trintignant. In French. (Paris; starting Oct. 7.)

It's Always Fair Weather (1955)—Comden and Green's tart followup to "On the Town," with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, and Michael Kidd as three buddies who swear eternal friendship at war's end. At their reunion ten years later, they discover they hate each other and themselves and go looking for the hopes they abandoned. The movie compromises on some of its best ideas, but it's still a top-notch musical, full of exhilarating numbers, most notably Dan Dailey's Chaplinesque satire of "advertising-wise" jargon, brassy Dolores Gray singing "Thanks a lot but no thanks," and Cyd Charisse in a song and dance about Stillman's Gym. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 7.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting Sept. 30.)

Kotch—With Walter Matthau, directed by Jack Lemmon. (Music Hall; starting Sept. 30.)

The Landlord (1970)—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (86th St. East.)

The Last Movie—Directed by, and with, Dennis Hopper. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

The Last Picture Show—With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Columbia I; starting Oct. 3.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Paramount; Oct. 4-7.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Regency; Oct. 1-7.)

Long Ago Tomorrow—With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

Love Me Tonight (1932)—Cut-rate Ziegfeld, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an expert Rodgers and Hart score. In this one, Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald could be called good only in the most perversely camp way. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 29.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan

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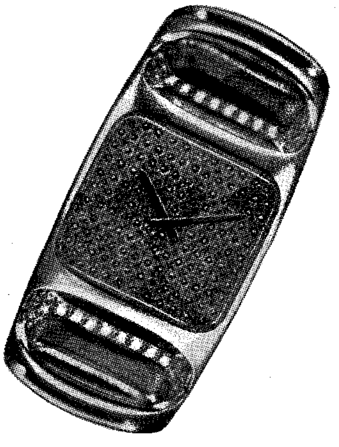

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O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 6.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—With Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. Know-all and floundering. (Sutton; Sept. 29.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Thalia; Sept. 29.)

$1,000,000 Duck—From Disney: Dean Jones, Sandy Duncan, and a duck that lays gold eggs. (Guild; starting Oct. 1.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy—A documentary about Richard Nixon (Richard *Milhous* Nixon, that is), directed by Emile de Antonio. (New Yorker.)

More (1969)—Love and drugs and death in glamorous places. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 29.)

The Mummy (1932)—Karl Freund, the great cinematographer, directed this horror film, which unnerves one because instead of fast chills there are long, quiet, ominous scenes; the moods are so effectively sustained that the picture gives one prickly sensations. Boris Karloff is the three-thousand-year-old mummy brought back to life, and the dark, arresting Zita Johann is the English girl whom he stalks in the streets of Cairo because she is the incarnation of the princess he loved. It's creepy and rather beautiful. With Bramwell Fletcher, David Manners, Arthur Byron, Noble Johnson, and the inevitable Edward Van Sloan. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 5.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Sutton; Sept. 30-Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Oct. 7.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending he doesn't have talent. (Bijou Cinema.)

The Omega Man—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive we wouldn't advise it. (Loew's Ciné; Sept. 29.)

On Any Sunday—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Cinema II.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Oct. 5.)

The Panic in Needle Park—With Al Pacino and Kitty Winn, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Regency; Oct. 1-7.)

The Phantom President (1932)—This political satire was George M. Cohan's first talking picture; for anyone who cares about American theatrical history it's an indispensable record of Cohan's style—which is almost nothing like the styles of James Cagney and Joel Grey when they played Cohan. The music isn't all by Cohan; there is also Rodgers' and Hart's "Give Her a Kiss." The heroine is Claudette Colbert, and Jimmy Durante is also in the cast. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Guild; through Sept. 30.)

The Raven (1963)—Roger Corman's spoof-horror film, with Peter Lorre, Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, and Jack Nicholson. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Olympia; Oct. 1-4.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Paramount; through Oct. 3.)

Reggae—A film of the Caribbean Music Festival at Wembley, in London, last year. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 5.)

Rider on the Rain (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 6.)

Rock Around the Clock (1956)—Fifties rock, in one of those blatantly cheerful cheapies that Sam Katzman produced. With Bill Haley and His Comets, The Platters, Johnny Johnston, Freddie Bell and His Bellboys, etc. Fred F. Sears directed. (Olympia; Oct. 1-4.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Orpheum; Sept. 29.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet; starting Oct. 6.)

See No Evil—Mia Farrow blind. So is everyone around in the movie business apparently—*this* scary stuff in the Music Hall, where the toddlers come and the cheerful, dopey show girls wave their plum-shaped thighs? (Music Hall; Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Orpheum and Greenwich; Sept. 30-Oct. 6.)

Shaft—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamorized war against the Mafia. M-G-M-black-hip: a new school. Mild fun, with rather an uncomfortable eye gazing over your shoulder into the drawer of the cashbox outside. The dialogue is Sam Spade gone unctuous. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 5.)

Skin Game—Lighthearted and charming story of con artists in the Old South. With James Garner and Lou Gossett, directed by Paul Bogart. (Loew's Ciné; starting Sept. 30.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Olympia; through Sept. 30.)

The Steagle—Crass stuff about a don with fantasies in the middle of the missile crisis. With Richard Benjamin, directed by Paul Sylbert. (Tower East.)

The Stewardesses (1970)—One of the half-dozen top box-office successes of the year—maybe because men have shifted their fantasies from nurses to stewardesses. Written and directed by Alf Silliman, Jr. In 3-D. (U. A. East.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Gramercy, Embassy 72nd St., and Symphony; through Oct. 5.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head, directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet.)

The Telephone Book—With Roger C. Carmel, directed by Nelson Lyon. (Lincoln Art; starting Oct. 3.)

There Was a Crooked Man . . .—This example of commercialized nihilism seems to have been written by an evil two-year-old, and it has been directed in the Grand Rapids style of filmmaking. There's nobody to root for but Kirk Douglas, a red-haired jokester-killer who gets sent to a territorial prison in the Arizona desert in the eighteen-eighties; he makes a fool of Henry Fonda, the warden, who is trying to make the place tolerable, and he makes corpses of his buddies. Written by David Newman and Robert Benton; directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Symphony; through Oct. 5.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Elgin; through Sept. 30.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet; through Oct. 5.)

The Trojan Women—With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia; Sept. 30.)

Tsar to Lenin (1966)—A documentary about the Russian Revolution. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 1.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 4-5.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, aged twenty-seven, has an acting presence that weights the screen like a fish in a net. He plays a Mexican peasant in this hectic staging by Elia Kazan of John Steinbeck's screenplay. Steinbeck's fake literariness nearly sinks everything. (Olympia; through Sept. 30.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 6-7.)

Where's Poppa?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (86th St. East.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine. Clarence Brown directed. (Paramount; Oct. 4-7.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

A Young Couple—The ads say "All you need is a beautiful body and the ability to say yes." With Anna Gael and Alain Libolt, directed by René Gainville. (Trans-Lux East.)

You've Got to Walk It Like You Talk It or You'll Lose That Beat—Well, lose it. Over-knowing stuff, even for a first try. With Zalman King, directed by Peter Locke. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; Sept. 29.)

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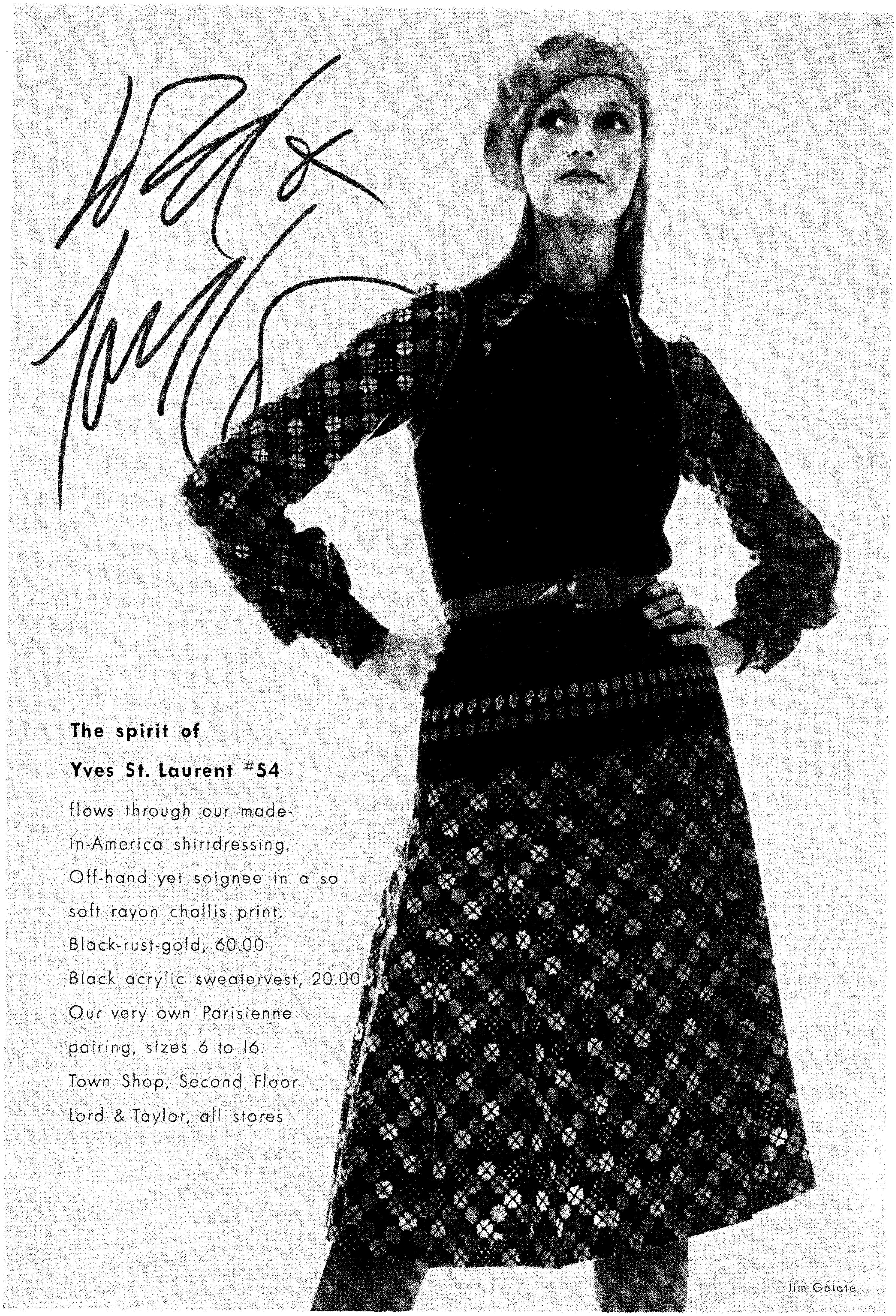

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

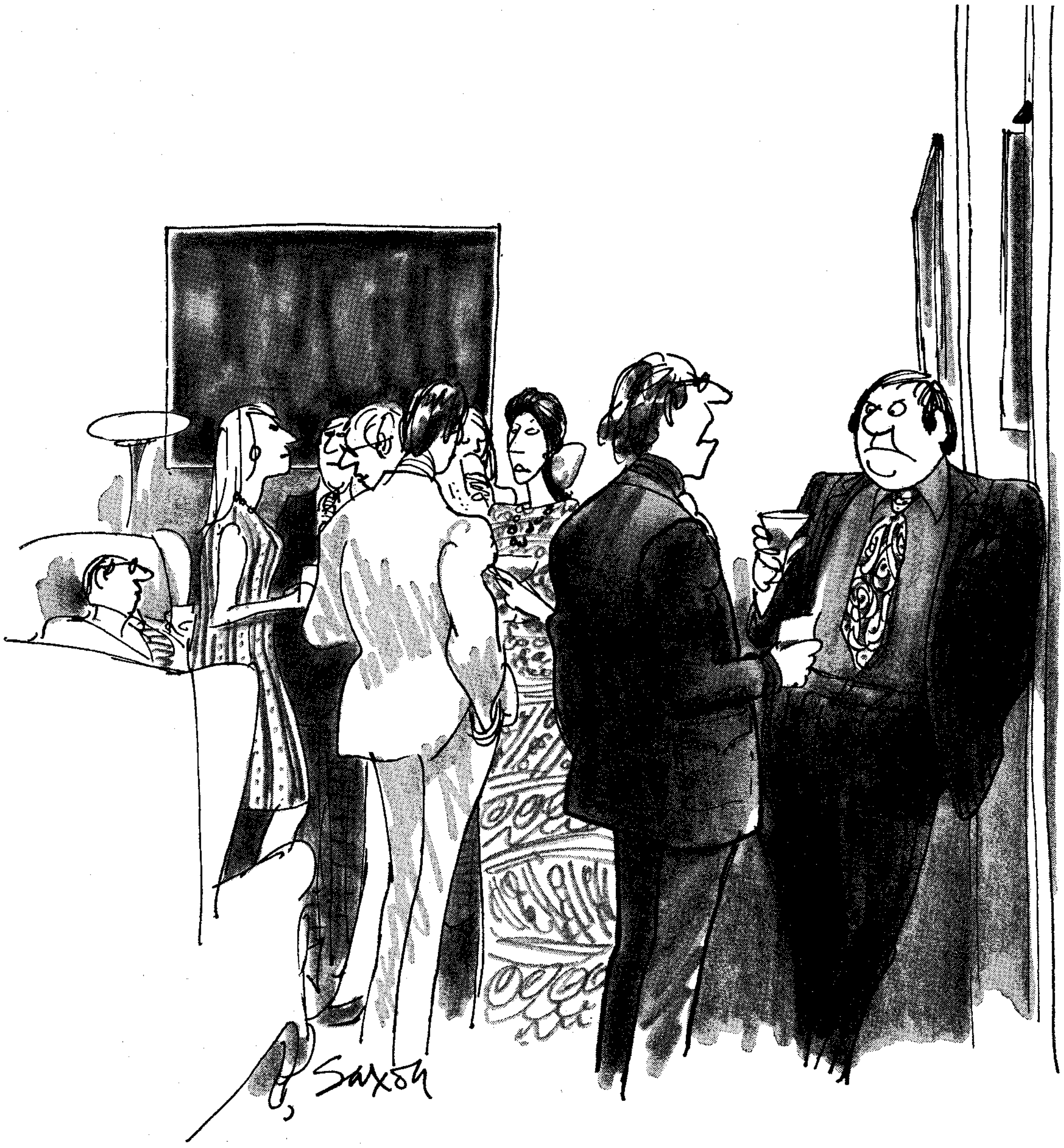
Notes and Comment

SHORTLY after the Attica uprising, Governor Rockefeller, in response to a reporter's question about why he hadn't visited the prison, described a breakdown in negotiations with the prisoners. And then, to make a final, clinching point, he spoke of a belief that the hostages' lives were in growing jeopardy at the prisoners' hands. "They [the prisoners] just lined up eight [of the hostages], bound, blindfolded, with an executioner with a knife at his throat. At that point the decision was made. There was no alternative but to go in," he said. When Commissioner Oswald was asked several days later what pressures had ultimately compelled the use of deadly force, he answered in the same way. He talked about the impasse in negotiations, and also about reports that prisoners had been arming themselves (with "spears" and knives, it turned out), and went on to say, "Each time I went back, they said if you move in here we will kill all the hostages." These answers lead one into the puzzling heart of the tragedy. A question that virtually asks itself is: How did mounting fear for the hostages' lives lead the authorities to make exactly the move that was most likely, according to their own calculations, to get the hostages killed—a move, in fact, that placed the hostages' lives in double jeopardy, first at the hands of desperate prisoners under armed attack and then at the hands of state troopers with orders to fire through clouds of tear gas past the ears of the hostages at the "executioners"? For although the danger to the hostages from the prisoners indeed seemed great at the time, it turned out that the danger from their would-be protectors, the authorities, was also great. Looking back, we can see that the authorities were moving unswervingly toward what they most feared: the execution of their own employees.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this isn't the first time in recent years that American authorities have killed their own people as a result of overeager pursuit of "enemies." Right down to minute details, the Attica massacre followed with uncanny faithfulness a script that has governed many other recent American tragedies. In an excellent article in the *Times*, Tom Wicker has described the pattern, which (to elaborate somewhat on his description) proceeds as follows: In the first stage of the tragedy, some form of disorder—almost any form of disorder, from a student sit-in to a civil war—breaks out. The authorities receive, and believe, exaggerated reports of the trouble. (For example, the stories of plans to murder Mayor Daley at the Chicago Convention, the stories of snipers at Jackson State, and the stories of guards murdered at Attica.) The authorities then invest the disorder with a symbolic importance ("If we let the students/prisoners/blacks/Communists get away with it in this case, they'll start doing it everywhere"), so that each outbreak, however small, is seen as a perhaps fatal crack in the structure of constituted American authority. Usually, "outside agitators" are blamed, in order to give the impression that a perfectly good lot of, say, students have been corrupted and used by evil forces. (Perhaps the only light moment in the Attica tragedy came when Rockefeller mechanically applied the "outside-agitator" theory to Attica, leaving one to wonder which sinister outside force it was that had corrupted this innocent group of militant convicted criminals.) In the second stage, the authorities employ overwhelming, indiscriminate force to restore "order," usually killing and injuring people other than the ones they meant to kill or injure. (For example, the killing of bystanders during the Newark and Detroit riots, the massacre of villagers at My Lai, the killing of bystanders at Kent State, and the massacre of guards at Attica.) In the third stage, the authorities publish accounts of the event from which the brutality and lawlessness of their own people have been expurgated. (For example, the first Army reports on My Lai, the grand-jury report on Kent State, Mayor Daley's version of the Chicago Convention, and the initial reports of throats slashed by prisoners at Attica.) Soon others—the press, the victims, investigating committees, or sometimes lone individuals—publish accurate accounts. But a large part of the public—sometimes most of the public—goes on believing the official version.

One could list pages of events that have more or less closely followed this script. As Wicker notes, the entire Indo-China war has followed it. There is even a new vocabulary of euphemisms for describing—or, rather, for avoiding describing—these events. "Confrontation" is the euphemism for the first stage, "overreaction" is the euphemism for the second stage, and "credibility gap" is the euphemism for the third stage. Wherever you see these words—and you see them everywhere—you are dealing with some variant of this pattern.

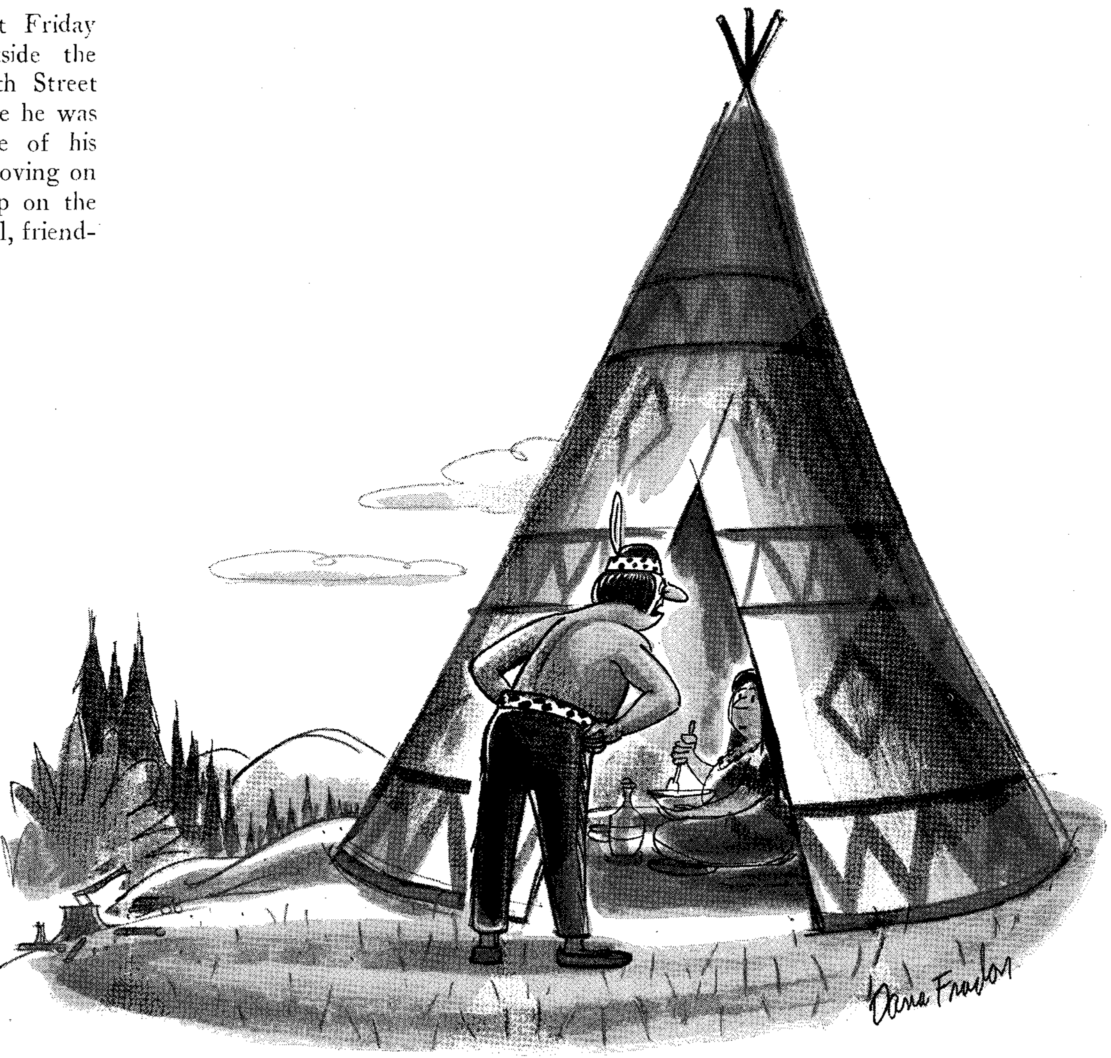
In the months to come, other characteristics of the pattern will no doubt be mentioned. It will be said that all these tragedies are part of a single big tragedy—a tragedy that keeps happening over and over again, like a recurring nightmare. And it will be urged that, generally speaking, America should do more thinking, looking, and listening, and less shooting. This is good advice as far as it goes, but there is something more that needs saying. The fact that situations as disparate as a civil war in Asia, a civil-rights demonstration in the southern United States, a student sit-in at an American university, and a prison riot in upstate New York should begin to unfold according to a single script as soon as American authorities step in is in itself disturbing. One ordinarily wants consistency in policy, but there's too much consistency here. Life is being made too easy for the columnists and the political scientists. There is bad trouble ahead when a country's problems can all be rolled together into one problem. It means that policy is going blind—is turning pathological. We are becoming like the disturbed person who is surprised to find that all his relations with other people are starting to crack up in exactly the same way. All over the world, our authorities have been giving their men the order to "go in" and clean things up. But what has followed has been much stranger than the authorities have been able to guess. It is the sameness of what has followed that gives us away. When we "go in," we enter a private, self-enclosed, fictional world that doesn't change. We don't like the complexity of things, and we want every disorder to be one in which force is effective as a last resort. We are using force to protect the integrity of our own delusion. Why, we keep asking in bewilderment, are the people on our side always getting themselves mixed up with the people on the other side? Why are the hostages mixed up with the prisoners? Why do the friendly villagers wear the same kind of clothes as the unfriendly villagers? Why are our own children marching with that disorderly mob? By blinding and deafening ourselves with our own gunfire, we get past these confusions and create a temporary, false simplicity. We are never so sure of the identity of our enemies as when we see the dim figures running through the tear gas in the sights of our rifles. After all, if they aren't our enemies, why are we shooting them? We override the disorderly variety of the world with an indiscriminately uniform type of violence. When we go in, all thought breaks down, and we can speak of saving villages by destroying them and of saving hostages by killing them. We begin to kill our own allies, to kill our own people who are being held as hostages, to kill our own children. For a moment, we forget who they are and forget who we are, and forget what it is we're trying to do to them. And when the violence is over, we remain trapped in the fictitious world that was born of our fears and our violent impulses. We make up stories to prove that things are going the way they should be going, the way they started going in our minds when we began firing. Mountains of the plainest evidence can't convince us of the truth. But in the real world the arbitrary distinctions by which we sought to justify our actions have broken down once and for all. Our people have actually done the thing we accused their people of being ready to do. And our people and their people lie together in a common grave, brothers in death as they were brothers in life, had we only known it.



"I grant your point, but not because I agree with you. I'm under sedation."

Travelling Office

SINCE January, 1969, when he took office in Congress as the successful candidate of the Democratic and Liberal Parties, Representative Edward I. Koch has made himself available to his constituents, in New York's Seventeenth Congressional District, every Friday morning (except holidays) by means of a "travelling office," which has a regular but fleeting existence in unoccupied rooms in churches, synagogues, and various other buildings in his district. The Seventeenth includes most of Greenwich Village, much of the upper East Side, and parts of the upper West Side, and a while ago we called his office—his non-travelling one, in Foley Square—and asked if we could visit the travelling office some Friday. The answer was yes, and



"Listen! You answer when I'm calling you-oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo."

at eight o'clock on the next Friday morning we met him outside the I.R.T. station at Sixty-eighth Street and Lexington Avenue, where he was handing out reprints of one of his speeches in Congress before moving on to his travelling office—set up on the West Side that morning. A tall, friendly-faced man of forty-six, Mr. Koch was standing at the top of the subway stairs, saying, "Hello. I'm your congressman. I'm Ed Koch. I represent you in Washington."

At about eight-thirty, when Mr. Koch had held brief conversations with several dozen people and distributed nearly a thousand reprints, he told us that he was ready to proceed to his travelling office, in the Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, on West Sixty-eighth Street. We got into a cab with him, and headed westward. Mr. Koch explained that he begins every Friday at a major bus or subway stop in his district. "Some people tell me I'm doing a good job, and some of them bawl me out," he said. "At least, these activities bring us face to face. For today, I've sent out a notice to everyone who lives in the part of my district that's on the upper West Side, so they all know that I'll be at the synagogue."

The cab soon pulled up in front of the synagogue, and we accompanied Mr. Koch upstairs to a room where two young members of his staff were waiting for him. They were Monica Blum, who works in his Foley Square office, and Peter Bernuth, who is in charge of that office. Mr. Koch sat down near one end of a long table, and Miss Blum and Mr. Bernuth began going over the day's schedule with him. Before they had finished, Mr. Koch's first visitor arrived. She was a well-dressed woman, with carefully sprayed hair. He offered her a chair at the table and introduced his two staff members. Holding her purse in both hands, the woman began to speak in a firm voice, saying, "I have a cerebral-palsy child. We used to have him at home, but now he's in a state institution." She paused, and Mr. Koch asked her to continue. She glanced around her and said, "The conditions in that place are *not* good. They are not feeding those children properly. And some of the staff are mistreating the children physically. I've seen it. I've been there, and so have some of the other parents, and there are things going on there that— You see, we used to have our boy at home. We would like to have him at home again, but . . ." Suddenly the woman began to cry. Mr. Koch did his best to comfort her, and eventually she told him that she wanted to make an official complaint but was afraid that members of the institution's staff might retaliate against her son.

"Believe me, they will not," Mr. Koch said. He continued to reassure her, and he asked her to write a letter describing the situation in detail, which he would forward to Governor Rockefeller. After promising to do so, the woman thanked him and left.

The next visitor was a man who wanted Mr. Koch to sponsor a private bill concerning a resident alien. Mr. Koch replied that he sponsored very few private bills in Congress but he would look into the matter. The man was followed by a woman who complained about having to pay taxes on her husband's estate, which was large. Mr. Koch made it clear that he favored estate taxes, and at the end of an increasingly heated discussion the woman got up and made for the door, saying angrily, "I can see I've come to the wrong place."

Two more women arrived. The first wanted to learn more about a plan for day-care centers (Mr. Koch asked her to come to his Foley Square office the following week), and the second explained that she had suffered a heart attack, had lost her job, and was without money (he advised her to apply for welfare benefits). Then a small, slightly built woman of about seventy came in and took a seat near Mr. Koch. She had large, pale eyes, and she began to speak in a hushed voice, saying, "Some very dangerous things are going on in my building. I live in a very good building on the East Side, but there's a gang there, and they are trying to take over. They

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are manufacturing television sets and radios and drugs and things, and they hammer in the apartment above me all night. I've been to the police, but they say there's nothing happening in my building at all." Mr. Koch spoke to her sympathetically, pointing out that he could do nothing for her himself, and suggesting that she go to the District Attorney's office. Finally, she seemed satisfied, and thanked him and scurried to the door.

At about ten, Mr. Koch prepared to leave for his next appointment. Miss Blum and Mr. Bernuth headed back to Foley Square, and Mr. Koch invited us to accompany him uptown to the studios of TelePrompTer Cable TV, where he was scheduled to make a television tape. We got into a cab, and as the driver headed for the Henry Hudson Parkway, Mr. Koch said, "I think one of the most fascinating things about these Friday mornings is that so many people come to me with problems that have nothing to do with Congress. The average guy today simply doesn't know how to deal with things that are troubling him vis-à-vis the government—it has become so *huge*. So when he can't figure out what else to do, he just naturally turns to someone like me. I've really come to consider it part of my job."

Mailer Opening

"THERE will be a party immediately following the showing of 'Maidstone' at 9 P.M. on the 2nd floor of the Whitney Museum," Michael Alpert, the press agent for Supreme Mix—Norman Mailer's film company, which produced this celebrated picture, made in East Hampton in the summer of 1968—wrote us in an invitation to its New York première last week, and the invitation went on:

Expected to be in attendance:
Mayor John V. Lindsay
Mr. Norman Mailer
Mr. George Plimpton
Mr. Bruce Jay Friedman
Rip Torn
Geraldine Page
Ultra Violet
Lillian Hellman
Mary Hemingway
Jules Feiffer
Gloria Steinem
Carter Burden
Arlene Francis
Martin Gabel
Shelley Winters
Jose Torres
Jimmy Breslin
Elia Kazan
Peter Boyle ("Joe")
Senator Jacob Javits
Arthur Schlesinger.

Eager to see the picture, which has a two-week engagement at the Whitney Museum, and avid to observe such a constellation of celebrities, we tore ourself away from a chat with Charles Ryskamp and Ben Sonnenberg at the Morgan Library's reception for an exhibition of photographs of North American Indians by the late Edward S. Curtis, taxied uptown, and fell into conversation with Mr. Alpert, a personable young man, in the Museum's lobby.

"This is Buzz Farbar," Mr. Alpert said, introducing us to another personable young man. "He's the co-producer of 'Maidstone' and a partner in Supreme Mix, and he's in the film."

"I've been in the three pictures that Norman has made," Mr. Farbar said. "Norman and I are very punctual. We'll wait until three after seven and then start the show."

It was then five of seven, and within twenty minutes the picture did start. One hundred and five minutes (edited from forty-five hours of footage) of five days in the life of a sex-movie director (played by Mailer) who is thinking of running for President, "Maidstone" proved to be a freewheeling saga of brawls, small talk, all-Caucasian and interracial copulation, and assassination plots, mostly shot against the unlikely backdrop of the stately East Hampton pleasure dome of Robert D. L. Gardiner, the sixteenth lord of the manor of Gardiners Island. Among the dramatis personae, Mr. Gardiner played a commanding and dignified role, that of head of a secret-service organization; Jean Campbell, one of Mailer's three ex-wives, provided lively eye-rolling and a most eye-compelling décolletage. The picture wound up with the famous (unscheduled) fight between Rip Torn and Mailer—ten minutes of bloodletting punctuated by the heart-rending cries of Mailer's small children—and then the audience moved on to the Whitney's adjacent Permanent Collection (1945-70) for shrimps and drinks.

We caught sight of Mr. Mailer genially talking to a group of well-wishers, among whom we spotted Selden Rodman, the poet, but, alas, no Plimpton, no Page, no Hellman, no Hemingway, no Feiffer, no Burden, no Francis, no Gabel, no Winters, no Javits, no Schlesinger.

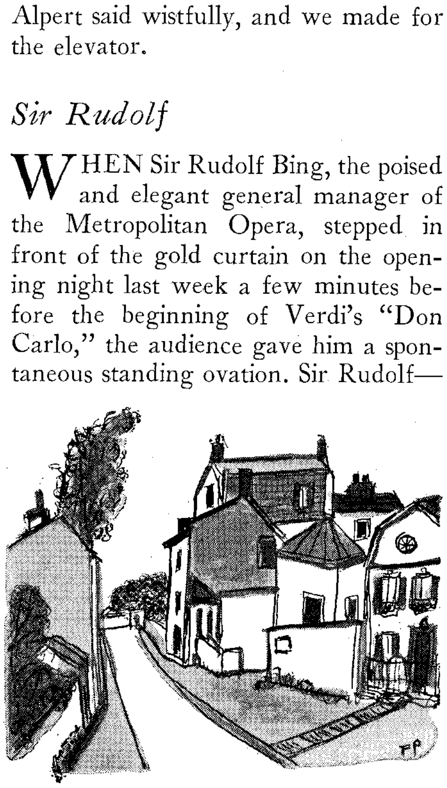
"The picture has been shown to every distributor, but no one so far has actually bought it," said Mr. Alpert, an admirable press agent.

"We're showing it at the Whitney because we have a close association with the people here," said Mr. Farbar. "We just like the setup here."

"Someone said that Daniel Ellsberg was here, but I don't see him," Mr. Alpert said wistfully, and we made for the elevator.

Sir Rudolf

WHEN Sir Rudolf Bing, the poised and elegant general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, stepped in front of the gold curtain on the opening night last week a few minutes before the beginning of Verdi's "Don Carlo," the audience gave him a spontaneous standing ovation. Sir Rudolf—he has just been named a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire, and he is retiring next June after twenty-two years at the Metropolitan—seemed to be momentarily stunned. Then he moved forward to the microphone and said, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm touched and moved by your reception, but I haven't come out to make a sentimental speech. I've come to tell you that Placido Domingo, our tenor, is suffering from a severe cold. He will do the performance, but he asks your indulgence. Thank you."



As the lights dimmed and ominous brass chords filled the house, we recalled our own farewell encounter with Sir Rudolf, which had taken place during the "Don Carlo" dress rehearsal, a few days before opening night. We had arrived to find the general manager—tieless, suntanned, and surprisingly relaxed—seated in the tenth row of the orchestra, waiting for the second scene of the first act to begin. (An aide reminded us that Sir Rudolf had made his début with "Don Carlo" in 1950 and therefore wanted to present it on his final opening night.) When the curtain parted to reveal a formal garden decorated by ladies in sixteenth-century costume, Sir Rudolf rose to his feet and surveyed the stage from various points in the auditorium. Summoning his master mechanic, Joseph Volpe, he pointed out that the pillars were crooked, the sky was wrinkled, and there seemed to be pleats in the tops of two arches.

"We'll fix everything," Mr. Volpe said cheerfully. "The two drops went askew because there was some confusion about the fast change from Scene 1. Do you like the new shrubbery on the back wall?"

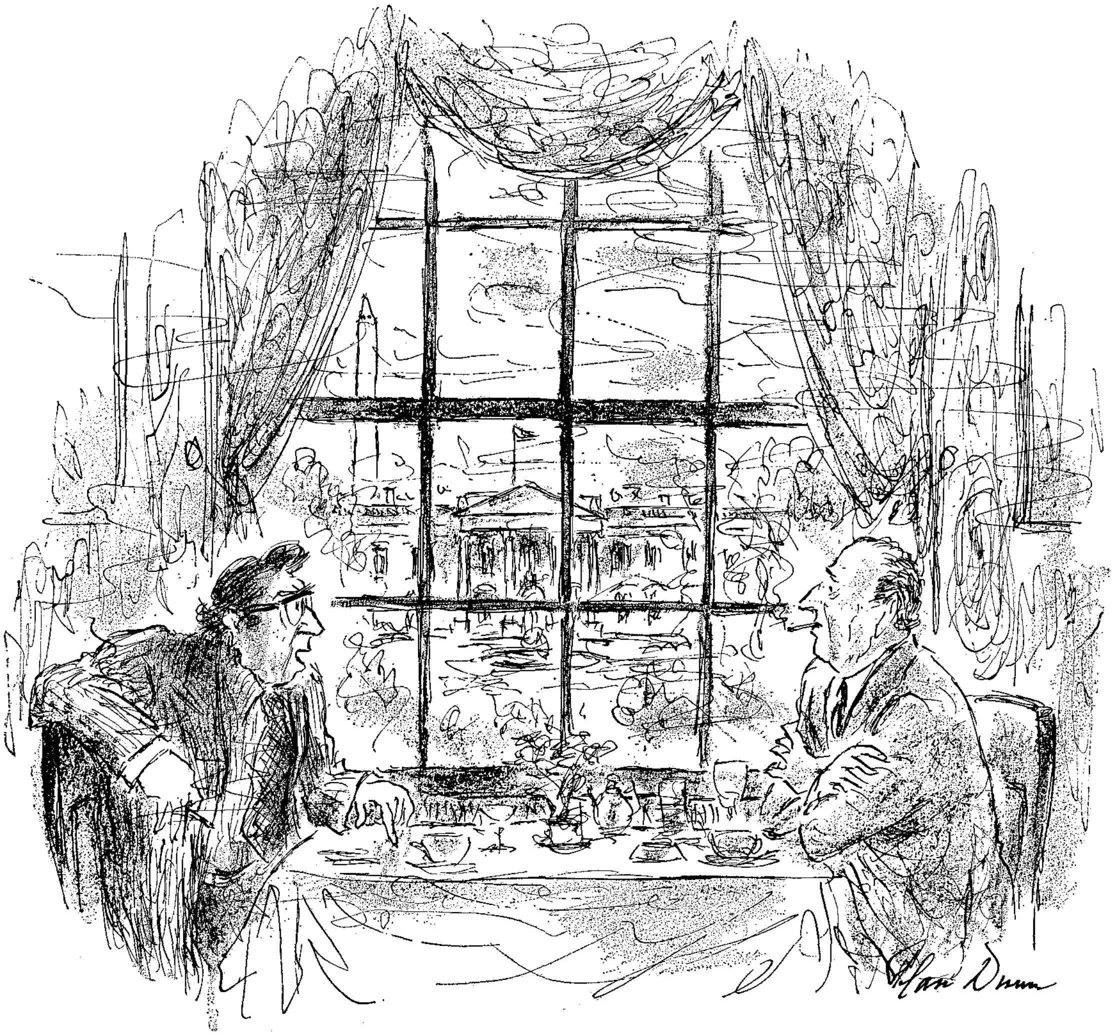
"It brightens up the set," said Sir Rudolf. "This must be the oldest production being presented on *any* New York stage. It just proves my point that the most expensive sets and costumes are cheaper, because they stand up over the years."

Several puffs of white steam unexpectedly descended from the top of the proscenium, paralyzing the singers and silencing the orchestra. "What's *that*?" said Sir Rudolf, turning to Rudolph Kuntner, his director of stage operations.

"Somebody pressed the wrong button," Mr. Kuntner said wearily, picking up a telephone to correct the error.

"I should hate to find myself in 'Trovatore' by mistake on Monday night," Sir Rudolf said.

"Mr. Gérard wants more amber in this scene," said Mr. Kuntner. "But I



"Frankly, I think Connally's getting too big for his parameter."

told him I don't change the lighting cues for anybody except you. How about it?"

Sir Rudolf looked carefully at the stage and said, "Do what he wants, Rudy, if it isn't too complicated. He designed the production."

"These lighting cues have been the same for twenty-one years," Mr. Kuntner said stubbornly.

"But the audience has got older," Sir Rudolf said.

During the first-act intermission, Sir Rudolf dashed backstage to be photographed with Robert Merrill, who has been singing in "Don Carlo" since 1950. "The way this production holds up is incredible," Mr. Merrill said as the two men smiled into the camera.

"The way *you* hold up is incredible," Sir Rudolf replied politely.

"I have a good wife," said Mr. Merrill. "Now let's take one for the West Coast."

Returning to his office, Sir Rudolf discussed with one of his assistant managers, Robert Herman, the possible replacement of Mr. Domingo in "Faust," confirmed a luncheon appointment with Maria Callas and Franco Zeffirelli, and glanced at a card from Buckingham Palace requesting his presence at an investiture ceremony on November 9th. He then turned off a battery of telephones, locked his desk, and sat down opposite us in a handsome yellow velour armchair.

"Why did you choose 'Don Carlo' for your first production as general manager?" we asked.

"Strangely enough, although it *is* a great score, the most powerful reason for doing it was a political one," said Sir Rudolf. "I came here in a very dark period—the McCarthy era, and all that—and I thought that 'Don Carlo' would be a good work to open with because it deals with freedom and repression and with the terrible consequences of prejudice."

"What other artistic achievements have given you the most pleasure?" we asked.

"I'm proud of certain productions," replied Sir Rudolf. " 'Don Giovanni,' 'Così,' 'Falstaff,' 'Frau Ohne Schatten.' I'm proud of bringing back Bruno Walter and Kirsten Flagstad, and I'm proud to have introduced such artists as Karl Böhm, Herbert von Karajan, Marian Anderson, Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, and Leontyne Price, to mention just a few. It's dangerous to name names, because you always forget somebody. I'm particularly proud to have broken the color bar at the Met. Now black singers and dancers are taken for granted, but twenty years ago it wasn't that easy. And I'm pleased to recall that I desegregated opera audiences in the South. I simply told Atlanta and other cities that we wouldn't play theatres where black people were not admitted."

"You've always been reluctant to name your favorite operas," we said. "Would you now?"

"If I were allowed to take two recorded operas to the proverbial desert island for the rest of my life," said Sir Rudolf, "I would choose Mozart's 'The Magic Flute' and Verdi's 'Otello.' These two works run the gamut of human emotion, from love to hate, from joy to sorrow. They tell me everything I need to know."

"Are there any operas you really dislike?" we asked.

" 'La Gioconda,' " replied Sir Rudolf. "It bores me. Nevertheless, I gave it a production several years ago, because I'm not producing opera for my own enjoyment. And 'Adriana Lecouvreur,' which is really dreadful. I did *that* to please a great singer. People have accused me of being anti-Wagnerian, but I'm really not that kind of an idiot. Certain of his works—'Tristan,' 'Meistersinger,' 'The Ring'—are great masterpieces."

"Looking back, would you take on the job again?" we asked.

"Of course," said Sir Rudolf. "With all the difficulties, I've enjoyed every minute of it. I have good nerves, I thrive on tension, and I really do love opera. The fascination of running a big house like this is that every economic decision reflects itself artistically and every artistic decision reflects itself economically. It's a complex, perilous game, which should be played by professionals only."

U.S. STILL ON TOP, SAYS REST OF WORLD

America today is No. 1 in the world . . . —*President Nixon.*

THE White House is very, but unofficially, elated over America's top finish in the 1971 Earth standings, announced yesterday in Geneva. The United States, for the twenty-eighth straight year, was named No. 1 Country by a jury of more than three hundred presidents, prime ministers, premiers, chairmen, elder world statesmen, kings, queens, emperors, popes, generalissimos, shahs, sheikhs, and tribal chieftains who hold voting memberships in the Association of World Leaders.

The White House issued a brief statement acknowledging the honor and calling for "renewed dedication to the principles that have made us great," but in the West Wing, behind doors that were kept locked to reporters for forty-five minutes after the news broke, complete bedlam prevailed. Presidential assistants, special assistants, counsellors, and secretaries jumped up and down and raced from suite to suite embracing each other and shouting at the tops of their voices, according to inside sources. Stacks of papers, some marked "Top Secret," were thrown from windows in jubilation, and several well-known advisers were pushed fully clothed into the showers, though not for attribution.

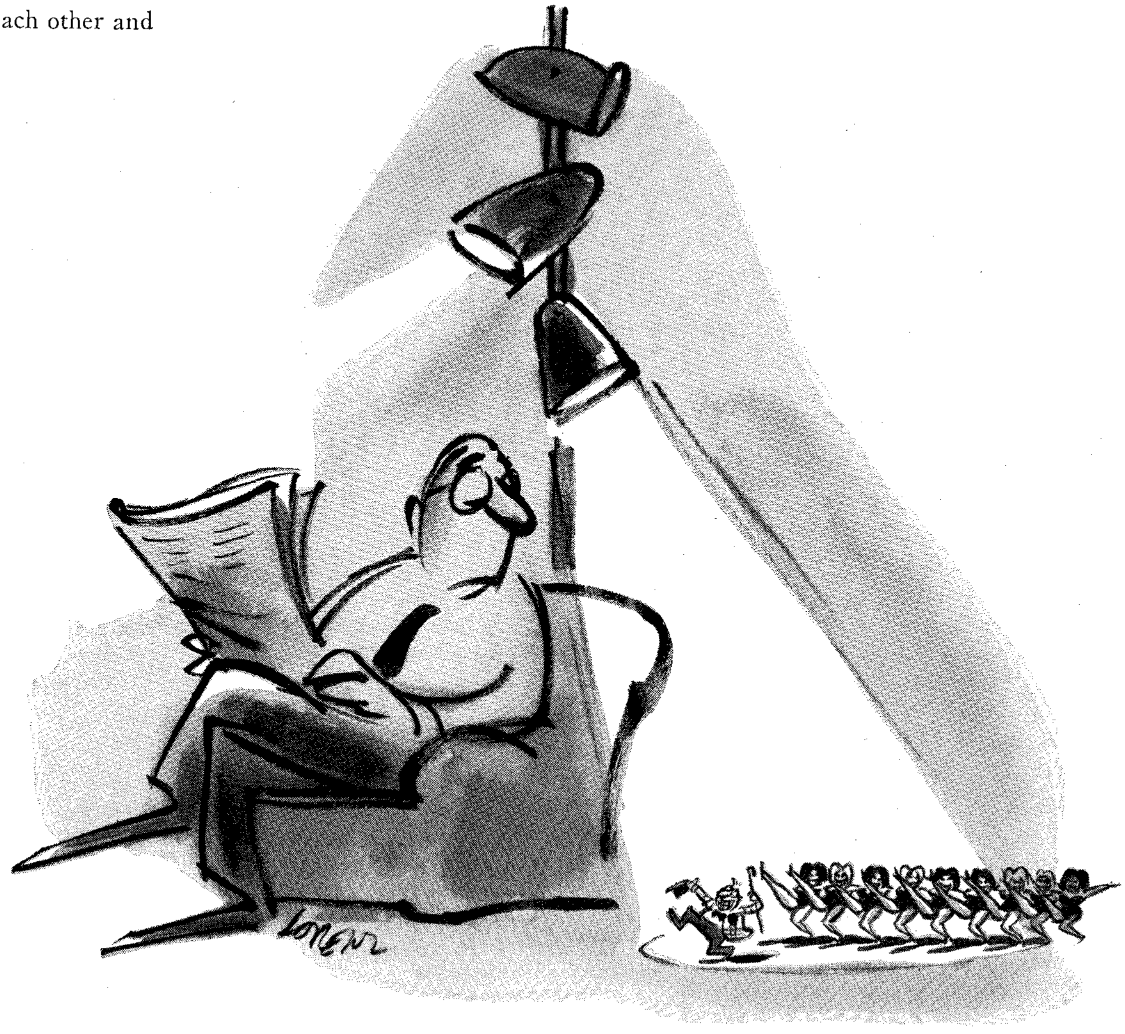
After a few minutes alone with Attorney General John Mitchell, President Nixon emerged from his office to address the group. His remarks were not made public by the White House, which described them as "personal in nature." The President grinned broadly and wore a wide silver-blue necktie with the inscription "El Número Uno."

With America withdrawing from a costly and divisive war abroad while beset by economic ills at home, some international observers had thought that the large Western nation might forfeit the No. 1 nod to the unexciting but steady Soviet Union. And when the U.S. dollar took sick a week before world leaders were to mail their ballots, it was even feared the U.S. might finish third behind the newly popular China. After the tally had been announced, however, a world leader who wished to remain anonymous said that the nearly two-hundred-year-old republic had never been in serious danger of losing the pick, at least not in leadership circles. "While some other nations have made great economic or technological strides," he remarked, "the world mantle-holder is never determined by balance sheet or record book alone. We look for basic qualities in a No. 1 country, such as how well it keeps its commitments, the deep spiritual resources of its people, whether or not it has been a force for peace, as well as its economic and military power per se."

It was the forty-fifth title win for the powerful industrial state since it first copped the prize in 1917. Except for some lean years in the twenties after it turned its back on the Versailles Conference, then the big-money circuit, the U.S. has dominated the world scene in this century, though it still trails the Roman and British Empires and the Mongol Horde in total wins.

In other events, China walked off with population honors, while China's Chou En-lai and Canada's Pierre Trudeau shared the Premier of the Year spotlight. The Middle East was named Foremost Trouble Spot, and in the group competition the European Community was chosen Top Bloc as well as Most Interdependent. In the small-nation runoff, honors went to Rumania (Totalitarian Division), South Korea (Free World), and India (Indies). Recognition was also given to Jordan (National Anthem), the United States (Best Credo, Most Telephones, and the G.N.P. Cup), Japan (Diplomacy, Exports, Most Benevolent Dynasty), and Micronesia (Most Trustworthy).

—GARRISON KEILLOR



"There's no business like show business . . ."

AS WE HAVE LEARNT FROM FREUD, THERE ARE NO JOKES

I MARRIED my Manhattan landlord. If I were a local, I suppose I would put that more delicately. But I come from Tobermory, a Scottish island village where it would not be such a craven blunder.

The beginnings with him were not auspicious, though.

I waited for him for an hour, outside his half-built apartment building. You could see him coming a block away. He wore a bright mustard suit. One of the Mafia? An evil-looking briefcase contributed. On the other hand, and leaving the suit aside, there was something pleasant about his stoop.

"Are you married?" he said at once, head turned toward the din from his workmen as he stepped past me over the rubble and put a key into the lock of the, I should have thought, not yet apt to be plundered building.

"I've been waiting an hour," I said. "The foreman promised you'd be here. I've got to find somewhere to live."

He scraped his shoes free of the mess outside, an act which interested, considering the dirt he was to step into. A piece of grit flew backward from his heel onto my eyeball. I had an impulse to say "Sorry," owing to my nationality, but managed to quench it.

"I'd like one of these apartments," I said.

He went in. "Married?" he said.

"No," I said, holding my eye. I suppose a New Yorker would have said "Yes," for prudence, but there wasn't much lust in the air.

"I can't have unmarried women," he said. "They're always getting raped on the way to the laundry."

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As I left, with all speed, I noticed a sign outside the apartment building that said "Beware of the Dog." Rage weakened here, and I thought quite fondly of the workman within who must be in the habit of bringing some overloyal pet to the site.

The next day, after the thirty-third night spent on the exitless side of a bed that was shoved up against a wall and that also housed a physiotherapist called Daphne, an air hostess called Olga, and Olga's dopey Teddy bear, I got out of the bottom of the bed unheard and thought, *No.*

I rang the building site. The foreman said the owner was there.

"Can I speak to him?"

"He don't speak on the telephone."

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So.

Do something else. Buy a birthday present for my grandmother on the way to work.

"I want a nightdress to send airmail," I said to a saleswoman in a fair-to-lousy cut-price shop. "For an old lady."

"This."

"No, something to the floor, I think."

"This."

"Haven't you got anything that goes to the floor?"

"This is waltz-length."

"She's eighty-one. I think she'd rather have something full-length."

"Everything is waltz-length or bikini. You want she should trip over and break her neck?"

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So.

Push on to work. My employer, Simpson Aird, a friendly capitalist who calls me Miss Nib when he feels rumbustious, dictated letters in bed. His wife, Tessa, ate fried bread and tomatoes. Their six-month-old son was kicking on the bottom of the eiderdown. I picked him up while Mr. Aird thought. The baby treated me hospitably, being the age he is and therefore still inclined to interpret the rest of the world as an annex of himself. To be organic to somebody else's idea is an experience not to be sneezed at, in these divided times or any other. The Aird baby has a strong cast of thought and he imposes himself, philosophically speaking; as he stared at me, lying on my lap, he seemed like a hand of mine. Self and others. The usual tautology.

"How's the apartment hunt?" Mr. Aird said.

"Plugging on," I said.

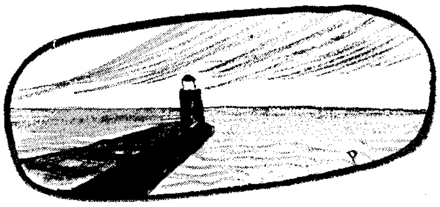
"No luck?"

"Not yet."

Tessa said, "You'll suddenly find one."

"Or gradually," I said.

"You don't *gradually* find an apartment. You *suddenly* find an apartment," said Tessa.



"I might be inching up on it, mightn't I?"

"No," said Tessa, who sees things her own way as resolutely as any baby. "One day you'll simply have it, and then you won't remember what it was like to be without it."

"No?"

"You need some new clothes," said Tessa.

"Shall I get on with the letters?" I said.

Simpson peered at our two faces, scenting a row. Or a wound. "My dear Miss Nib," he said, hurling himself out of bed and into the bathroom, "take a letter. I think you look first-rate." He imitated my Scots accent. "Furst-rate. Scrumptious." He sang "D' ye ken John Peel?" into the bathroom mirror.

•

So.

Revived, go back in the lunch hour to the apartment building, even if the landlord has twice more refused to come to the telephone. Swine.

He was standing in the foreman's office, looking troubled. Mustard jacket off; black pullover underneath. That stoop. A brooding and somewhat majestic effect. If swine, then big wild boar, hunting quietly in the woods for something, mooching about and turning things up.

The foreman was putting down the telephone. "They won't pay," he said to the landlord. "I told you."

"I've come about an apartment," I said. "I don't see why I have to be married. If it comes to getting raped on the way to the laundry, married women with a lot of washing must get raped more."

"Get them back on the phone," the landlord said to the foreman.

"You'll have to talk to them yourself," the foreman told him. "They're your insurers."

"No."

"You know what you've got, not talking on the telephone?" the foreman said. "You've got a hangup."

The landlord went on standing there, turned away from me.

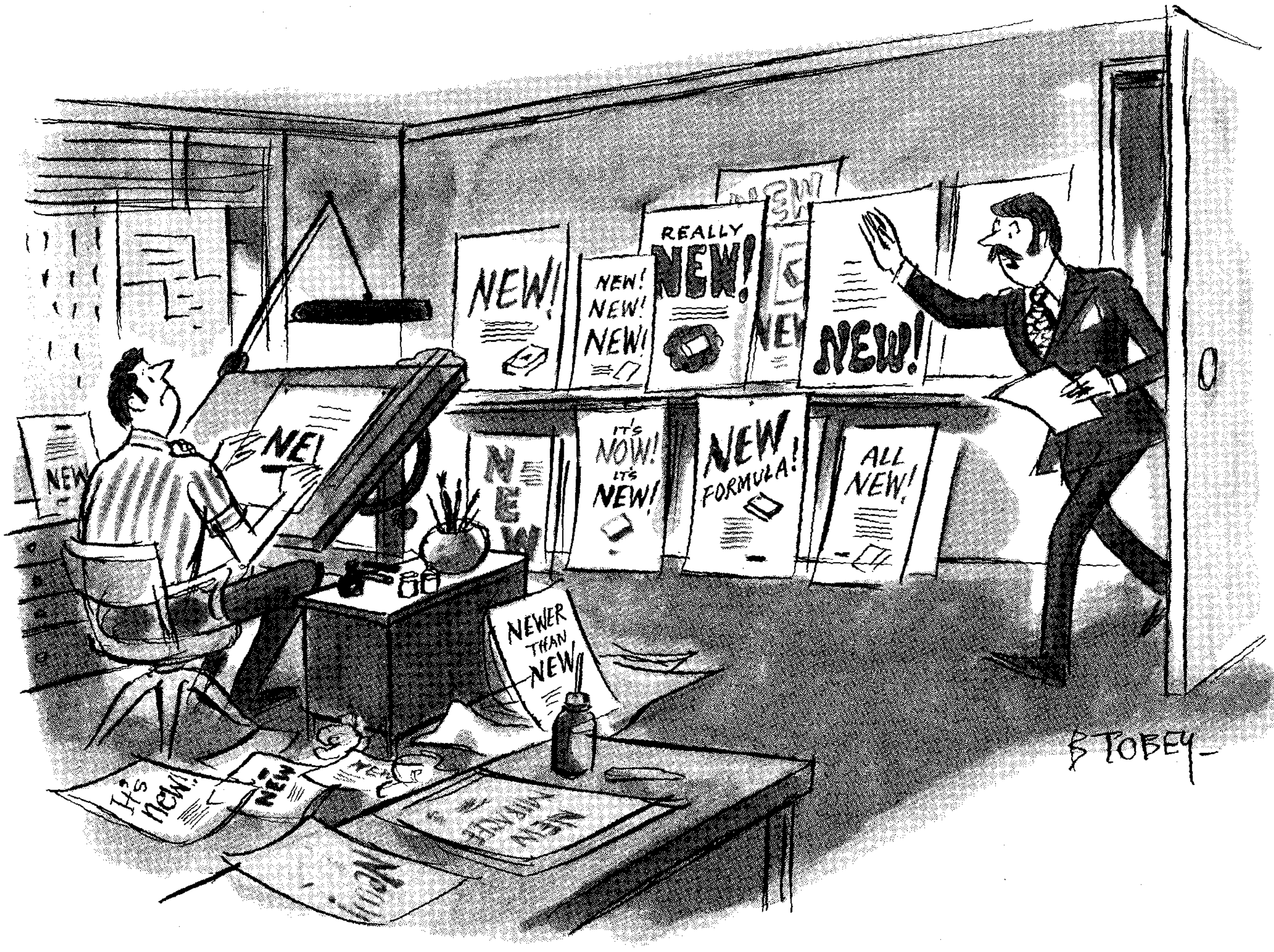
"I want one of these apartments," I said to the foreman, who was drinking a Coke.

"Can't you see I'm busy?" he said.

"I've something on my mind," the landlord said softly to a concrete wall.

"What's happened?" I said.

"A *dog's* been stolen," the foreman said impatiently.


REALLY NEW!
NEW!
NEW! NEW! NEW!
NEW!
NEW
NE
It's NOW! It's NEW!
NEW FORMULA!
ALL NEW!
NEWER THAN NEW
It's new!
NEW
NEW
B TOBEY

"Hold it, Pete! They want to switch to nostalgia!"

• •

"Oh dear," I said. "Was it his?," looking at the large black back.

"It was to guard the plumbing," said the foreman, crushing the Coke tin with his hand and throwing it into a corner.

"What?" I said.

The landlord said, fast, "It was supposed to be guarding the plumbing, and if you think that's crazy then ask him about it. He told me to."

"It's you that's crazy," said the foreman. "What sort of a boss are you, doing what *I* say?"

"Trained to look after *plumbing?*" I said.

"These dogs are highly skilled," said the foreman.

"This one wasn't," the landlord said.

"Well," the foreman said, "what do you expect for eighty bucks a week? You got it cheap."

"It seems a heavy thing to steal, a bath," I said. "Let alone baths."

"I know it was only eighty bucks a week," the landlord said over me. "But eight *hundred* for the loss of the dog."

"You should've taken out insurance. You should've thought of that," said the foreman.

"Also, it was a nice dog," the landlord said, now sorrowing and private.

The foreman yelled something to the ceiling in another language and stomped toward the door saying, "The whole world is crazy, I tell you. Make your own telephone calls. What kind of a landlord are you, not speaking on the telephone?"

"You should've got the four-inch ducts finished on schedule," the landlord said. He took a couple of steps toward the man. "Then the plumbing would have been connected and we'd never have had to *have* your guard dog."

"Listen," said the foreman, swinging the door handle to and fro. The landlord had come to a halt. "I'm going to take time out to tell you something."

"Well, I pay for the time," the landlord defended himself, though not as intimidatingly as I could have hoped.

"One: Plumbing has to be bought in *ahead of schedule*, in case you lose a month's rent, O.K.? Two: The four-inch ducts were finished *last month.* It's the Mayor's *inspector* we're waiting on now. And why? Because you were too goddam mean to drop the five-hundred-buck payment to City Hall for *special services.*"

"Five-hundred-buck *bribe.*"

"*Payment.* For *special services,* for getting it *done.* See what happens when you waste your time in line?"

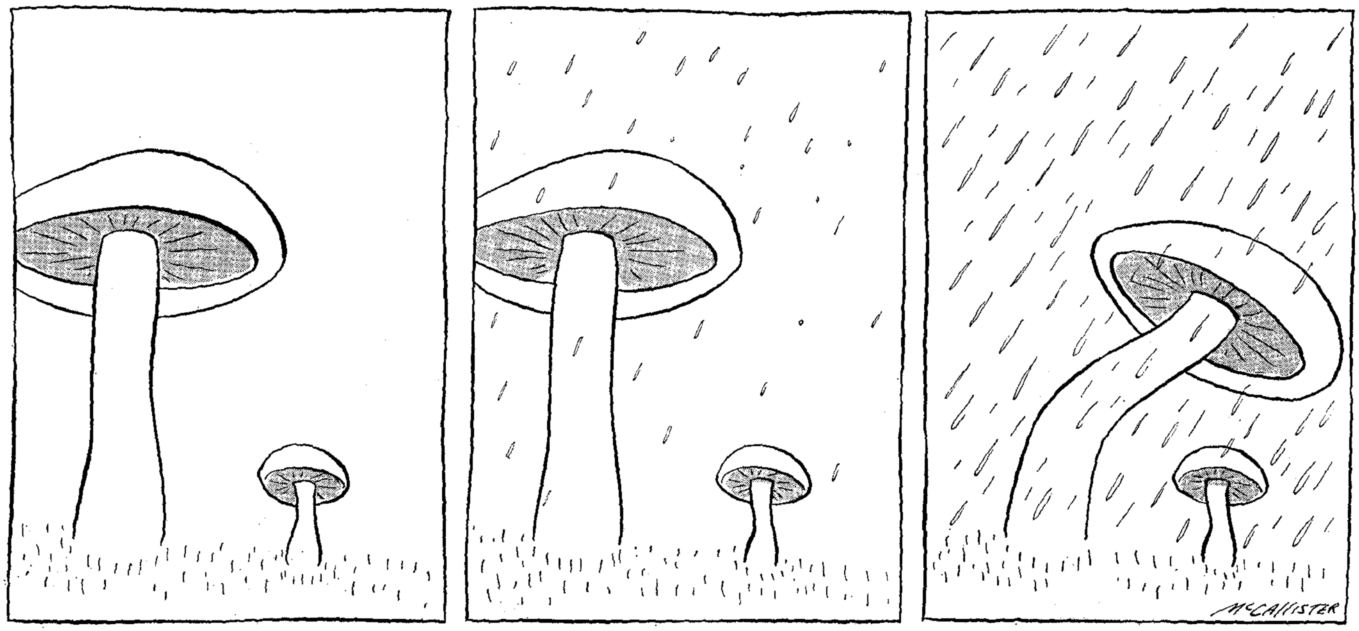
•

The foreman left. The landlord stood there. Now, to contradict myself, he didn't look like one of the Mafia at all. On the contrary.

"Shall we have some lunch?" he said.

"Yes, please. Could I have an apartment as well?"

He laughed. His eyebrows looked permanently as if they had just shot up. They had big half circles of pure white skin below. His hair was dark brown, and his face so asymmetrical that a reflection of it in a piece of broken mirror on the wall was unrecognizable. An exuberant man, nervous, poetic, with a way of pulling his long fingers one by one when something was making him laugh to himself. He



• •

was fun. I have never had such fun with anybody.

At our first lunch I asked for *canneloni* to fill myself up.

"Good. Girls are always thinning themselves," he said.

"What's your name, by the way?" I said.

"Murray Lancaster," he said. Pause. "Huh?" he said.

"Well," I said, "I'd thought you were in the Mafia, but it's not much of a Mafia name."

"Why did you think I was in the Mafia?"

"Because you're a landlord, I suppose," I said, holding back the next thing I had been going to say and then deciding he might not mind. "Perhaps also because of your mustard suit."

He looked angry. It took me some time—weeks—to discover that he was poor and wore clothes handed on by a negligently competent brother-in-law in the soft-drinks business.

He asked my name.

"Emm," I said. "Emm McKechnie. My parents christened me Empyrean, but there had to be a way out."

"Do you believe that, in general?" he said.

"Yes, with luck," I said. He looked up fast, extremely pleased in a philanthropic way but still hanging back for himself. One could tell. Something more needed to be said, obviously. Wondering whether this was it, I told him I had a mustard suit, too. Ah, no. He concentrated on the menu. Hell, I thought. Patronage. The British abroad at their old work. But when I bent down on some pretext and could see into his face it seemed possible that he was laughing at himself as well as flustered.

Still with his head down, he ordered his own lunch. "A very rare steak," he said. And then, to me, "Vegetable?"

"Could I have a green salad?"

"And a very green salad," he said to the waiter before he could stop himself.

•

The foreman victimized him. Waiters made him feel a fool, this clever man. Spectres of poverty beset him, and he hankered after anything that would last. Perhaps that was why he had embarked, without capital, on trying to put up a building, though God knows this would have no long life in Manhattan. The little money he had saved was kept in seven different banks and also in his apartment, in the freezer locker of the fridge, inside a stringbeans packet. He made piles of quarters in his sock drawer when he emptied his pockets at night. After a few months, despite our best efforts, he went bankrupt and his knavish contractors were awarded all he had. We kept the loot that was in the freezer. We got married in a while. By then we were living in a dirt-cheap place on the Bowery. He hung on to his car. No bailiff would have touched it. He was deeply fond of it. It was a very old dark-green Hispano-Suiza, held together with beautiful leather straps like the ones my grandparents had on their steamer trunks.

He was a moving man, bashful but debonair. He was the only man I have ever known who once actually fell out of a hammock with laughing.

He slept on his back, at the edge of the bed by the telephone, near the door. I think he was frightened something would happen to us.

The following year he turned over in his sleep and crashed his leg onto my hipbone. It was like a piece of falling timber. Next morning I limped.

"What's happened?" he said from bed.

"You hit me with five ton of leg in your sleep. I didn't know a leg could be so heavy. It was like being socked with a Wellington boot full of mud."

"Should you go to a doctor?"

"Oh, no."

"What's a Wellington boot?"

"Gumboot. Rubber boot."

"I'm so sorry."

"I was rather pleased. It's the first time you've ever slept anywhere near the middle of the bed."

He groaned and looked away. "And the first time I do it I hurt you. I do things wrong too often. One of me is too many."

He thought of himself as a bungler. He thought he was infinitely dispensable and replaceable. From things he said in his sleep, I know he thought I was going to fall in love with somebody else. But we were allies. We were some sort of kin.

MY husband died, my love, died in his car, on the night we put the clocks back, on the night of the extra hour that everyone else was glad of, though for my part I found no use to put it to. It was a Saturday night and I had a fortnight of holiday ahead of me while the Airds were unexpectedly away, not to speak of the obligatory Sunday to get through, the one that would have fallen to me in any case. I did what one does, moving myself about, reading the news, maintaining the circulation of the blood, for the accepted reasons. The heart and lungs carried on willy-nilly, keeping me going, keeping me awake. The need for sleep wasn't as merciful as it might have been. I would have to get my clothes cleaned, if I was to go on. I would have to telephone the grocer, if I was to go on. A pound of tea, I said; no, half a pound, thank you, and any bread that's got a European type of crust, and have you some Dundee marmalade? I don't like it here very much, not at the moment, I said, no doubt sounding like a dangerous recluse and a chauvinist to boot. Which would have been doubly misleading, for I had never felt more in search of company, nor indeed more indebted to Manhattan, the city without him being a great deal more like the city we had lived in together than anywhere else without him would have been. After a few days, nine or ten, I wondered if it would aid things to pay a visit to Scotland, but I hadn't the purpose for it, let alone the money. So I went and lived in public libraries and all-night cafés for a time. Someone moved me out, sooner or later, and it was probably just as well, for my attempts to find anyone to talk to had not prospered. "Do you think I could have a cup of tea, please?" I had said to a promising-looking man behind a counter, but it seems I should have said "Cup of tea" and left it at that, for he put his hands on his hips and shouted, "What's stopping you?"

When my holiday had the goodness to be over, I stood on the usual rush-hour bus and read a schoolboy's comic strips over his shoulder. There was sun outside. Life had several appearances of being on the mend. Halfway uptown, after a setback caused by a reminiscent cheekbone at the other end of the bus, I got a seat between a Chinaman and a Puerto Rican woman. I seemed to be taking up more than my share of the space, and the grief was bad again. I tried thinking of others, more as a device than a good, and clenched my thigh muscles for a start, to give half an inch more room to the neighbors.

"Excuse me," I said to the Chinaman. "My husband is dead."

The Chinaman grunted and dug his heel-shaped chin into his collar. It started to rain.

"Every morning this time the bus is full of nuts," the driver said with violence, not even visibly addressing me, though his right eye was glaring at me in his driving mirror. I spread my muscles again and took all the room I wanted. I should get my hair done, I thought. Widows slip if they let their hair go. Queen Victoria went downhill. It's a mistake to be wearing his watch.

"Hello," I said to the Puerto Rican child who was sitting on the lap of the woman beside me.

"Doan speak English," the mother said in the voice of a record, turning the child on her lap so that its back now faced me.

"Hi," said the Ukrainian doorman at the Airds' building, using the sum of the English that I had ever heard him speak, apart from "God bless," "Cab, sir?," and "You bet your ass." This morning he followed "Hi" with "How's life treats you?," so I thought he must have learned more English while I was away.

I said, "My husband's dead."

He laughed and said, "You bet your ass."

In the Airds' duplex apartment I hung my raincoat over Tessa's second mink with a malign hope that it would drip, which involved me in turning in my tracks after a minute or two to take the gesture back. The Chinese manservant caught me at it. I'm afraid nothing of the sort is hidden from him. There is no meanness he does not recognize. He winked in the direction of the Airds' bedroom and said, "Having late breakfast."

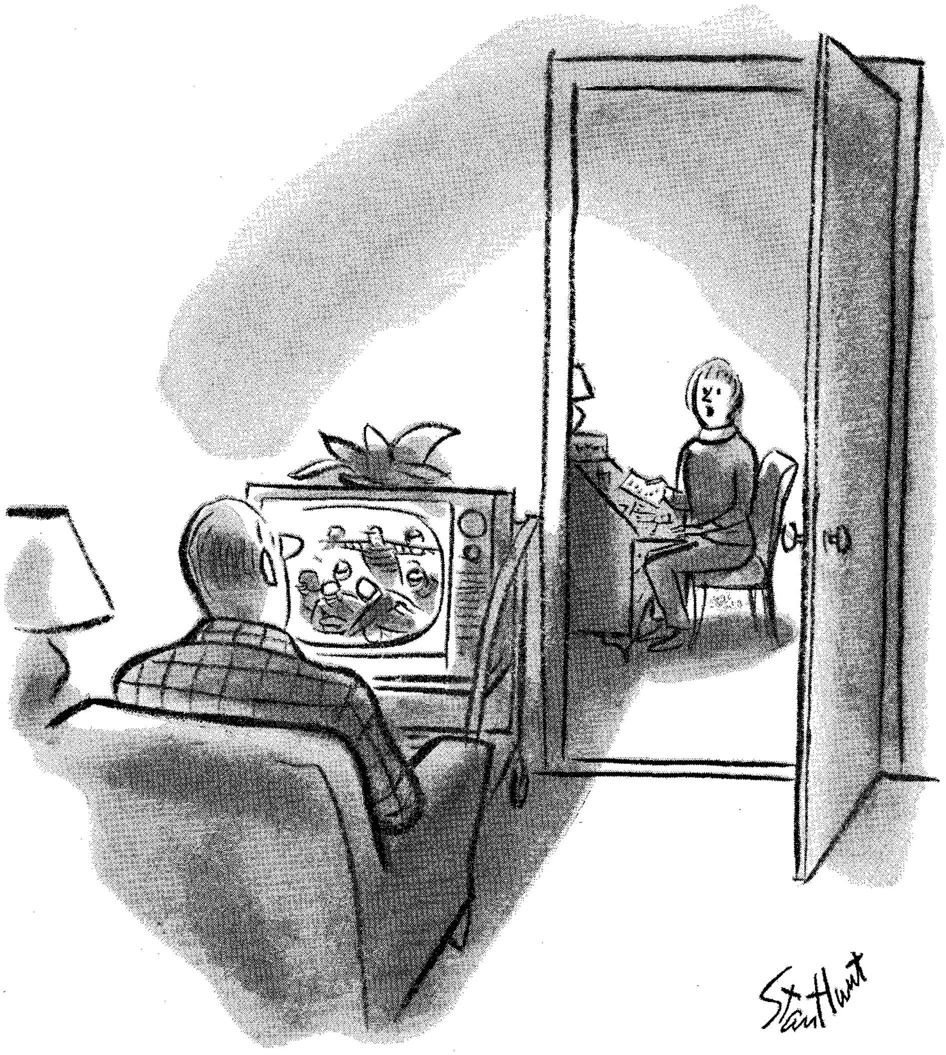
"Yes," I said coldly.

He winked again and said, "Nice holiday? Nice time with hubby?"

"My husband isn't well," I said, having no mind to hand him the truth at that moment.

•

The Airds were good to me. Cheerful. They made me move in to live with them as something they called their *au-pair* girl, mostly to exercise two new Great Dane puppies. The



"And so, with the score standing at income thirteen thousand seven hundred, outgo fifteen thousand three hundred, let us pause for time out."

manservant, Wu, took me in hand in his own way and gave me makeup lessons. He sold cosmetics on commission. He had a fine and steady hand with an eyeline brush, like a miniaturist.

"You should go take Spanish at night school," he said one evening in the Airds' downstairs lavatory when we were clearing up after they had gone out to dine. He put one of their cocktail nuts into my mouth off a silver tray that he had balanced for the moment on the washbasin, and set himself to work on my mascara. "Meet Mr. Right," he said, twirling one of his makeup brushes in a half-empty glass of Simpson's after-office bourbon. Then the Airds came back for something they had forgotten. Wu panicked and locked the door.

One of the Airds tried to come in.

"Who's there?" said Simpson's voice.

Wu clapped his hand over my mouth and daftly said nothing himself.

"Who is it?" Simpson said again, firmly.

"It's only us," I said like a fool, through Wu's palm. Inapt. Wu and I were not us—not in any way.

•

The Great Danes slept in my room, unfortunately. I walked them for three or four hours a day, but nothing tired them or won their love. They seemed quite undevoted, except to each other. From an air hostess with a Teddy bear to two Great Dane pups. I lived in a room off the kitchen, so thin-walled that it was impossible not to hear what was happening in the dining room unless Wu had a gadget going. The garbage disposal, say, would drown things, but then it would stop and there I was, a living wiretap.

"We could send you our *au pair*," Tessa was saying one night. "She has a genius for sorting things out. You could pay her whatever you wanted."

"Can she really do filing?" said a woman's voice.

"She's Simpson's secretary," Tessa said. "She's got high speeds. She can even cope with the baby. She looks after the dogs at the moment to keep herself busy. She can do anything."

"It doesn't sound as if she's got much spare time."

"She doesn't know what to do with it. Her husband . . ."

Wu ran a beater for a short while. I had thoughts about the awesome hearings of eavesdroppers, of spies, of babies before memory. Then the beater was turned off, unmercifully.

"To tell you the truth, it'd be a relief to me if she did something adult. The dogs are too much of her life," Tessa said.

"She's a handsome girl," Simpson said. "She'll marry again. She's funny."

Tessa laughed gently. "Simpson worries about her. I think he's a bit in love with her." There was the sound of a kiss. Merriment.

". . . two defunct types of people now," the woman was saying. "Have you ever thought of that? It struck me the other day. The man of letters and the maiden aunt. Your *au pair* may be a born maiden aunt. From the sound of it, she's more like a relative to you than a servant."

"I don't think she wants to be a maiden aunt," Simpson said. "I don't get that feeling."

OCTOBER GHOSTS

Jenny cold, Jenny darkness,
They are coming back again.
We came so early,
But now we are shovelled down
The long slide.
We carry a blackened crocus
In either hand.

I will walk with you and Callimachus
Into the gorges
Of Ohio, where the miners
Are dead with us.

They carry one another
In their arms, still alive.
What do I know of them? I know
Uncle Charlie prowling along the cold shores of their lives,
His meters broken,
And your voice the only living voice, the only
Wind the wind
Of this autumn.

I knew a beautiful woman when I was young.
She wept over me as one who could hardly care.
Diphtheria starred her earlobes,
And she wailed all night.
That time is gone when the young women died
Astounded to hear black veins in their bodies
Coil round one another all night.

Jenny, fat blossoming grandmother of the dead,
We were both young, and I nearly found you, young.
I could not find you. I prowled into my head,
The cold ghost of October that is my skull.
There is a god's plenty of lovers there,
The dead, the dying, and the beautiful.

But where are we,
Jenny darkness, Jenny cold?
Are we so old?
We came so early, we thought to stay so long.
But it is already midnight, and we are gone.
I have nothing at all against that song,
That minor bird I hear from the great frost,
My robin's song, the ancient nothingness.

Friends, I have stolen this line from Robinson,
From Jenny, and from springtime, and from bone,
And from the quick nuthatch, the blooming of wing upon the sky.

Now I know nothing, I can die alone.

—James Wright

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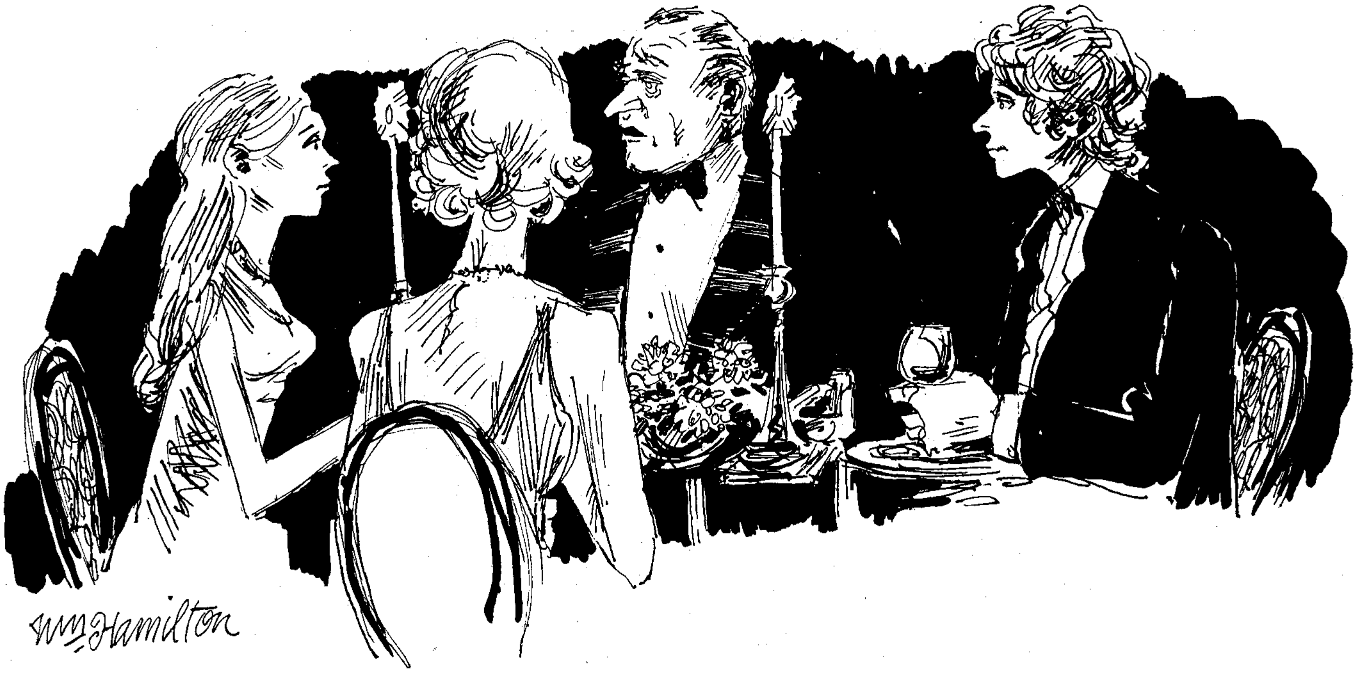

"Tell me, Sara, why does your young man keep calling your mother 'man'?"

• •

No, I thought. Though one can pretend, if required.

•

Some other day, Tessa came gaily into my room and pulled the dogs off the bed. "And what are you doing here, pray?" she said to them. "Emm doesn't want to see you today. It's Emm's day off." She kissed them.

"How can they tell it's my day off?" I said. "I'm here and they're here."

Tessa looked at me as if I had said something odd. "You should go out more," she said. "Take my charge plate and go shopping. How would you like to buy me a black cashmere sweater? No, that wouldn't be much of a holiday. Why don't you go and buy yourself a sweater, on me?"

"Or not?"

"That's something you say, isn't it? O.K., not, but for Christ's sake go out and enjoy yourself, my dear. You're sitting there like death warmed over."

It might be preferable, I thought, not to shop?

•

"She should get married again," I heard Tessa say to her mother-in-law on the telephone. "I'm going to send her to my doctor. She's got this thing about saying 'not' all the time."

•

So.

I went to her doctor. Tired to death, for some reason, and answering his questions in a doze.

"Perhaps you should get married again," he said.

"Why?"

"Sleeping all right?" he said, head down, plowing on.

"Who with?" I said, without thinking. Poor man.

"I meant, would you like some sleeping pills?"

"I'm fine. I don't need putting out. Do you think I should go and live in a commune in San Francisco? Somebody once asked me to. I wouldn't mind that."

"If you like the idea. Though people can get over-individuated in communes."

"Does that mean lonely?" I started to laugh.

He leaned forward. "Aha. Interesting. Now we have to ask ourselves why you're laughing, don't we? What you're avoiding." He shook his kindly head. "As we have learnt from Freud, there are no jokes."

•

So.

I coped with the amazingly uninteresting savories for one of the Airds' cocktail parties. I met a Bulgarian as I was handing round the cheese dip. He made some measure of pass at me. Given the circumstances of a cheese dip, it was cheering. However off the point.

Much later, I came back in to help Wu clear up the debris and to take the puppies out for a walk. Simpson looked at me. At this tall, broad-shouldered girl. I tried to shrink. One of the puppies suddenly flung itself through the air and banged its wet nose against my right eye in its flight to a tray of vol-au-vent. Wu looked at me and gestured to his own right eye and giggled. He meant that my mascara had been licked off. "Brrr," I said, shaking my head and pretending to myself that I had dog's jowls. Any disguise to slink into, any animal mask.

"Perhaps you should go to an analyst," Tessa said. She put her arm around me. I laughed, and she said, "Laughing is a way of protecting yourself from the truth."

What? I thought, a laugh being pretty well the only dealing with the truth that offered itself at the moment, and so nothing to run down.

•

The Bulgarian took me out. I think he thought I was younger than I am. I think he thought I didn't recall anything about the war.

"I had to leave Bulgaria," he said. "You know where Bulgaria is?"

"Yes."

"You English girls are so educated."

"Scottish. But thank you."

"I had to leave," he said heavily, "because my conscience dictated that I inform on the Nazis."

"So you came here what year?"

"You have heard of the Nazis?"

"Yes."

"They were brutes. My conscience shouted that I had to inform. Bulgaria is a proud country."

"Bulgaria wasn't so proud in the

war,” I said. I thought about this, and then said, “I’m sorry,” for he was a good-natured man. “I’m sorry. I’ve never even been there.”

But he took no notice of either thing I had said, anyway, and laughed heartily at nothing evident about Sixth Avenue, and grabbed at my knee. “I do what I have to do, as they say in Western films,” he declaimed, ogling my ear. “Bulgarians are masterly. In Bulgaria the woman is the man’s slave.”

“Are you hungry?” I said.

“Where shall we eat?”

“Where would you like?”

“When I take you out, you have to be my slave. You have to decide,” he said, looking waggish, and also beginning to whine.

“What do you mean, your slave?”

“The man is superior.”

“Oh,” I said, glad of surrealism, though wondering who was to cope.

Silence unseated him. “What is it you do for the Airds, our friends?” he said desperately. “Apart from making succulent eats such as sardines?”

“I’m their nanny,” I said. “To their Great Danes. Also their secretary, sometimes.”

“So the Airds are Danish,” he said. “Danish in ancestry. A proud race.” He beat his chest and sang a song that turned out to be the old monarchist Bulgarian anthem.

“Slave,” he said when it was over, “where shall we eat?”

“I like being mastered,” I said, not sure how much money he had.

He looked suddenly suspicious that I was making fun of him, which I wasn’t, and grabbed me to look down the front of my dress. “Aha. I spy a bra,” he said. “I was thinking you were a member of Women’s Liberation.”

“I told you, I’m a sort of nanny.”

“Women are inferior.”

“Yes,” I said. But now he looked inescapably furious, and also seemed stalemated about what to say to the cabdriver. So I tried for a calming course, feeling thankful to this man for his dogged clasp on difficulties that wouldn’t cause me any recall of my dead love in a million years, and I pursued the wisp of a path suggested by the word “nanny.” “Women have babies,” I said firmly to my redeeming friend, “so it’s men who have to decide about spending money, such as money on restaurant bills.”

“Bulgarian women have babies in hedges,” he said, looking vaguely about him at the north end of Sixth Avenue.

I got him out at an ice-cream parlor after a while. I paid for the taxi because he had no change. We ate waffles. Perhaps he had no money whatever.

“You see,” he said, maple syrup on his chin, “we are celebrating.”

Celebrating, my fellow in farce, although neither of us belongs, to waffles or to one another. Of course, belonging may be gone by the board, historically speaking, she advises herself, wiping her face with this American paper dinner napkin and not wishing to be personal, to use a bygone phrase.

“What shall we celebrate?” I said.

“I give you a toast,” he said, waving a doubled-over piece of waffle on his fork in salute. “To your beauty,” he said, though my looks at the time were nothing to write home about, “coupled with the birthday of the King of Bulgaria.”

“The ex-King?” I said, which was hurtful, so I toasted the man in coffee. “His Majesty,” I said. “Will he be having a party?”

“We have sent him a loyal birthday telegram in exile,” he said. “My name is at the head of the list. Boris Blagov, chairman.”

“Chairman?” Now I knew his name.

The heartening nature of repetitions. Obviously fortified by my inane echoing, Boris clutched my knee. “I am the leader of the forty-five members of the Bulgarian Monarchist Front,” he said.

“Forty-*five*?” I said. It seemed best.

“After our celebration I shall take you to a solemn service,” he said, gripping my left ankle between his shoes. At the same time he looked at his watch. We left in haste. He took me to a church where the other forty-four members of the Bulgarian Monarchist Front were mustered outside the front doors. All entrances were locked.

“I myself shall get the keys,” Boris said to me stylishly. “Because I am the leader. The keys are in New Jersey.”

We took a cab to New Jersey and back. I paid. We went through the service at two in the morning. Some of it was very fine. The priests were

Coming Attractions
THE REPAIR MAN KNOCKS
INCREDIBLE SHRINKING DOLLAR
THE ATTACK OF THE CHARGA-PLATES
BANKRUPTCY SERENADE

out of voice through tiredness. At three, Boris took me home. He tiptoed from the elevator to the apartment door with erotic wheezes.

“I cannot lovemake to you,” he said at the door, “in the house of our ancient Danish friends where you are the nanny.”

“Never mind,” I said.

But he came in all the same, not apparently wounded. He wanted a drink. The Airds had long since gone to bed. I felt no right to sit in their drawing room but no call to take Boris to my bedroom. So we went to the dining room. He dived gaily at my legs, like a football player. I thanked him in my head for so thoroughly putting paid to the past, at least for the moment. One of the Great Danes was simultaneously clambering into my lap, trying to get all four legs fitted into the available footage, under the delusion that she was some other size. It is a delusion that many of us have, including Boris and possibly myself.

“How I am jealous of the young puppy in your lap,” Boris said.

Liar, I thought, and so feeling a trifle low but at the same time in his debt. By half past five he had drifted off to sleep underneath three paws of the other dog, which had taken to him. He had been muttering vows of romantic love, rather sullen. He slipped into Bulgarian and became not absurd. Other people, alive and kicking. Other people to blot out a face.

I went to sleep near him, on the floor.

Tessa came in at half past eight and looked overjoyed. She drew me into the kitchen and stretched out her arms, leaning backward a bit, and said, “How I love people who say ‘Yes’ to life.” Then she asked why I was laughing again, and I said that that wasn’t what had happened, and she looked angry, and I had a shower. I don’t like showers, but the bathroom was the only place in the apartment where I could lock a door on myself. I wondered why the best-off nation in the world should have chosen showers instead of baths. Dreams of childhood garden sprinklers, perhaps. I sat on the step of the shower and went to sleep and then wept. The voice of the dead rang in my ear. “Say ‘No.’ ” The only time I cry now is in my sleep.

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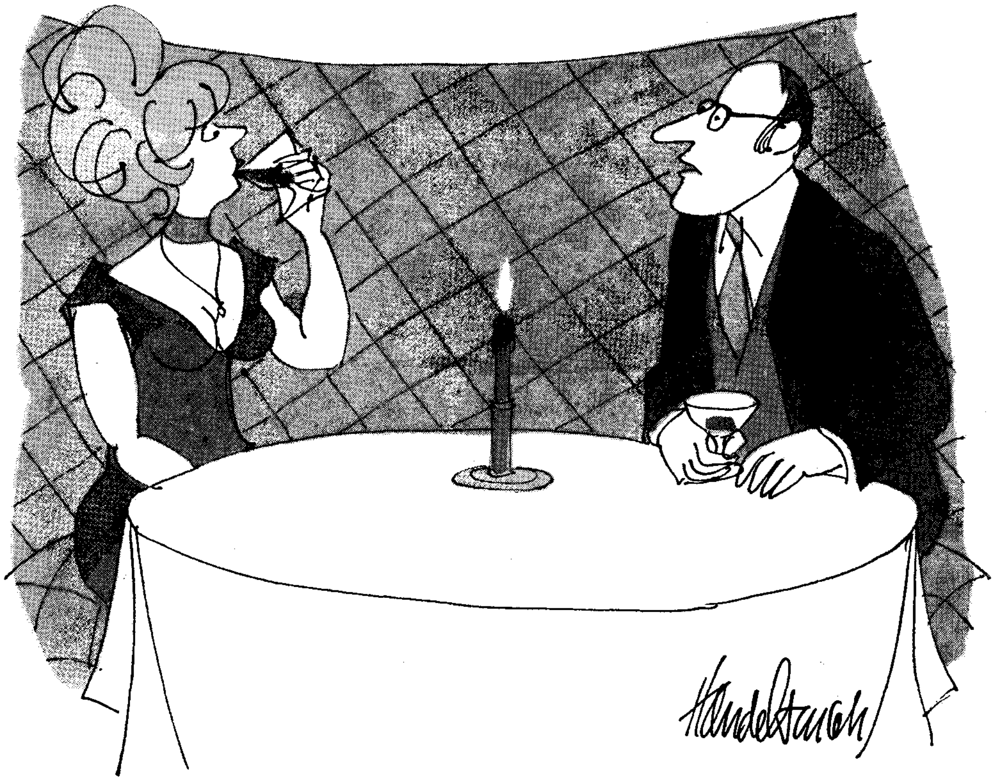
Days later, when I had decided to find myself a less cushy job, someone telephoned me and said, “You are ruining my life.”



“Please believe me, Pamela. It’s only because I’m so disastrously overcommitted just now that I find it necessary to wind down this involvement.”

• •

“Who is it?” I asked, unforgivably.

“So soon you forget a passion,” said Boris.

Apologize. Explain. Say “How are you?”

Boris moaned. Silence.

“Thank you for the other night,” I said.

“I am a wreck,” he said. “You are making me a wreck.”

“Why? Oh dear.” Again, silence. I said, “Boris, I didn’t mean why; I meant how? How am I making you a wreck?”

“You force me to sleep with a Great Dane puppy. I am a proud man.” I started to laugh, but I don’t believe he heard. “A Great Dane puppy. I am a Bulgarian,” he said.

“I’m sorry. You’d dozed off,” I said.

“My life is ruined. I have laid my life at your legs and yet you say nothing. What can I do to get you off the phone?”

“Should I ring off?”

“I’ll kill myself if you ring off.”

I looked at my watch. “Could you get yourself some lunch?” I said. “Treat yourself to a *nice* lunch, and go to bed? Could you?”

“I’d choke,” he said, putting the receiver down. He rang back again at once and mistakenly carried on with the Airds’ answering service, not realizing that the woman there had picked up by the time I got to the phone.

“You English girls are so cruel,” he was saying.

The answering service said, “One moment, please.”

“I’m here,” I said. “It’s me. I was getting your number from Tessa.”

“You are ruining my life, I tell you.”

“Could I take you out to lunch?”

“You ruin my life all by one little word.”

“Which little word?”

“The most terrible word in your cruel language,” he said, putting the phone down.

He rang back several times to say that the word was “no.” Twice he had his mouth full. Once he said it to the answering service.

Tessa grew testy about the line’s being used all the time, and said that the Bulgarians were the worst lovers in the Balkans, as though that were a world-known fact, like the trying nature to others of our gentle Scottish weather. I was laughing, which was the debt I owed him.

But what if he wasn’t faking? What if he wasn’t funny?

—Penelope Gilliatt

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CLOSING CIRCLE—II

THERE is something seriously wrong with the way human beings have occupied their habitat, the earth. The fault must lie not with nature but with man, for no one has argued, to my knowledge, that the recent advent of pollutants on the earth is the result of some natural change, independent of man. Indeed, the few remaining areas of the world that are relatively untouched by the powerful hand of man are to that degree free of smog, foul water, and deteriorating soil. One explanation that is sometimes offered is that man is a "dirty" animal—that, unlike other animals, man is likely to "foul his own nest." Somehow, according to this view, people lack other animals' tidy nature, and increasingly foul the world as their numbers increase. This explanation is basically faulty, for in a natural ecological cycle no waste can accumulate, because nothing is wasted. Thus, a living thing that is a natural part of an ecosystem cannot by its own biological activities degrade that ecosystem; it is always from without that an ecosystem is subjected to stress. Human beings, as animals, are no less tidy than other living organisms. They pollute the environment only because they have broken out of the closed network of the environmental cycle in which all other living things are held. As long as human beings held their place in the terrestrial ecosystem—consuming food produced by the soil and oxygen released by plants, returning organic wastes to the soil and carbon dioxide to the plants—they could do no serious ecological harm. However, once removed from this cycle—for example, to a city—so that bodily wastes are not returned to the soil but released into surface water, the human population is separated from the ecosystem of which it was originally a part. Now the wastes become external to the aquatic system on which they intrude, overwhelm the system's self-adjustment, and pollute it.

Certain human activities—for example, agriculture, forestry, and fishing—directly exploit the productivity of a particular ecosystem. In these cases, a constituent of the ecosystem that has economic value—an agricultural crop, timber, or fish—is withdrawn from the ecosystem. This represents an external drain that must be carefully adjusted to natural and man-made inputs to the ecosystem if collapse is to be avoided. A heavy drain may drive the system out of balance toward collapse. Examples include the destructive erosion of agricultural or forest lands following overintense exploitation, and the incipient extinction of whales. Environmental stress may also arise if the amount of a particular component of the ecosystem is deliberately augmented from without, whether by the disposal of human waste, as in the dumping of sewage into surface waters, or in an effort to accelerate the system's rate of turnover and thereby increase the yield of an extractable good, as in the use of nitrogen fertilizer in agriculture. Finally, since human beings are uniquely capable of producing materials not found in nature, environmental degradation may be due to the intrusion into an ecosystem of a substance wholly foreign to it. Perhaps the simplest example is a synthetic such as plastic, which, unlike natural materials, is not degradable by biological decay, and therefore persists as rubbish or is burned—in either case causing pollution. In the same way, a toxic substance such as DDT or lead, which does not play any natural role in the chemistry of life and interferes with the actions of substances that do, is bound to cause ecological damage wherever it is sufficiently concentrated. In general, any productive activity that introduces substances foreign to the natural environment runs a considerable risk of polluting it. It becomes necessary, then, to discover why human activities generate environmental impacts—that is, external intrusions into the ecosystem which tend to diminish its natural capacity for self-adjustment.

AS a first step, we might look at the history of the pollution problem in a highly industrialized country like the United States. Unfortunately, despite the national proclivity for collecting and storing in the memories of the ubiquitous computers all sorts of statistics, from an individual's tax returns to the record of his attendance at political rallies, historical data on pollution levels are very spotty. However, a rather striking picture emerges from the data that are available: most pollution problems made their first appearance, or became very much worse, in the years following the Second World War.

A good example of this trend is provided by phosphate, an important pollutant of surface waters. In the thirty-year period from 1910 to 1940, the annual phosphate output from municipal sewage more than doubled, from about seventeen million pounds (calculated as phosphorus) to about forty million pounds. However, in the next thirty-year period, from 1940 to 1970, it increased more than sevenfold, to about three hundred million pounds a year. Since 1946, there have been these other significant increases in annual pollutant outputs: nitrogen oxides (which are released from automobile exhaust, and which trigger the formation of smog), 630 per cent; tetraethyl lead (from gasoline), 415 per cent; mercury (from chlorine-alkali factories), 2,100 per cent; synthetic pesticides (between 1950 and 1967 only), 270 per cent; inorganic nitrogen fertilizer (some of which leaches into surface water), 789 per cent; non-returnable beer bottles, 595 per cent. Many pollutants were totally absent before the Second World War, having made their environmental débuts during or just following the war years: photochemical smog first became a matter of public concern in Los Angeles in 1942 and 1943; man-made radioactive elements were first produced in significant quantity in the wartime atomic-bomb project; DDT was widely used for the first time in 1944; synthetic detergents began to displace soap in the nineteen-forties; plastics became a contributor to the rubbish problem only after the war.

These striking changes in the pace of environmental deterioration provide an important clue to the origin of the pollution problem. The last fifty years have seen a sweeping revolution in science, which has generated powerful changes in technology and in the application of technology to industry, agriculture, transportation, and communication. The Second World War marked the turning point. The twenty-five years preceding the war were the main period of the modern scientific revolution in basic science, especially in physics and chemistry, upon which so much of the new productive technology is based. In the period of the war itself, under the pressure of military demands, much of the new scientific knowledge was rapidly converted into new technologies and productive enterprises. Since the war, the new technologies have rapidly transformed the nature of industrial and agricultural production.

The development of postwar technology had its origins in the basic nature of the prewar scientific revolution. In the nineteen-twenties, physics broke away from the ideas that had dominated the field since Newton's time. Spurred by discoveries about the properties of atoms, a wholly new conception of the nature of matter was formulated. Experiment and theory advanced until physicists gained a remarkably effective understanding of the properties of subatomic particles and of the ways in which they interact to generate the properties of the atom. This new knowledge produced powerful techniques for smashing the theretofore indestructible atom, driving out of its nucleus extremely energetic particles. Artificial radioactivity was discovered. By the late nineteen-thirties, it had become clear, on theoretical grounds, that vast quantities of energy could be released from the atomic nucleus. During the Second World War, this theory was converted into practice, giving rise to nuclear weapons and nuclear reactors—and to the hazards of artificial radioactivity, including the potential for catastrophic war. The new physical theories also helped to explain the behavior of electrons, especially in solids—knowledge that led, in the postwar years, to the invention of the transistor and the proliferation of solid-state electronic components. This provided the technological base for the modern computer, not to speak of the transistor radio.

Chemistry, too, had made remarkable progress in the prewar period. Particularly significant for later alterations in the environment were advances in the chemistry of organic compounds. These substances were first discovered by eighteenth-century chemists in the juices of living things. Gradually, chemists learned the molecular compo-

"It's inspiring. He came back for his fiftieth reunion and simply decided to stay."

• •

sition of some of the simpler varieties of these natural organic substances and developed a powerful desire to imitate nature—to synthesize organic substances in the laboratory. The first man-made organic substance, urea, was synthesized in 1828. From this simple beginning (urea contains only one carbon atom), chemists learned how to make laboratory replicas of increasingly complex natural products. Once techniques for putting organic molecules together were worked out, an enormous variety of substances could be made. For example, although the molecules classed as sugars contain only *three types of atoms—carbon, oxygen,* and hydrogen—and these three can be related to each other in only a few different ways, there are sixteen different molecular arrangements for just those sugars which contain six carbon atoms. (One of these arrangements produces the familiar glucose.) The number of different kinds of organic molecules that can, in theory, exist is so large as to have no meaningful limit. Around 1900, chemists learned practical ways of creating many of the theoretically possible molecular arrangements. The knowledge that the variety of possible organic compounds is essentially limitless and that ways of achieving at least *some of the possible combinations* were at hand proved irresistible. The result represents, in terms of the number of new man-made objects, probably the most rapid burst of creativity in human history. Acceleration was built into the process, for each newly created molecule became the starting point for building many other new ones. Consequently, there accumulated on the chemists' shelves a huge array of new substances, similar to the natural materials of life in that they were based on the chemistry of carbon, but absent from the realm of living things. Some of the chemicals were taken off the shelf—either because of a resemblance to some natural substance or at random—and tried out in practical uses. This is how it was found in 1935 that sulfanilamide, which a dyestuff chemist had synthesized in 1908, could kill bacteria, and how it was found in 1939 that DDT, which had sat on a shelf in a chemical laboratory since 1874, could kill insects. During this period, a good deal was learned about the chemical basis of important molecular properties—the kind of molecular structure that governs a substance's color, elasticity, fibrous strength, and ability to kill bacteria, insects, or weeds. It then became possible to design new molecules for a particular purpose rather than search the chemical storeroom for likely candidates.

Thus, the prewar scientific revolution produced, in modern physics and chemistry, sciences capable of manipulating nature—of creating, for the first time on earth, wholly new forms of matter. But until the Second World War the practical consequences were slight, compared to the size and richness of the accumulated store of knowledge. What the physicists had learned about atomic structure appeared outside the laboratory only in a few kinds of electrical equipment, such as certain lamps and X-ray apparatus. In industry, the technological use of physical phenomena was still largely restricted to mechanical motion, electricity, heat, and light. In the same way, the chemical industry was based largely on familiar substances—minerals and other inorganic chemicals. But the new tools, unprecedented in their power, were there, awaiting only the urgency of wartime needs and the stimulus of postwar reconstruction to be put to work. Not until later was the potentially fatal flaw in the scientific foundation of the new technology discovered. This technology was like a two-legged stool: well founded in physics and chemistry but missing its essential third leg—the biology of the environment.

PERSON TO PERSON

Though I'm much too busy to bother
jamming dropped words back into lines
brushing shadows off the page
counting the minutes I'm not counting minutes

the whole room knows I'm waiting for your call.
The philodendron nudges the lamplight.
I need not admit to what I'm not told
behind the Do Not Disturb in my glasses.

This is a systems test. Stand by.
Part of a scheme to teach me tricks?
I already somersault through hoops
speak for my supper   sit up and beg.

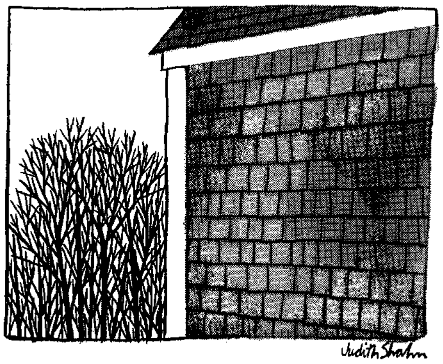
I draw my own rules for fun and games
bind your Perhapses to a contract
push back the moment when it's too late
increase my handicap trimming my chances.

You got the wrong number? (Dial again.)
Trapped by a party without a phone?
Caught in an accident (no brakes   sirens)?
Or have you simply (worse) forgotten?

The rising silence rings my chest
lungs inflated to withstand my weight
as wave upon wave crests without breaking
I flounder near the buoy with the tongueless bell.

—William H. Matchett

• •



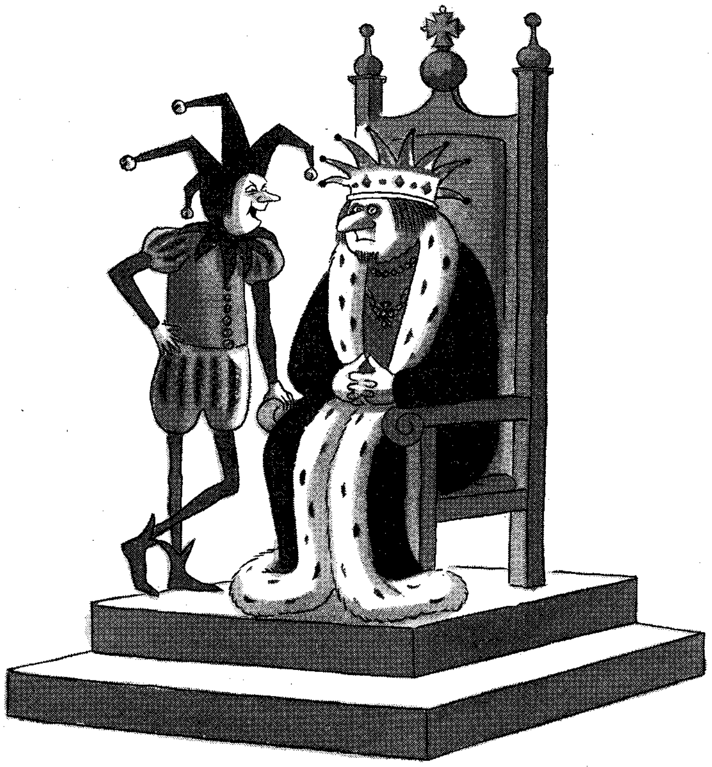
In addition to the great outburst of technological innovation, there have been significant social and economic changes in the United States since the Second World War. Are these, too, related to the pollution problem? Pollution is often blamed, for example, on a rising population and a rising level of affluence. It is easy to demonstrate that the changes in pollution levels in the United States since the Second World War cannot be accounted for simply by the increased population, which in that period rose by forty-odd per cent. Of course, this is a simplistic response to a simplistic proposal. It is conceivable that even a forty- or fifty-per-cent increase in population might be the cause of a much larger increase in pollution intensities—which can be shown to lie in the range of from two hundred to two thousand per cent. It might be that providing food, clothing, and shelter necessary for the increased population would require intensified production by inefficient facilities. (For example, obsolete factories might need to be pressed into use.) In this case, a disproportionate increase in pollution would result from the operation of the inefficient production facilities, and, furthermore, the production facilities would need to expand much more than forty or fifty per cent to meet the needs of the increased population. This would imply a reduction in productivity (that is, the value produced per unit of labor expended). In actuality, matters are just the other way around; there have been sharp increases in productivity since 1946. Moreover, the chemical industries, which are particularly heavy polluters, have shown especially large increases in productivity; between 1958 and 1968, productivity in the chemical industries increased by seventy-three per cent, compared to a thirty-nine-per-cent increase for all manufacturing. So there is no evidence of a decrease in productive efficiency that might account for the discrepancy between recent increases in pollution levels and the growth of the population.

"I'm here, Mom. Outdoors."

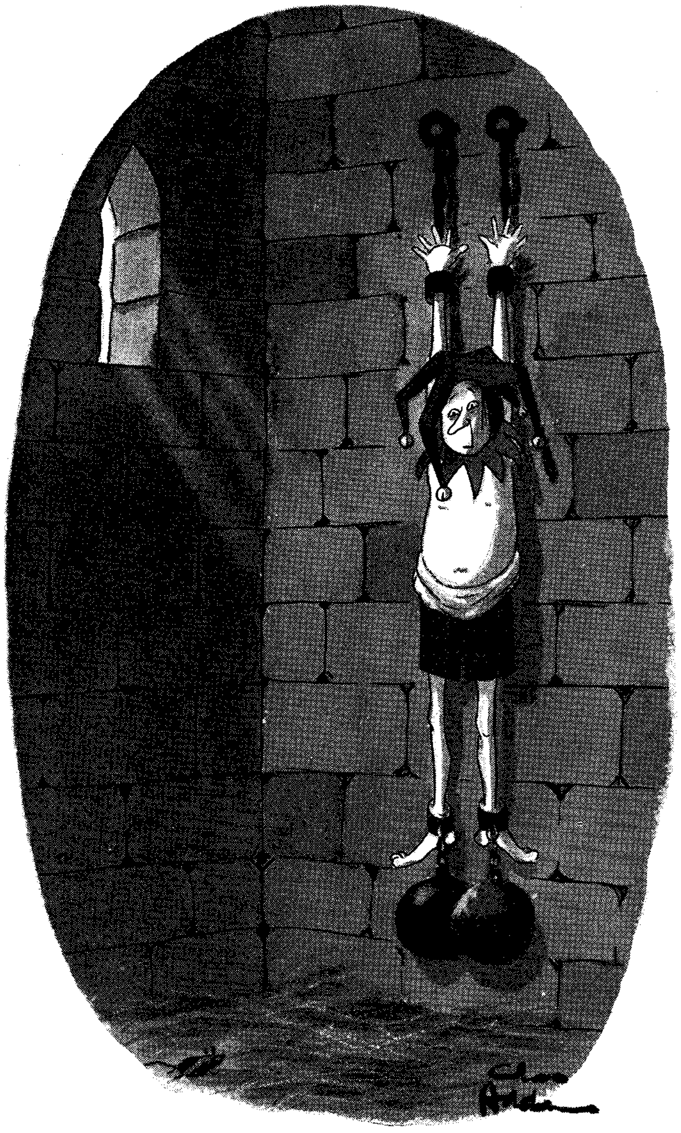
• •

Another popular idea is that the increase in population has led to the rapid growth of cities, where internal crowding and deteriorating social conditions cause a worsening of the pollution problem. This notion, too, fails to account for the actual intensity of the environmental crisis. For one thing, a number of serious pollution problems, such as those created by radioactive fallout, fertilizer, pesticides, and mercury, are not of urban origin. It is true, however, that the size and population density of a city will have a disproportionately large effect on pollution levels, because of the "edge" effect; that is, as a city becomes larger, the length of its circumference relative to its area becomes smaller, and since wastes must be removed at the city's boundaries, waste levels can be expected to rise in terms of the effort to remove them per unit area. This effect may explain differences that exist among cities of different sizes in the incidence of diseases related to air pollution. Thus, the per-capita incidence of lung cancer in the largest cities—cities with a population of one million or more—is about thirty-seven per cent higher than that in cities with a population ranging from two hundred and fifty thousand to one million population. The distribution of population clearly does have a serious effect on environmental pollution resulting from automotive transport. Consider, for example, the consequences of the population shifts that are typical of United States cities; namely, the rising population of blacks and other minority groups in urban ghettos, and the migration of more affluent social groups to the suburbs. These processes separate the homes and the places of work of both ghetto dwellers and suburbanites. The relatively affluent who work in the city but are unwilling to live there need to commute; ghetto dwellers who have found work in outlying industries but are unable to live in the suburbs must commute in reverse. Partly as a result, the per-capita figure for automobile vehicle-miles travelled within metropolitan areas increased from 1,050 in 1946 to 1,790 in 1966. The significant point, however, is that the intensification of environmental problems associated with urbanization is due not so much to the increasing size of the population as to the maldistribution of the living and working places in metropolitan areas.

Indeed, there appears to be no way to account for the rapid growth in pollution levels in the United States since 1946 by the concurrent growth in the over-all population. Neither simple increase in numbers nor the multiplicative effects of urban crowding nor a supposed decrease in productive efficiency can explain the sharp increases in pollution that are the mark of the environmental crisis. For the fact is that the ratio between the amount of pollution generated in the United States and the size of the population has increased greatly since 1946. This relationship can be converted to the mathematically equivalent—but highly misleading—statement: There has been a sharp increase per person in the amount of pollution produced. Since the biological wastes produced per person have *certainly not* increased, this statement might lead one to conclude that each of us has become more affluent and therefore responsible for the use of more goods and for the production of more wastes. A statistic that is sometimes introduced to bolster this conclusion is that the United States contains about six per cent of the world's population but uses from forty to fifty per cent of the world's goods, and that this kind of affluent society is in the nature of things also an "effluent society."

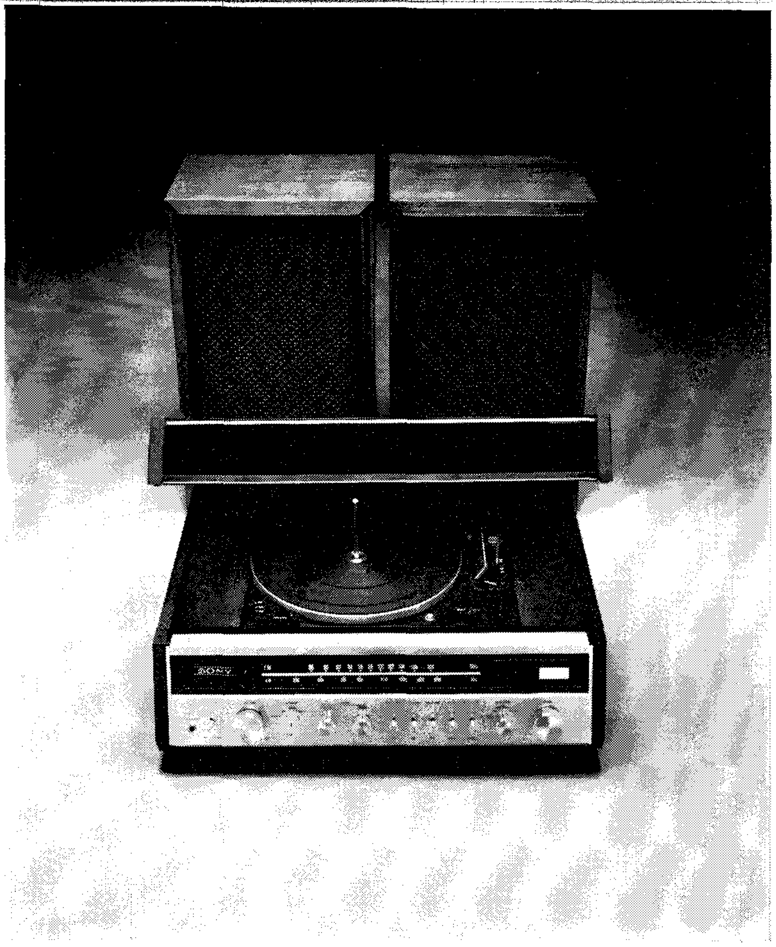


"Stop me, sire, if you've heard this one."



Again, it is useful to look at the facts about "affluence" in the United States. We can think of affluence in terms of the average amount of goods devoted, per person, to individual welfare. As a very rough measure—as we shall see, it is vastly inflated—we might use the gross national product available per person. In the twenty-year period from 1946 to 1966, the G.N.P. per capita (expressed in 1958 dollars, to correct for inflation) went up from $2,222 to $3,354. This represents an increase of about fifty per cent, which by itself is insufficient to account for the observed increases in pollution per capita.

Since the G.N.P. is a crude over-all estimate of the goods and services produced in the country, it is more informative to break it down into specific items, and especially to distinguish between those essential to life—food, clothing, and shelter—and such amenities as personal automobiles, television sets, and electric corn poppers. With respect to food, the over-all picture for the 1946-66 period is quite clear: No significant changes took place in the



Our newest compact stereo. It may lose us some component customers.

Just when you're all set to buy some of our superb Sony components, we ask you to listen to our new HP-610. And be flabbergasted by its great sound. And wonder whether you need components after all.

We're not really nuts. We just suspect there are some highly sophisticated hi-fi buffs who secretly long for a compact.

Just because you know great sound, doesn't mean you have the room to accommodate components. And the time to shop around, to match and compare. Or that you're a whizz with a soldering iron and screwdriver. And get a kick out of building your own cabinets.

You think you *must* have components to get great sound. Well, think again.

Where most compacts fail to measure up is in the amplifier. The HP-610 has one with all-silicon transistors and a 66-watt music output (E.I.A. standard). That's a lot more powerful than many components you could buy.

The speakers are better than anything we've ever offered in a compact. They're completely airtight, with 8″ woofers, 4″ mid-range, and 2″ tweeters. Their fidelity will floor you.

The tuner has a long slide-rule dial for easy tuning. And a solid-state IF filter to screen out interference from neighboring stations. And Field Effect Transistors in the front end to pull in weak FM stations.

There's a Dual 3-speed automatic turntable with a Pickering micro-magnetic cartridge. And enough input and output jacks to satisfy the most insatiable hi-fi fiend. There's even a speaker-selector switch that lets you turn your remote speakers on and off separately from the main speakers.

There's also a price of around $400. Which is maybe $100 *less* than you'd have spent on our components. Perhaps we're nuts after all.

THE SONY® HP-610 STEREO

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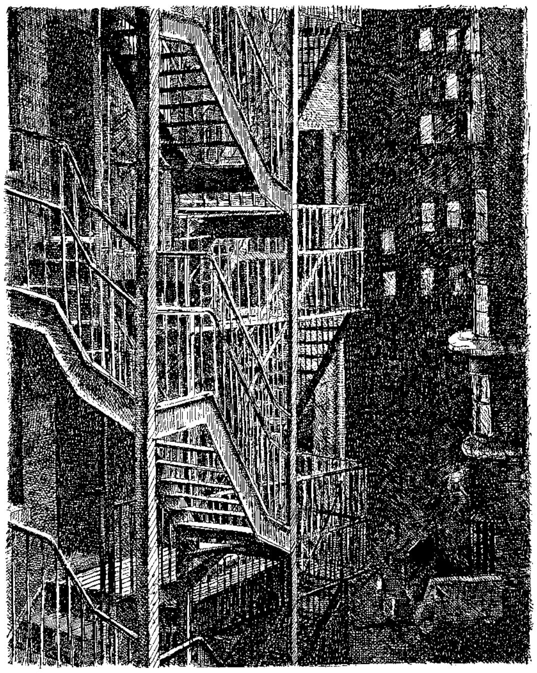
per-capita availability of the major food categories, such as total calories and total protein, in the United States. The total calories available actually declined somewhat, from about 3,320 per person per day in 1946 to about 3,170 per person per day in 1966. The total protein available dropped slightly in the late forties, remained constant at about ninety-five grams per person per day until 1963, and then began to rise slightly, reaching the value of ninety-seven grams per person per day in 1966. These figures are reflected in over-all agricultural-production data for the United States. In the postwar period, total production per capita of grain and meat have not varied from year to year by more than a few per cent. In the same period, per-capita consumption of certain important diet components—calcium, Vitamins A and C, and thiamine—declined between six and twenty per cent. This situation may reflect a temporary improvement in nutritional balance effected by wartime food programs and an unfortunate decline in the quality of the United States diet when these programs were abandoned. Over all, it is clear that, in total quantity per capita, food consumption in the United States remained essentially unchanged from 1946 to 1966, although there was some decline in certain aspects of diet quality. There is no sign of increasing affluence with respect to food consumption.

When it comes to clothing, the situation is quite similar. There was essentially no change in per-capita production. For example, the annual production of shoes per person in the United States remained constant, at about three pairs, between 1946 and 1966. The per-capita domestic production of all types of hosiery in that period was more variable, but there was no significant over-all change between 1946 and 1966. While rapidly changing styles in those twenty years caused large variations in the proportion of different types of clothing used per capita (for example, the production of men's and women's suits declined considerably, and the production of separate skirts, blouses, trousers, and sports shirts increased), the over-all per-capita production of clothing remained essentially the same. The total fibre used per capita in 1950 was forty-five pounds, and in 1968 it was forty-nine pounds—an increase of only nine per cent. Again we must conclude that, at least in the crude terms of the amount of clothing produced per capita, there is no sign of increasing affluence in the United States in the period following the war.

With respect to shelter, housing units occupied in 1946 were .272 per capita, and in 1966 they were .295 per capita. These figures do not take into account the quality of housing, but, in any case, they do not indicate any marked increase in affluence with respect to housing. This situation is also reflected in the production figures for housing materials, which show little change per capita in the period following 1946.

In sum, the per-capita production of goods to meet major human needs—food, clothing, and shelter—did not increase significantly in the period between 1946 and 1966, and has actually declined in some respects. There was an increase in the per-capita utilization of electric power, fuels, and paper products, but these changes cannot fully account for the striking rise in pollution levels. If affluence is measured in terms of household amenities such as television sets, radios, and electric can openers and corn poppers and in terms of leisure items such as snowmobiles and boats, then there have been striking increases. But, again, these items are simply too small a part of the nation's over-all production to account for the observed increase in pollution levels. What these figures tell us is that, in the most general terms, United States production—apart from certain items mentioned above—has about kept pace with United States population growth in the period between 1946 and 1966. This means that the over-all production of basic items, such as food, steel, and fabrics, has by and large increased in proportion to the rise in population. This over-all increase in total United States production falls far short of the concurrent rise in pollution levels. It seems clear, then, that despite the frequent assertions that the cause of the environmental crisis is overpopulation or affluence, or both, we must seek elsewhere for an explanation.



EXPLOITATION of the ecosystem is what generates economic growth, but the rate of the exploitation cannot increase indefinitely without overdriving the system and pushing it to the point of collapse. To be sure, this does not mean that any increase in economic activity automatically produces more pollution. What happens to the environment depends on how the growth is achieved. During the nineteenth century, the nation's economic growth was sustained in part by rapacious lumbering, which denuded whole hillsides and eroded the soil. On the other hand, the economic growth that began to lift the United States out of the economic depression in the nineteen-thirties was enhanced by an ecologically sound measure, the soil-conservation program. This program contributed to economic growth by helping to restore the fertility of the depleted soil. Such ecologically sound economic growth not only avoids environmental deterioration but can actually reverse it. For example, improved conservation of pasturelands, which has been economically beneficial in the western part of the Missouri River drainage basin, seems to have reduced the level of nitrate pollution in that stretch of the river. By contrast, farther downstream, in Nebraska, agricultural growth has been achieved by an intensification of the use of fertilizer, which leads to serious problems of nitrate pollution. In other words, the fact that the economy has grown—that the G.N.P. has increased—tells us very little about the possible environmental consequences. For that, we need to know *how* the economy has grown.

The growth of the United States economy is recorded in elaborate detail in a variety of government statistics—huge volumes that tabulate the amounts of various goods produced annually, the expenditures involved, the value of the goods sold, and so forth. Although these endless columns of figures are rather intimidating, they can be useful in comparing one kind of

By 1980 almost seven out of ten American workers will be providing services.

–U.S. Dept. of Labor.

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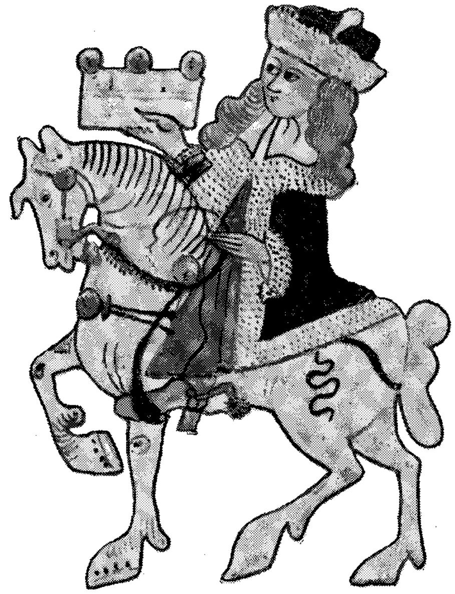
CHRISTMAS CARDS



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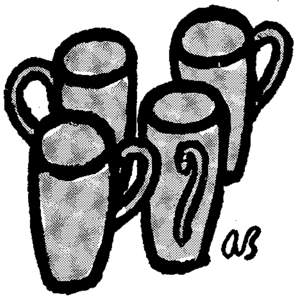
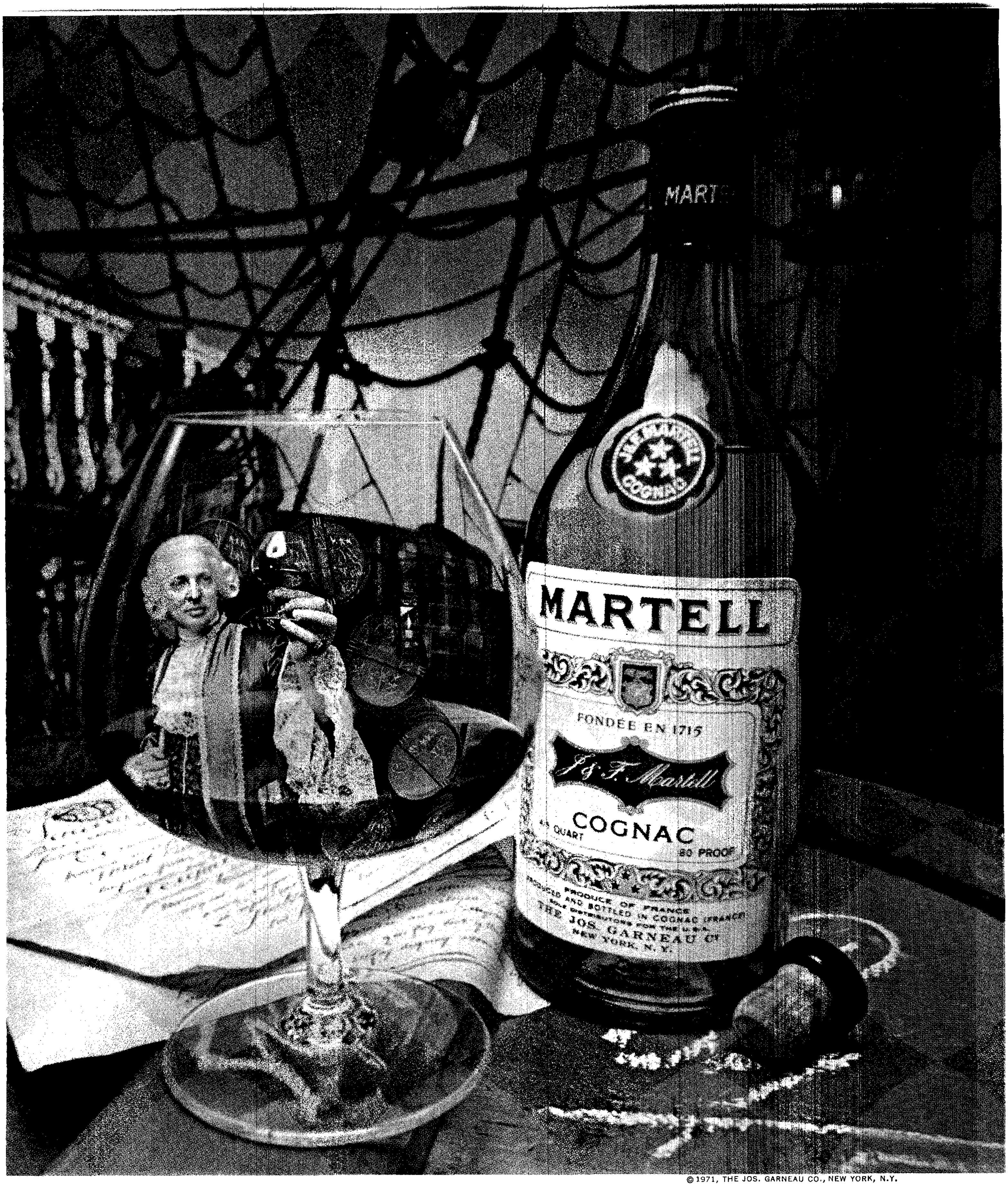
economic activity with another. Not long ago, with two colleagues, I went through the statistical tables and selected from them the data for several hundred items that together are both a major and a representative part of this country's over-all agricultural and industrial production. We then committed the numbers to an appropriately programmed computer. For each item, the average annual percentage of change in production or in consumption was computed for the years since 1946, or since the earliest date after that for which the statistics were available. Then we computed the over-all change for the entire twenty-five-year period—a twenty-five-year growth rate. This list, arranged in decreasing order of growth rate, presents a striking picture of how the American economy has grown since the Second World War.



The winner of this economic sweepstakes, with the highest postwar growth rate, is the production of non-returnable soda bottles, which has increased about 53,000 per cent in the past twenty-five years. The runners-up are an interesting but seemingly mixed bag. In second place is the production of synthetic fibres, up 5,980 per cent, and in third place is mercury used for chlorine production, up 3,930 per cent. Succeeding places are held as follows: mercury used in mildew-resistant paint, up 3,120 per cent; air-conditioner compressor units, up 2,850 per cent; plastics and resins, up 1,960 per cent; nitrogen fertilizer, up 1,050 per cent; electric housewares (such as can openers and corn poppers), up 1,040 per cent; synthetic organic chemical commodities, up 950 per cent; aluminum, up 680 per cent; chlorine gas, up 600 per cent; electric power, up 530 per cent; pesticides, up 390 per cent; wood pulp, up 313 per cent; truck freight, up 222 per cent; consumer electronics (TV sets, tape recorders, and the like), up 217 per cent; motor-fuel consumption, up 190 per cent; cement, up 150 per cent. Then comes a group of productive activities that, as I indicated earlier, have grown at about the pace of the population: food production; the total production of textiles and clothes; household utilities; and steel, copper, and other basic metals. Finally, there are the losers—economic activities that have increased more slowly than the population, or have actually shrunk. These start off with railroad freight, up only 17 per cent, and continue with lumber, down 1 per cent; cotton fibre, down 7 per cent; returnable beer bottles, down 36 per cent; wool, down 42 per cent; and soap, down 76 per cent. At the end of the line comes the horse—work-animal horsepower is down 87 per cent.

What emerges from all these data is striking evidence that while over-all production for most basic needs—food, clothing, housing—has kept up with the increase in population (that is, production per capita has been essentially constant), the kinds of goods produced to meet these needs have changed drastically. Of course, part of the economic growth in the United States since 1946 has been based on newly introduced goods—television sets, tape recorders, and snowmobiles, for example—which have increased absolutely, without displacing older products. But, in general, what has happened is that old production technologies have been displaced by new ones. Soap has been displaced by synthetic detergents; natural fibres—cotton and wool—have been displaced by synthetic ones; steel and lumber have been displaced by aluminum, plastics, and concrete; railroad freight has been displaced by truck freight; returnable bottles have been displaced by non-returnable ones. On the road, the low-powered automobile engines of the twenties and thirties have been displaced by high-powered ones. On the farm, where per-capita production has remained about constant, the amount of harvested acreage has decreased; in effect, fertilizer has displaced land. Older methods of insect control have been displaced by synthetic insecticides, such as DDT; for controlling weeds, the cultivator has been displaced by the herbicide spray. Range feeding of livestock has been displaced by feedlots. In each of these cases, what has changed drastically is the technology of production rather than over-all output of the economic goods.

That statistical fiction "the average American" now consumes each year about as much protein and other foods, for about as many calories (but with somewhat less vitamin content), uses about the same amount of clothes and cleaning agents, occupies about the same amount of housing, requires about as much freight, and drinks about the same amount of beer (twenty-six and a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The world is discovering cognac.

At the same time, Jean Martell arrives in Cognac Country.

He is beguiled by the distilling of brandy.

By 1728, 27,000 barrels of cognac have been exported.

That was 243 years ago.

Since then, it is difficult to separate the history of cognac from that of House of Martell.

In fact, there has been no other occupation for anyone in the Martell family except that of creating fine cognac.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest-selling in the world.

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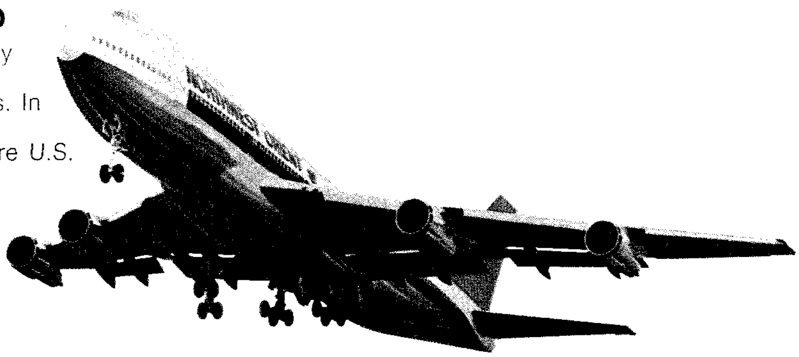

NORTHWEST ORIENT 747

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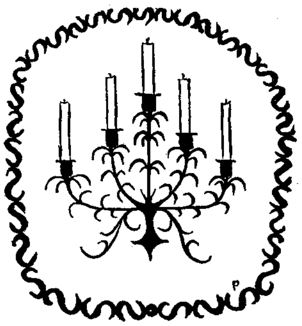
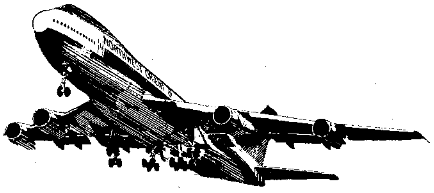
half gallons per capita) as he did in 1946. However, his food is now grown on less land with much more fertilizer and pesticides than before; his clothes are more likely to be made of synthetic fibres than of cotton or wool; he washes with synthetic detergents rather than soap; he lives and works in buildings that depend more heavily on aluminum, concrete, and plastic than on steel and lumber; the goods he uses are increasingly shipped by truck rather than by rail; he drinks beer out of nonreturnable bottles or cans rather than out of returnable bottles or at the tavern bar. He is more likely to live and work in air-conditioned surroundings than before. He also drives about twice as much as he did in 1946, in a heavier car, on synthetic rather than natural rubber tires, using more gasoline per mile, containing more tetraethyl lead, fed into an engine of increased horsepower and compression ratio.



All this reminds us of something we have already been told by advertising (which, incidentally, has also grown, with the use of newsprint for advertising growing faster than its use for news)—that we are blessed with an economy based on very modern technologies. Something the advertisements do not tell us—as we are urged to buy detergents, synthetic shirts, aluminum furniture, and Detroit's latest creation—is that all this "progress" has greatly increased man's impact on his environment.

To most people, the "new technology" connotes computers, automation, nuclear power, and space exploration; these technologies are often blamed for the discordant problems of our technological age. In comparison, the farm, closer to nature, seems a place of innocence and simplicity. Yet some of the most serious environmental failures can be traced to technological developments on the American farm. Before it was transformed by modern technology, the farm was no more than a place where, to serve the convenience of man, several natural biological activities were localized: the growth of plants in the soil and the nurture of animals on the crops. Plants and animals were nourished, grew, and reproduced by means long established in nature. Their interrelationships were equally natural: the crops withdrew nutrients, like inorganic nitrogen, from the soil; the nutrients were derived by gradual bacterial action from the store of organic matter in the soil; the organic store was maintained by the return of plant debris and animal wastes to the soil and by the fixation of nitrogen from the air into useful organic forms. When these circumstances prevail, the ecological cycles are nearly in balance, and with a little care the natural fertility of soil can be maintained for centuries—as it has been, for example, in European countries and in many parts of the Orient. Particularly important is the retention of animal manure in the soil and the similar utilization of vegetable matter—including the garbage generated in the cities by the food produced on the farm. Almost every knowledgeable European observer who has visited the United States has been shocked by our carefree attitude toward soil husbandry. Not surprisingly, the American farmer has been engaged in a constant struggle to survive economically. In the great Depression of the nineteen-thirties, some of the severest hardships were endured by farmers, as the soil was first degraded by poor husbandry and then literally lost to the winds and rivers through the resultant erosion. In the postwar period, new agricultural technology came to the rescue. This new technology has been so successful—measured in the hard currency of the farmer's economic return—that it has become enshrined in a kind of farm management that is so far removed from the ancient plan of farming as to merit a wholly new name: "agribusiness."

Agribusiness is founded on several technological developments, chiefly in farm machinery, genetically controlled plant varieties, feedlots, inorganic fertilizers (especially nitrogen), and synthetic pesticides. But much of the new technology has been an ecological disaster; agribusiness is a main contributor to the environmental crisis. For example, consider feedlots—where cattle, removed from pasture, are crowded together to be fattened for market. Since the animals are confined, their wastes are heavily deposited in one small area. The natural rate of conversion of organic waste to humus is limited, so in a feedlot most of the nitrogenous waste is converted to soluble forms (ammonia and nitrate). This material is rapidly evaporated or leached into ground water beneath the soil, or may run



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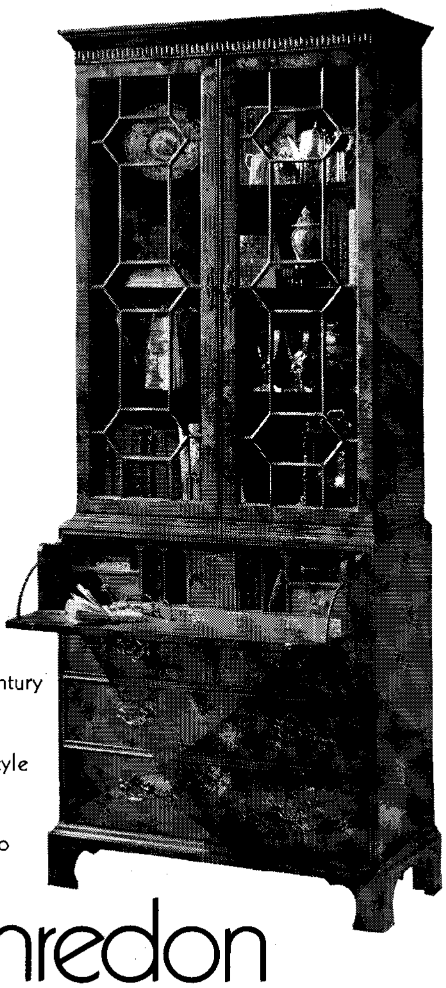
NORTHWEST ORIENT 747

directly into surface waters during rainstorms. This is responsible, in part, for the appearance of high nitrate levels in some rural wells supplied by ground water, and for serious pollution problems resulting from the runaway growth of algae in a number of streams in the Midwest. Where untreated feedlot manure is allowed to reach surface water, it imposes a heavy oxygen demand on streams that may be already overloaded with municipal wastes. A livestock animal produces much more waste than a human being, and much of this waste is now confined to feedlots. For example, in 1966 more than ten million cattle were maintained in feedlots before slaughter—an increase of sixty-six per cent over the preceding eight years. Feedlots now produce more organic waste than the total sewage from all our municipalities. Thus, our sewage-disposal problem is more than twice its usually estimated size. The physical separation of livestock from the soil is related to an even more complex chain of events, which again leads to severe ecological problems. Animals confined in feedlots are supplied with grain rather than pasturage. When the soil is used for intensive grain production rather than pasturage—as it has been in much of the Midwest—the humus content is depleted; farmers then resort to increasingly heavy applications of inorganic fertilizer, especially of nitrogen, setting off an ecological sequence that is drastically disruptive.

At this point, fertilizer salesmen—and some agronomists—might counter with the argument that feedlots and the intensive use of fertilizer have been essential in increasing food production to keep pace with the rising population of the United States and the world. The actual statistics on this matter are worth some attention. Between 1949 and 1968, total agricultural production in the United States increased by about forty-five per cent. Since the United States population grew by thirty-four per cent in that period, the over-all increase in production was just about enough to keep pace with the population growth; crop production per capita increased by only six per cent. In the same period, the annual use of nitrogen fertilizer increased by six hundred and forty-eight per cent—an increase far greater than the increase in crop production. One reason for this disparity also turns up in the agricultural statistics: between 1949 and 1968, harvested acreage declined by sixteen per cent. Clearly, more crop was being produced on less land; in fact, the yield



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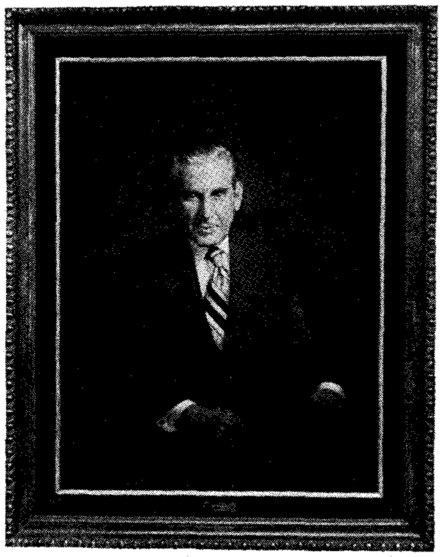

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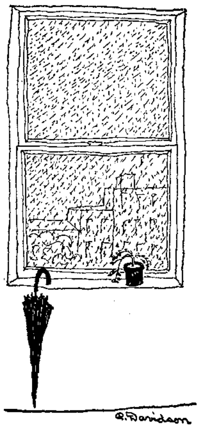
per acre increased by seventy-seven per cent. Intensive use of nitrogen fertilizer is the most important means of achieving this improvement in yield per acre. Thus, the intensive use of nitrogen fertilizer allowed agribusiness to meet the growing population's need for food while reducing the acreage used for that purpose.

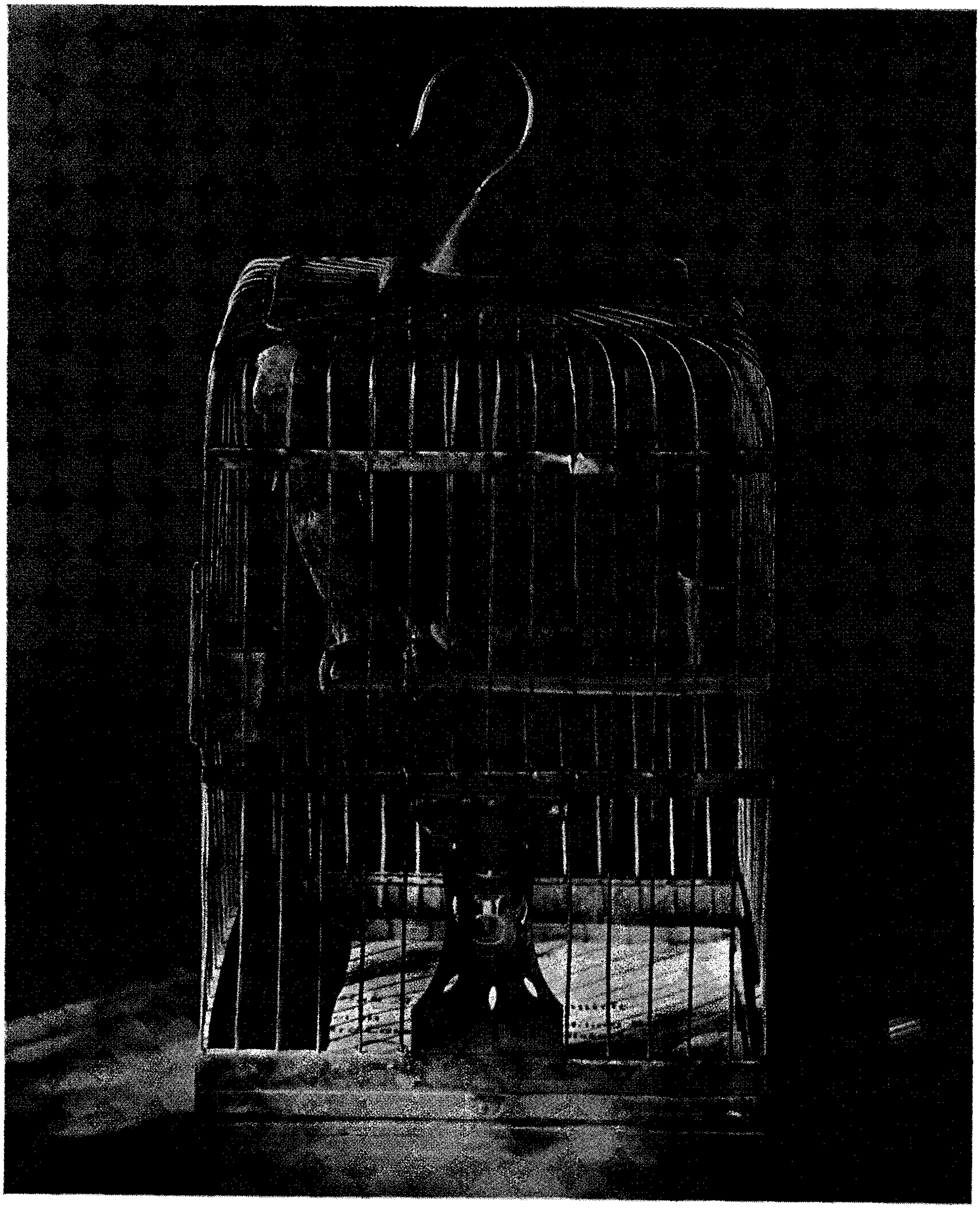
These same statistics also help explain why our water has been polluted more and more. In 1949, an average of about eleven thousand tons of nitrogen fertilizer was used for each unit of crop production (as defined by the United States Department of Agriculture), while in 1968 about fifty-seven thousand tons of nitrogen was used for the same unit of crop production. This means that the efficiency with which nitrogen contributed to the growth of the crop declined fivefold. Obviously, a good deal of the nitrogen fertilizer did not enter the crop and must have ended up elsewhere in the ecosystem. Indeed, in order to achieve very high yields the farmer *must* use more nitrogen than the plants can take up. Though much of the leftover nitrogen leaches from the soil and pollutes the rivers, the farmer, given his present economic situation, has reason to believe that he cannot survive unless he pollutes. To get that last twenty bushels of corn out of an acre which means the difference between profit and loss, the farmer must use nitrogen fertilizer in amounts so great as to be inefficiently taken up by the crop. Since the cost of fertilizer, relative to the resultant gain in crop sales, is lower than that of any other economic "input," the new technology pays him well. The cost in environmental degradation is borne by his neighbors in town who find their water polluted. The new technology is an economic success, but only because it is an ecological failure.



The pesticide story is quite similar: increased annual use at reduced efficiency, leading to an excessive environmental impact. By killing off natural insect predators of the target pest while the pest tends to develop resistance to the substance, the new insecticides become increasingly inefficient. As a result, increasing amounts must be used simply to maintain crop yield. Thus, following the introduction of the new synthetic insecticides, such as DDT, the amount of pesticide used in the United States per unit of agricultural production increased by a hundred and sixty-eight per cent between 1950 and 1967. In Arizona, the use of insecticide on cotton tripled between 1965 and 1967, while yields declined slightly—an agricultural treadmill that forces farmers to move ever faster to stay in the same place. And, again, the decreasing efficiency means an increasing release of insecticide into the environment—where it becomes an increasing threat to wildlife and man.

I have sometimes thought that the nitrogen-fertilizer industry must surely be one of the cleverest business operations of all time. Before the advent of inorganic nitrogen fertilizer, the farmer had to rely heavily on nitrogen-fixing bacteria to maintain the fertility of the soil. These bacteria naturally inhabit the soil either in or around the roots of plants, and can make up for the nitrogen inevitably lost when food is shipped off the farm for sale, or lost by natural processes. The bacteria are a free economic good, available at no cost other than the effort involved in crop rotation and other forms of husbandry of the soil. Now comes the fertilizer salesman with impressive—and quite valid—evidence that crop yields can be increased sharply by the application of inorganic nitrogen in amounts that much more than make up the soil deficit. And not only does the new, salable product replace what nature freely provided; it also helps to kill off the competition. For there is considerable laboratory evidence that in the presence of inorganic nitrogen bacterial nitrogen fixation declines and eventually stops. Under the impact of a heavy use of inorganic nitrogen fertilizer, the nitrogen-fixing bacteria originally living in the soil may not survive, or, if they do, may mutate into non-fixing forms. It is probable, I believe, that wherever inorganic nitrogen fertilizers have been in continuous and intensive use, the natural population of nitrogen-fixing bacteria has been sharply reduced. And as this main source of natural nitrogen fertility is lost, it will become increasingly difficult to give up the intensive use of nitrogen fertilizer. To the salesman, nitrogen fertilizer is the perfect product—it wipes out the competition as it is used. The new insecticides are equally good business propositions, for by killing off the beneficial insects that previously helped to keep insect pests in check they deprive us of their freely available natural competitors. Like an addictive drug, nitrogen fertilizer and

A great newspaper is more than the bottom of a bird cage



ROY FLAMM

"Without a free press there can be
no free society. This is axiomatic."

---*Justice Felix Frankfurter*

San Francisco Chronicle

A few words to those people who have never had the opportunity to drink a fifteen year old Scotch.

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There are not many who have had the luxury of tasting a fifteen year old Scotch. Because there is not much fifteen year old Scotch around. And for a very simple reason. Scotch is enormously popular in America. It has become big, big business.

And there are not many businessmen who are willing to wait fifteen years for their Scotch to reach its peak, when without too much trouble they can sell a five or eight or twelve year old Scotch.

"Why wait the extra years?" is the reasoning.

But we go back over 200 years to when making Scotch was an art, and, to risk sounding a little too sentimental, a work of love. But this attitude has not been without its reward. For nine successive reigns the House of Justerini & Brooks has been the holder of the Royal Warrant.

And so it is that in a world that continually strives for the new, the changed, the expedient, we are pleased to present a Scotch made the way Scotch was made in another day and age. Fifteen year old Royal Ages.

Royal Ages is another experience in Scotch. Unbelievably comfortable to the experienced palate.

A smooth calm tasting Scotch with not the slightest hint of a rough edge.

It is, in short, Scotch at its absolute best.

Fifteen year old Royal Ages. We are pleased to be able to present you with the opportunity to drink it.

Royal Ages

Fifteen years of breeding.

15 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof.
The Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

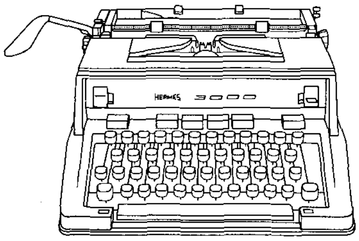
synthetic pesticides create increased demand as they are used: the buyer becomes hooked on the product.

IN marketing terms, detergents are certainly among the most successful of the various technological innovations that have transformed the U.S. economy. In a scant twenty-five years, this new product has captured more than two-thirds of the cleaning-agent market from one of man's oldest, best-established, and most useful inventions—soap. That technological displacement of a natural organic product by an unnatural synthetic one is typical of many that have occurred since the Second World War. Soap is produced by causing a natural product, fat, to react with alkali. A typical fat used in soapmaking is coconut oil. This is produced by the palm tree from the raw materials water and carbon dioxide by means of energy from sunlight. These are all freely available, renewable resources. The synthesis of the coconut-oil molecule has no adverse impact on the environment. Of course, with inadequate husbandry a copra plantation can deplete the soil, and fuel is burned in the extraction of the oil from the coconut, thus contributing to air pollution. The manufacture of soap from oil and alkali also consumes fuel and produces wastes. But soap, once it has been used and sent down the drain, is broken down by the bacteria of decay, for natural fat is readily attacked by bacterial enzymes. This bacterial action usually takes place in a sewage-treatment plant. Since fat contains only carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen atoms, what is then emitted to surface waters is only carbon dioxide and water. In its production and use, soap has a relatively light impact on the environment.

Detergents are synthesized from organic raw materials originally present in petroleum along with a number of other substances. To obtain the raw materials, the petroleum is subjected to distillation and other energy-consuming processes, with the burned fuel polluting the air. Once purified, the raw materials are used in a series of chemical reactions involving chlorine and high temperatures, which finally yield the active cleaning agent. This is then mixed with a variety of additives, designed to soften hard water, bleach stains, "brighten" wash (this effect is produced by an additive that strongly reflects light, and achieves a simulated whiteness by dazzling the eye), and otherwise gladden the heart of the advertising copywriter. Suitably boxed, this mixture is the detergent. The total

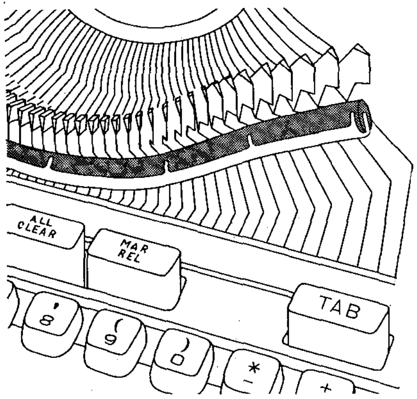
HERE'S WHY OUR $130 MANUAL IS A BETTER BUY THAN THEIR $120 ELECTRIC.

When they turn out an electric for less than a manual, they've got to be scrimping on something. That fancy little motor must be paid for.



Whereas with our manual we can put every penny into the machine.

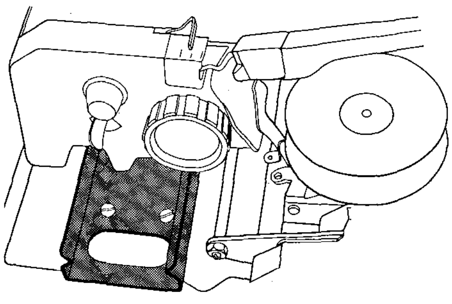
For example (1) take the little hammers that carry the letters. Ours



come softly to rest on a cushioned bar. Theirs jolt to rest—on thin air.

Then (2) we connect our hammers to the keys with sturdy, durable levers. Theirs depend on fragile coil springs.

(3) Our carriage runs on a track that's wider and deeper than



theirs, so you can slam it across without jarring the machine to bits.

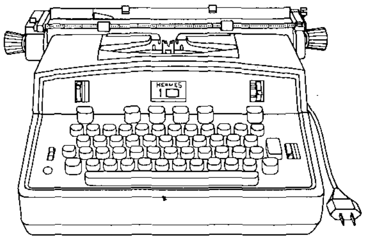
Worth considering, because often on the cheaper electrics, surprisingly you still have to return the carriage by hand.

(4) As for portability: the electric really isn't. It ties you to the

house with its plug. While our manual works outdoors in the sun, on the sands.

Plus (5) they can't afford to give you all our helpful extras. Like our exclusive Flying Red Margins®. And our unjamming key, for when hurrying fingers somehow jam up the keyboard.

The more you look into it, the more you'll find our Hermes 3000 is built to work and wear a lifetime. And when we make an electric, we make it the same way. That's why it costs $295. Because we found that's



the least you can hope to make it for, if you want it to be dependable, long-lasting, full-featured.

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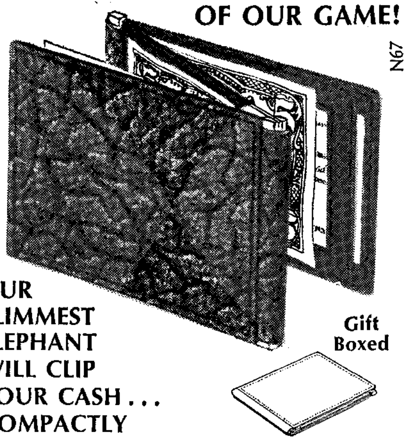
energy used to produce the active cleaning agent alone is probably three times that needed to produce oil for soap manufacture, and the resultant air pollution is also tripled. To produce the needed chlorine, mercury is used, and it, too, is released to the environment as a pollutant. In its substitution of man-made chemical processes for natural ones, detergent manufacture inevitably produces greater environmental stress than the manufacture of soap does.

Once detergents have been used, they become serious sources of additional pollution. Here the contrast with soap is striking. Soap has been used for thousands of years—everywhere in the world, in a wide variety of ecological, economic, and cultural settings—without any record, to my knowledge, of pollution problems. But in only twenty-five years detergents have established a notoriously bad environmental record wherever they have been used. The first detergents marketed were synthesized from petroleum derivatives composed of branched molecules. Since the enzymes of the decay bacteria cannot attack such molecules, they passed through sewage-treatment plants unchanged. The industry became aware of the problem only when mounds of foam appeared in streams and, in some places, water drawn from the tap foamed like beer. In 1965, under the threat of legislation, "biodegradable" detergents were introduced in this country; these had unbranched molecules, which decay bacteria could attack. However, the benzene unit at one end of the degradable molecule now became a hazard; in aquatic systems, benzene can be converted to phenol (carbolic acid), a toxic material. In fact, the new degradable synthetic detergents seem more likely to kill fish than the old ones, although they do not produce the nuisance of foam.

Another pollution problem arises from the phosphate content of detergents, whether degradable or not, for phosphate can stimulate excessive growth of algae, which on their death overburden the aquatic ecosystem with organic matter. Phosphate is added to detergents for two purposes: to combat hard water (it helps to tie up materials, such as calcium, that cause water hardness) and to help suspend dirt particles so that they can be readily rinsed away. Soap itself accomplishes the second of these functions. In hard water, soap is rather ineffective; it can be improved by the addition of a water-softening agent such as phosphate. However, there are other ways to solve the hard-water problem. For one thing, the water in



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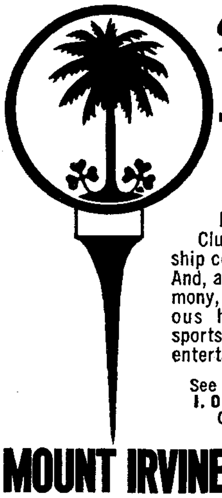

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WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

OCTOBER

As Robert Louis Stevenson so poetically put it, "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings." The world we're referring to in this column is the Magic World of Madison Square Garden. For during this blithe month of October, there will be enough happening here to provide truly regal entertainment for every man, woman and child in the entire metropolitan area and beyond.

Take for instance right now when the fabulous 1971 edition of Holiday on Ice starring the one and only Peggy Fleming is concluding (3) its triumphant engagement, only to be succeeded this coming Friday (8) by the limited 4-day engagement (through 11, Columbus Day) of the Wonderful World of Horses featuring the spectacular Royal Lipizzan Stallion Show. Its fifty fabulous equines include not only Lipizzans but Andalusians, Palominos, Saddlebreds, American Albinos, Morgans and Quarter Horses—and the things they do (including "Airs Above the Ground") are beyond belief.

Happy musical events this month include Volume VII of the Rock and Roll Revival (15) with all your favorites of that rousing r. and r. era; more great rock starring Jethro Tull (18); Aretha Franklin herself in person (22); and Volume II of the Big Bands Festival (24 aft.) featuring not one, but all, of the following: Woody Herman and his Herd, Stan Kenton and his orchestra, Billy Eckstine, Rosemary Clooney and music made famous by *Glenn Miller* starring Tex Beneke and his orchestra with Ray Eberle and the Modernaires with Paula Kelly. So whatever your October mood may be, we've got the music to go with it.

Roller Derby thrills and spills return (31). Undefeated heavyweight contender George Foreman tangles with Brazilian bomber Luis Pires (29). And all October long, our Knicks and Rangers will be filling the Garden with their own special brands of excitement. Here are this month's regular championship season home schedules (plus pre-season tune-ups):

KNICKS	**RANGERS**
(5) Atlanta (pre-season double-header) L.A. vs. Detroit	(4) Boston (pre-season game)
(7) Los Angeles (pre-season double-header) Detroit vs. Atlanta	(13) Boston
(12) Detroit	(17) Montreal
(16) Los Angeles	(20) Chicago
(19) San Francisco	(24) Pittsburgh
(23) Atlanta	(27) Detroit
(26) Boston	(31) Toronto
(28) Houston	
(30) Philadelphia	

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some places is soft and no phosphate is needed, whether soap or detergent is used. Where the water is hard, it can be treated by a household water-softener—a device that could also be built into washing machines. In other words, successful washing can be accomplished without resort to phosphate, which upon being added to detergents worsens their already serious environmental effects. The actual need to replace soap is slight. As a recent chemical-engineering textbook states, "There is absolutely no reason why old-fashioned soap cannot be used for most household and commercial cleaning." The obvious answer to the present confusion over the relative environmental hazards of phosphate and other detergent constituents—such as the caustics and other hazardous materials present in phosphate-free detergents—is to return to soap.

It might be argued, of course, that the mere fact that detergents have driven soap from the market must mean that users find them more desirable than soap, and that detergents are therefore a worthwhile economic good. This argument loses most of its force when advertising is taken into account. A study in England shows that the sales of different brands of detergents are directly proportional to their advertising expenditures. Nor is this a matter of merely acquainting the buyer with the virtues of the product, in the expectation that these virtues will sustain further purchases. For when advertising is cut back, sales fall off. In 1949, Unilever spent sixty per cent of the total sum devoted to the advertising of detergents in England and enjoyed sixty per cent of the total sales; by 1951, its advertising budget had been reduced to twenty per cent of the total and its sales had fallen off to ten per cent. The lesson was learned, and by 1955 the 1951 low in advertising expenditures—and sales—had tripled. It would appear that the most important determinant of detergent sales is advertising, rather than the product's virtues.

In 1946, every ton of cleaner (counting the active cleaning agent in detergent as equivalent to an equal weight of soap) sold in the United States contained about seven pounds of phosphate phosphorus—which eventually entered waterways, where it contributed to the problem of excessive growths of algae. In 1968, a hundred and thirty-seven pounds of phosphate phosphorus was emitted into environmental systems per ton of cleaner used. The technological displacement of soap by detergents has caused a twentyfold intensification of the impact of phosphate from cleaners on the environment, and has done so at no basic gain to the consumer. The displacement of soap by detergents has made us no cleaner than we were, but it has made our environment more foul.

TEXTILE production reflects another important displacement of natural organic materials by unnatural synthetic ones. Some relevant statistics: In 1950 in the United States, about forty-five pounds of fibre was used per capita by fabric mills. Of this total, cotton and wool accounted for about thirty-five pounds, modified cellulosic fibres (such as rayon) for about nine pounds, and wholly man-made synthetic fibres (such as nylon) for about one pound. In 1968, total fibre consumption was forty-nine pounds per capita, of which cotton and wool accounted for twenty-two pounds, modified cellulosic fibres for nine pounds, and synthetic fibres for eighteen pounds. "Affluence," at least as it can be measured by the per-capita use of fibre, was essentially unchanged, but natural materials had been considerably displaced by synthetic ones. This technological displacement has intensified the stress on the environment.

To produce fibre, whether natural or synthetic, both raw materials and a source of energy are required. The molecules that make up a fibre are *polymers*—chains of repeated smaller units. In cotton, the polymer is cellulose—long, thread-like molecules composed of hundreds of glucose units linked end to end. Energy is needed to assemble such an elaborate structure—both to form the necessary glucose units and to join them into the molecular thread. The energy required to form the cotton fibre is derived by the cotton plant from a free, renewable resource—sunlight. The energy needed to form wool, which is made up of the protein polymer called keratin, is derived from the sheep's food, which, in turn, is derived from sunlight. The crucial link between an energy process and the environment is the temperature at which the process operates. Living things do their energy business without heating up the air or polluting it with noxious combustion

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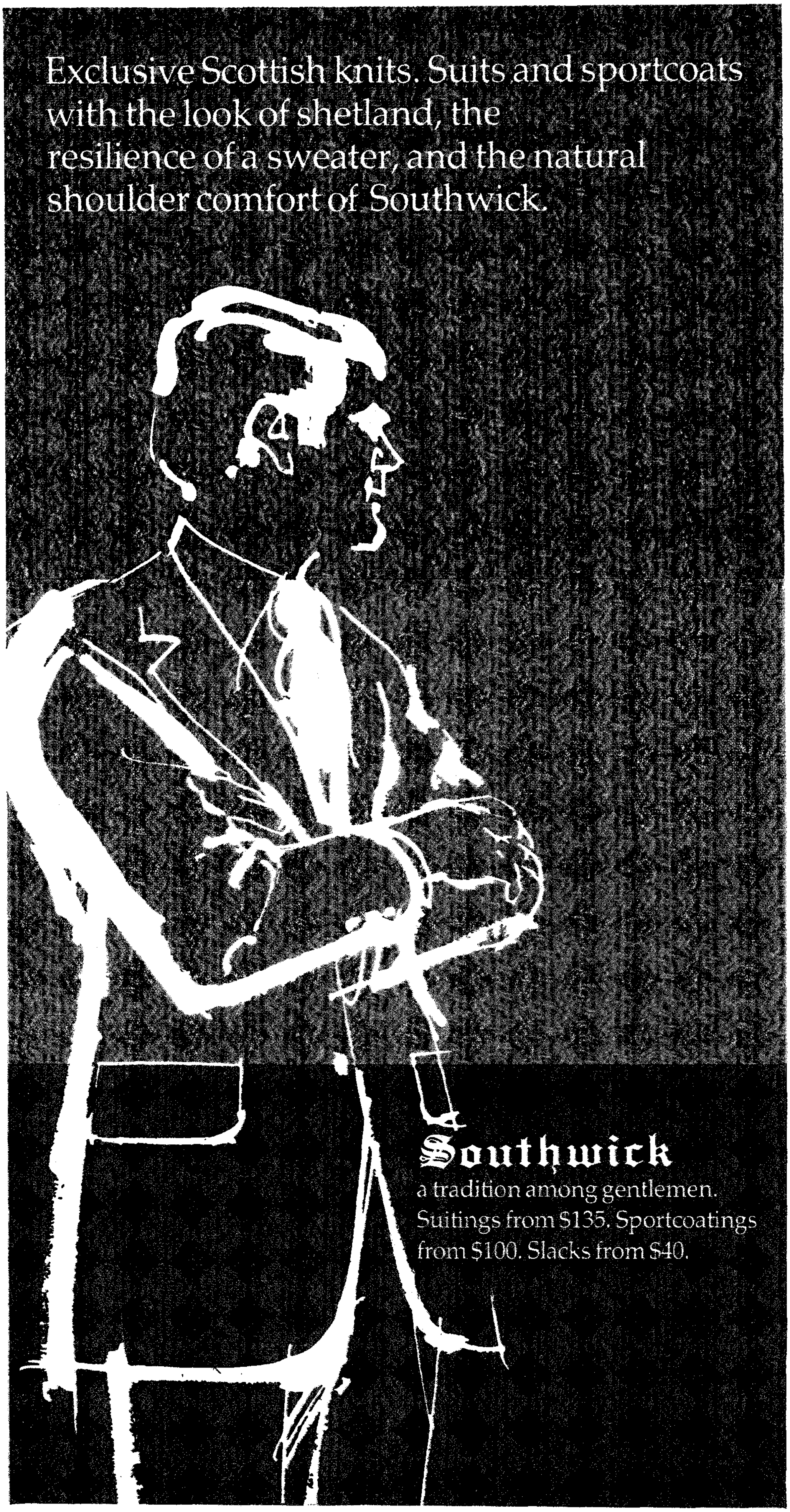

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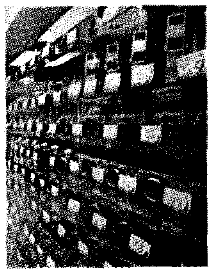

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Part of the energy required for the manufacture of a synthetic fibre, like nylon, is contained in the raw materials; since these are usually derived from petroleum or natural gas, their energy represents solar energy previously trapped by fossil plants and animals. This is a non-renewable source of energy. Another part of the energy used in nylon synthesis is that needed to separate the various raw materials from the petroleum or natural gas and to drive the various chemical reactions. Nylon, for example, is produced by a series of from six to ten chemical reactions, operating at temperatures ranging from 200° F. (near the boiling point of water) to 700° F. (above the melting point of lead). This means a considerable combustion of fuel—and resulting air pollution. In addition, such chemical reactions may release waste chemicals into the air or water, again producing an environmental impact not incurred in the production of a natural fibre.

Of course, the production of cotton or wool can also violate ecological principles, and as it is currently carried on it does. In the United States, cotton is now grown with intensive applications of nitrogen fertilizer, insecticides, and herbicides, all of which have serious environmental impacts that are avoided in the manufacture of synthetic fibres. In addition, the gasoline burned by tractors engaged in cotton production produces air pollution. Some of these effects could be reduced considerably; for example, more reliance could be placed on natural control of insect pests. Similarly, nylon production could be improved, ecologically, by reducing waste-chemical emissions. However, the fundamental point here is that even if all possible ecological improvements were made in the two processes, the natural one would still be more advantageous ecologically, because it can use a freely available, non-polluting source of energy—sunlight—for the basic chemical synthesis, whereas the energy for the chemical synthesis of a fibre must be derived from a non-renewable resource, and through high-temperature operations, which even with the best possible controls will pollute the environment with waste heat.

Once a synthetic fibre has been produced, it inevitably generates a greater impact on the environment than a nat-

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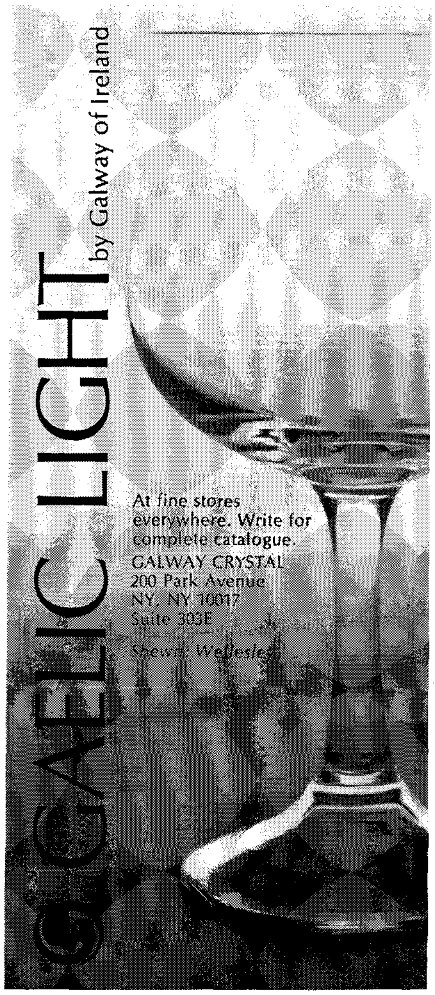

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ural fibre. Because the synthetic fibre is man-made, it cannot be disposed of without putting a stress on the environment, whereas cellulose and keratin, the natural polymers in cotton and wool, participate in the soil ecosystem and therefore cannot accumulate as wastes if they are returned to the soil. The ecological fate of cellulose, whether in a leaf, a cotton shirt, or a bit of paper, is well known. If it falls on the ground and becomes covered with soil, it enters into a series of complex biological processes. The cellulose structure is first invaded by molds; their cellulose-digesting enzymes release the constituent sugars into the soil. These stimulate the growth of bacteria. At the same time, the degradation of cellulose allows enzymatic attacks on other polymeric components in a leaf, releasing soluble nitrogenous constituents into the soil. These, too, stimulate bacterial growth. The result is the development of fresh microbial organic matter, which becomes converted to humus—a substance essential to the natural fertility of the soil. Because cellulose is an essential cog in the soil's ecological machinery, it cannot accumulate as a "waste." The keratin of wool behaves similarly in the soil ecosystem. All this results from the crucial fact that for every polymer that is produced in nature by living things there exist enzymes that have the specific ability to degrade it. The contrast with synthetic fibres is striking. The structure of nylon and similar synthetic polymers is a human invention and does not occur in natural living things. Unlike natural polymers, synthetic ones have no counterpart in the armamentarium of degradative enzymes in nature. Ecologically, synthetic polymers are indestructible. Hence, every bit of synthetic fibre or polymer that has been produced on the earth either is destroyed by burning—and thereby pollutes the air—or accumulates as rubbish.

This is apparent to anyone who has wandered along a beach in recent years and marvelled at the array of plastic objects cast ashore. A closer look at such objects—bits of nylon cordage, discarded beer-can packs and plastic bottles—is even more revealing. Like other objects on the beach—bits of glass, *for example—the plastic objects* are worn by wave action. Ecologically, it is useful to ask about any given material in the environment, "Where does it go?" Where, then, does the material abraded from plastic objects go in the marine environment? The answer has been made apparent by a

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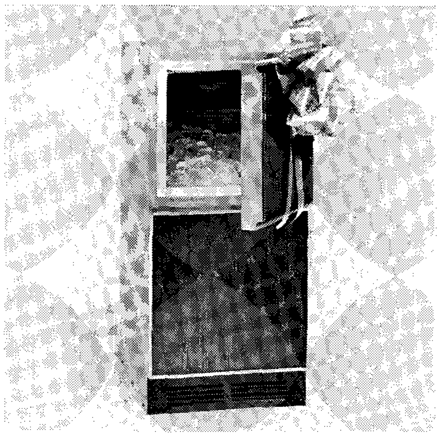

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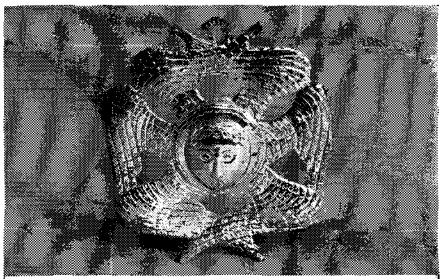

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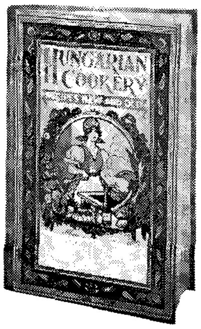

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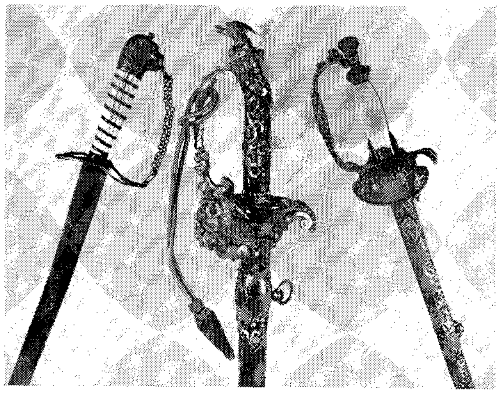
Friday, October 15
from 10:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m.
And Day of Auction
from 8:00 until 10:00 a.m.

Illustrated Catalogue $3.00
($3.50 By Mail)
Price Key Available After Auction — $1.00



Wednesday, October 27, 1971
Beginning at 10:00 A M

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Tuesday, October 26
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Saturday, October 30, 1971
Beginning at 10:00 A M

Rare American Coin Collection

EXHIBITION:
Friday, October 29
from 10:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m.
And Day of Auction
from 8:00 until 10:00 a.m.

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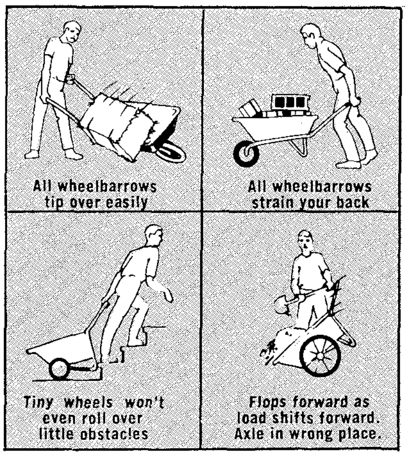
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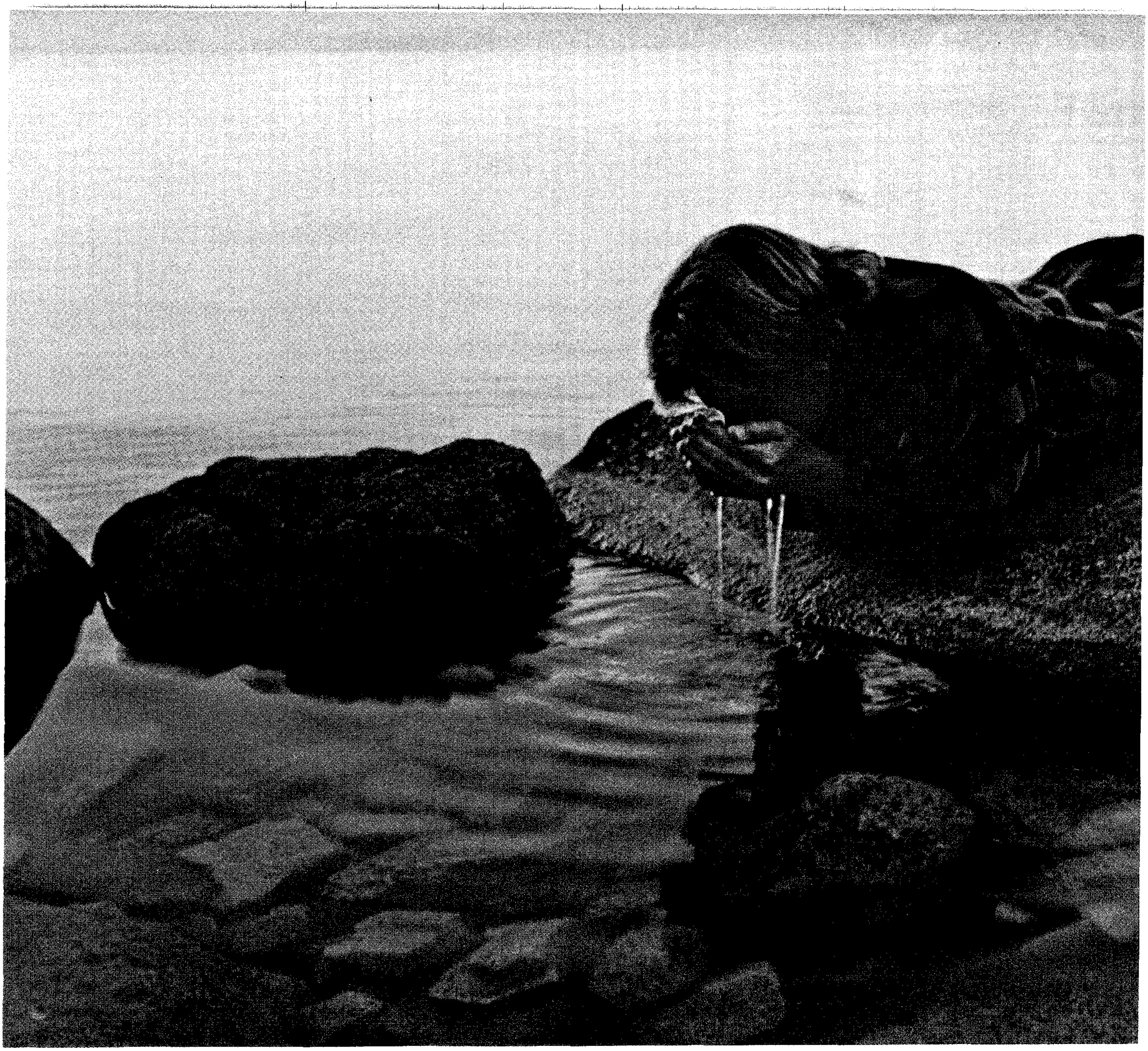
recent report. Nets that have been used to collect microscopic organisms from the sea now accumulate a new material: tiny fragments of plastic fibres, often red, blue, or orange. In recent years, natural fibres such as hemp and jute have been almost totally replaced by synthetic fibres in fishing lines and fish nets. While the natural fibres are subject to microbial decay, the synthetic ones are not, and therefore accumulate. And the chief reason that synthetic cordage has replaced natural materials in fishing operations is that the synthetic fibres have the advantage of resisting degradation by molds, which, as we have seen, readily attack cellulosic materials such as hemp or jute. Thus, the property that makes the synthetic fibre more valuable economically than the natural one—its resistance to biological degradation—is precisely the property that increases its environmental impact.

Not long ago, I saw a poignant photograph of a wild duck, its neck garlanded with a plastic beer-can pack. Consider this event. A particular plastic pack is formed in a factory, shipped to a brewery, fitted around six cans of beer, further transported until it reaches human hands that separate plastic from beer can. Then, tossed aside, it persists until it comes to float on some woodland lake, where a wild duck, innocent of modern technology, plunges its head into the plastic noose. Such events, bringing into improbable, wildly incongruous, but often fatal conjunction some plastic object and some unwitting creature of the earth, can only become increasingly frequent as plastic factories continue to emit their stream of indestructible objects, each destined, by its triumphant escape from the limited life of natural materials, to become waste.

THE vast development of modern synthetic organic materials has produced other stresses on the environment. Some of these materials, unlike plastics, are not inert but biochemically active, and in some cases this activity is intentional—to kill insects or weeds, or to defoliate forests and crops in Vietnam. However, living things share a number of similar biochemical systems, so that an unnatural substance that is intended to affect a specific organism is likely to affect others, in different ways, as well. DDT, which attacks biochemical processes in the insect nervous system, also influences the behavior of enzymes in the livers of birds in such a way as to inhibit the formation of egg-shells, which readily break after the eggs are laid. The weed killer 2,4,5-T, sprayed in huge amounts on the forests and croplands of Vietnam, distorts the biochemistry of the plants and denudes them of leaves; it has also been found to induce birth defects in laboratory animals, and may be the cause of increased birth defects among recently born Vietnamese babies. These substances are, in effect, drugs, and ought to be dispensed with appropriate foresight and control, but such control is impossible when tons of the ecological drugs are sprayed across the countryside from the air.

To provide raw materials for the synthesis of the new materials—fibres, plastics, detergents, pesticides, and drugs—there has been a huge concurrent increase in the production of organic chemicals generally (up 746 per cent since 1946). This change, too, has put an increased stress on the environment. For example, the poisoning of fish with mercury is one of the costs that we are paying for synthetic detergents. Manufacturing the detergents now in common use requires large amounts of chlorine, which is usually produced by passing an electric current through a solution of common salt (sodium chloride). Mercury is a valuable adjunct to this process, for it serves not only to conduct electricity but also to trap another product of the reaction, sodium, as an amalgam. The use of mercury for chlorine production in the United States has therefore increased immensely. After the electrolytic process, the sodium-laden mercury is made to react with water; this converts the sodium to the alkali sodium hydroxide, regenerating pure mercury for further use. In this process, large amounts of mercury and water are mixed and circulated, and inevitably some of the mercury is "lost," ending up eventually in the waste-drainage system. The lost mercury is carried to the bottom of rivers and lakes, where bacteria convert the metallic mercury to a soluble form, methyl mercury. This poisons the fish. Mercury poisoning is an unforeseen feature of the "plastic age."

WHEN the automobile and the internal-combustion engine were first developed, no one could have realized that some seventy years later they would become the greatest single source of urban environmental pollution. It is often assumed that automotive pollution is an inescapable result of the huge numbers of vehicles that



There's at least one lake still pure enough to drink. General Electric is helping keep it that way.

Lake Tahoe has been called the most beautiful lake in the world. To keep it that way, the people who live there needed one of the world's most advanced sewage treatment systems.

With General Electric's help, they now have it on the lake's south shore.

Water from the system, like the lake itself, is pure enough to drink. But the people of Tahoe want only natural mountain streams flowing into the lake. So the treated water is pumped over a mountain pass into a reservoir.

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For smooth, quick stops, front power disc brakes are standard. Rack and pinion steering is standard, too. No real friend would be without them.

Then there's a standard four-speed manual transmission fully synchronized in all forward gears. Or if you wish, you can equip your friend with an available three-speed fully automatic transmission.

The Opel 1900 has a long list of friendly comfort and convenience features, too. Things like full carpeting, durable vinyl-covered front bucket seats with lots of padding, an abundance of head room, shoulder room and hip room front and back. There's even full-flow ventilation plus the convenience of swing-open side windows. And its 11.5 cu. ft. trunk has more luggage space than some larger size cars.

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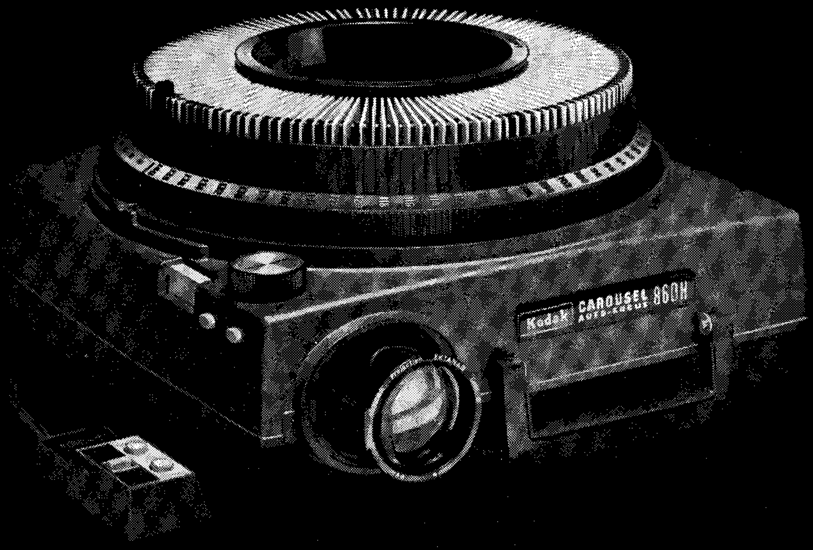
choke the highways. There is no doubt that the number of cars is part of the problem; in the years from 1947 to 1968, the total number of vehicles on United States roads increased by 166 per cent, and the total vehicle-miles travelled went up by 174 per cent. However, at least two major automotive pollutants, lead and photochemical smog, increased much faster than even the proliferating cars and use of cars. For example, studies of the amounts of lead deposited yearly in polar glaciers show that between 1940 and 1965 the annual entry of lead—which comes almost entirely from gasoline additives—into the environment increased by about 300 per cent, or about twice as fast as the increase in the total consumption of gasoline in that time. The smog situation shows an even greater disparity. Photochemical smog made its début in Los Angeles in the early forties. Since then, it has appeared in most of the nation's large cities and has become vastly more intense in Los Angeles itself. A reasonable estimate of the over-all increase in smog levels in United States cities since the Second World War would be tenfold or so, or in the range of 1,000 per cent—again an increase much greater than the concurrent rise in automobile travel. Clearly, something besides the number of cars and the mileage travelled has changed.

What has changed is the automobile. Cynics are sometimes prone to dismiss the annual changes in Detroit car models as superficial ones, but beneath the recurrent transformation of the automobile's gaudy and increasingly fragile skin technological changes, especially in the engine, have converted it into a highly efficient smog generator. In the internal-combustion engine, gasoline is mixed with air in the cylinders, and the mixture is ignited, at a suitable moment, by means of an electric spark. Just before the fuel-air mixture is ignited, it is compressed by the cylinder piston. The cylinder pressure has a great deal to do with the amount of power that the engine can deliver; generally, the greater the pressure the higher the power output. For reasons that have not yet been fully explained, the automobile industry long ago became committed to increasing the engine's power. In 1925, when the first figures became available, the average American passenger-car engine delivered fifty-five horsepower. By 1946, the average was a hundred horsepower. Between 1946 and 1958, the average horsepower was raised to two hundred and thirty. In response to for-



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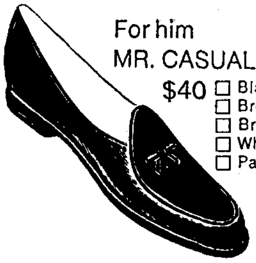

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eign competition, United States manufacturers introduced the "compact" car, with a smaller engine. As a result, between 1958 and 1961 the average horsepower dropped from two hundred and thirty to a hundred and seventy-five. Then a curious phenomenon occurred: the "compact" cars gradually grew in size and in engine power, so that between 1961 and 1968 the average horsepower climbed back to reach two hundred and fifty. To increase the horsepower, it was necessary to increase engine compression; the relevant measure, known as the compression ratio, rose from 5.9 in 1946 to 9.3 in 1958. It then dipped briefly, along with horsepower, but, recovering from that aberration, climbed upward again, reaching an average of 9.4 in 1968. Thus, between 1946 and 1968 the low-powered, low-compression engine was displaced. This technological displacement, like many others in that period, has strongly intensified the impact of automobile travel on the environment.

Because high-powered engines use fuels less efficiently than low-powered ones do—especially when the engines are run at low speeds, as they are in car-choked city streets—there has been an increase in the amount of gasoline burned per mile. In 1946, passenger cars averaged about fifteen miles per gallon; by 1968, the average was about fourteen miles per gallon. This meant more fuel combustion—and therefore more air pollution from gasoline-combustion products—per vehicle-mile travelled. A second, more acute pollution problem arises from the special engineering needs of the high-compression engine. At high cylinder pressures, the explosive combustion is apt to be uneven, causing a jarring "knock," which decreases engine power. To suppress engine knock, it was found necessary to add tetraethyl lead to the gasoline. Almost all of this lead—which is a toxic material—is emitted into the air from the engine exhaust. As the average compression ratio rose, so did the lead content of the gasoline. In 1946, the gasoline used in the United States emitted about fifty thousand tons of lead into the environment. By 1968, the lead emitted had increased to two hundred and sixty thousand tons. In those twenty-two years, the amount of lead used rose from two hundred and eighty pounds per million vehicle-miles to five hundred pounds. In other words, the increase in engine power and compression ratio means that for the same amount of actual use cars now pollute the environment with nearly twice as

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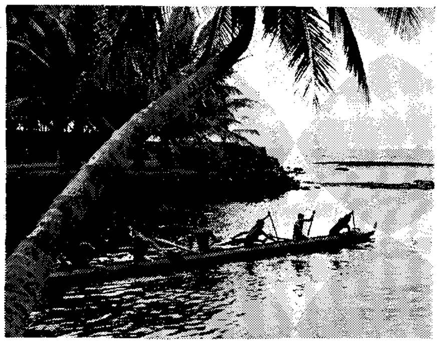

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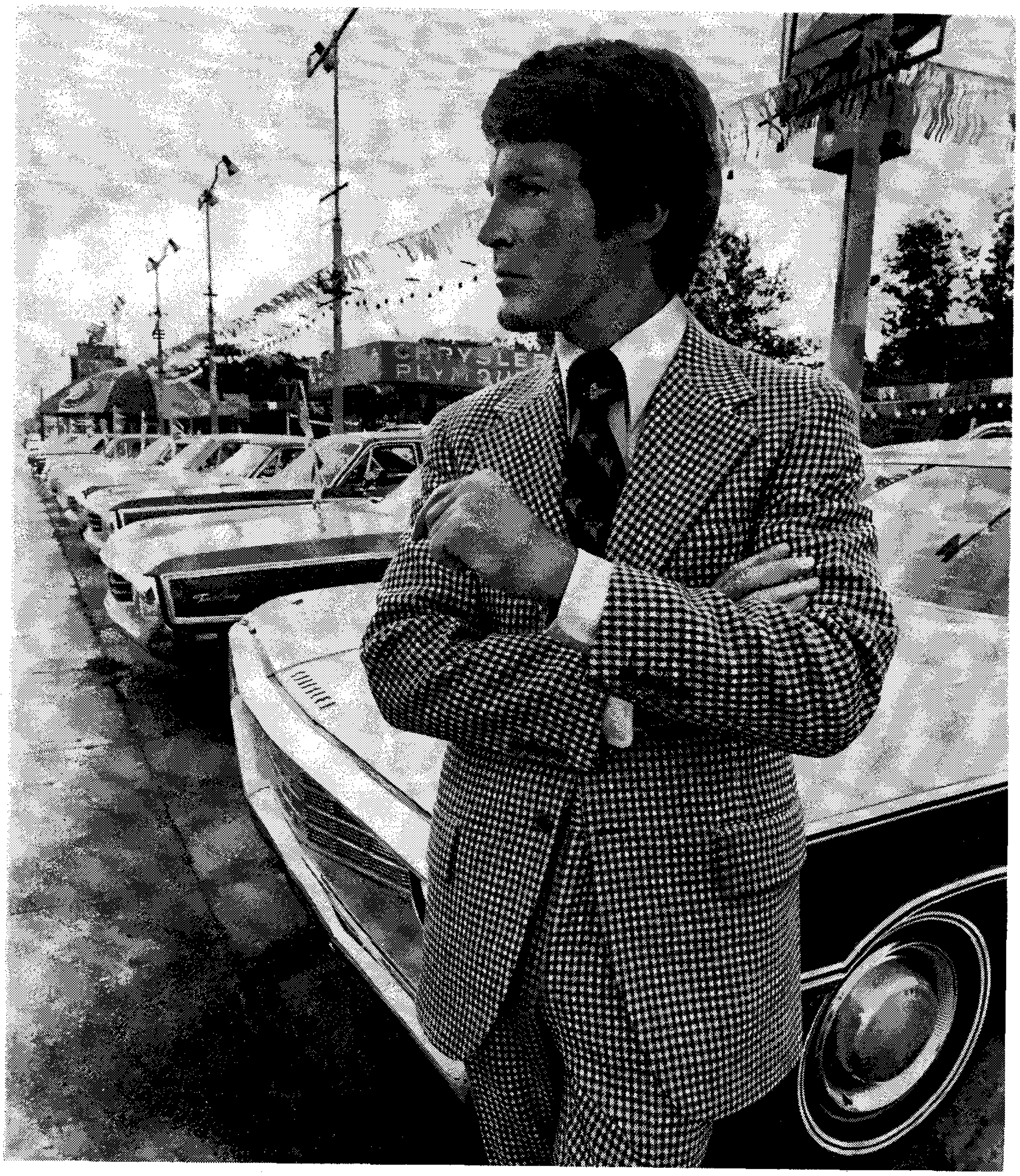

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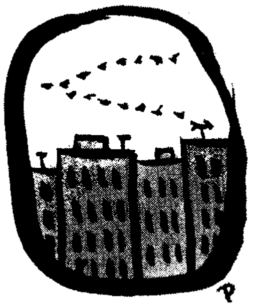
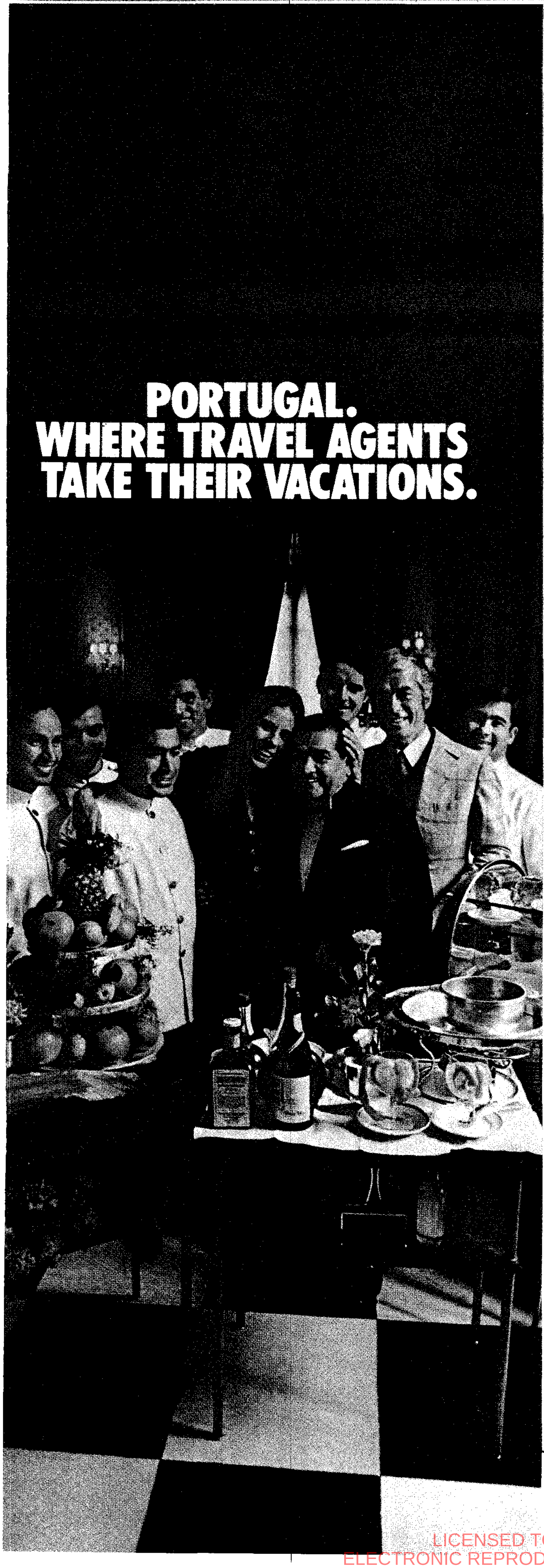
much lead as they did just after the war.

Then, there is the matter of photochemical smog, which results from the emission of nitrogen oxides—in urban areas, largely from automotive vehicles—into the air. The natural levels of nitrogen oxides in the air are ordinarily very low, but when air is heated—for example, during fuel combustion in the cylinder—nitrogen and oxygen react, and nitrogen oxides are emitted from the engine exhaust. Activated by sunlight, nitrogen oxides combine with waste hydrocarbons from automobile exhaust to produce the noxious final product of photochemical smog, peroxyacetyl nitrate, often referred to as PAN. This can take the form of a whitish haze, tinged with brown, that causes the eyes to smart. Now, as compression ratio increased, so did the engine's operating temperature, and this, in turn, sharply increased the amount of nitrogen oxides emitted per unit of engine use. The emission of nitrogen oxides is also affected by a number of other engine characteristics. When these are taken into account, it can be estimated that whereas the emission of nitrogen oxides in the exhaust of the average 1946 passenger car came to about five hundred parts per million, the emission of the average 1968 automobile was twelve hundred parts per million. Thus, the emission of nitrogen oxides for each unit of vehicle use more than doubled over this period. When the increased mileage and increased gasoline consumption in the period are also taken into account, total emission of nitrogen oxides is found to have increased about sevenfold—a rise that begins to account for the sharp increase in smog levels.



In the fall of 1965, exhaust-control devices appeared on new 1966-model cars in California, and the emission of waste hydrocarbons began a downward trend in Los Angeles. Between 1965 and 1968, emission of waste hydrocarbons from motor vehicles was reduced from 1,938 tons per day to 1,720. (Without controls, emission would have risen to 2,400 tons per day by 1968.) Eye irritation was also reduced. At the same time, the level of another important pollutant emitted by motor vehicles, carbon monoxide, was also reduced by the new devices. It might appear, then, that by 1968 Los Angeles would have been ready to celebrate the end of a long and frustrating search for a solution to the smog problem. But at that point the situation took a new and ominous turn: the improvements in exhaust emissions brought on a new problem. For, coincident with the twelve-per-cent drop in hydrocarbon emissions between 1965 and 1968, the burden of nitrogen oxides in the Los Angeles air *increased* by twenty-eight per cent. The nitrogen oxides in automobile exhausts include both nitric oxide and nitrogen dioxide. While nitric oxide is relatively innocuous (except as an ingredient of the smog-forming reaction), nitrogen dioxide is highly poisonous, with a long history as a serious industrial hazard. The gas destroys the cells of the lungs, tends to enlarge lung blood vessels, and, at a sufficiently high concentration, causes an accumulation of fluid in the lungs, which may lead to death. Nitrogen dioxide, a colored gas, tinges the air a kind of whiskey brown, and as the concentration has increased in the Los Angeles air serious visibility problems have arisen—in the air lanes and along the high-speed freeways. In addition, nitrogen dioxide is toxic to plants; at levels of less than one part per million, the growth of tomato plants is reduced about thirty per cent. In 1965, nitrogen dioxide in Los Angeles had exceeded what had been designated the "adverse" level on a hundred days. In 1968, three years after the introduction of exhaust-control devices, that level was exceeded on a hundred and thirty-two days.

There are two reasons for the increase in the level of nitrogen dioxide. One is the simple ecological rule that "everything must go somewhere." If hydrocarbon emissions are reduced, the nitrogen oxides that might have combined with hydrocarbons to form smog necessarily accumulate in the air. The other reason for the rise in nitrogen oxides is that in devising the present pollution controls the automobile manufacturers considered only the demand for reduced emissions of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide. This demand led them to make engine modifications designed to increase the thoroughness of fuel combustion in the cylinders by increasing the engine's air intake. But increased fuel combustion also increases the combustion of the major constituent of the air, nitrogen, generating nitrogen oxides. Thus, the engine modifications introduced for the purpose of reducing the emission of hy-



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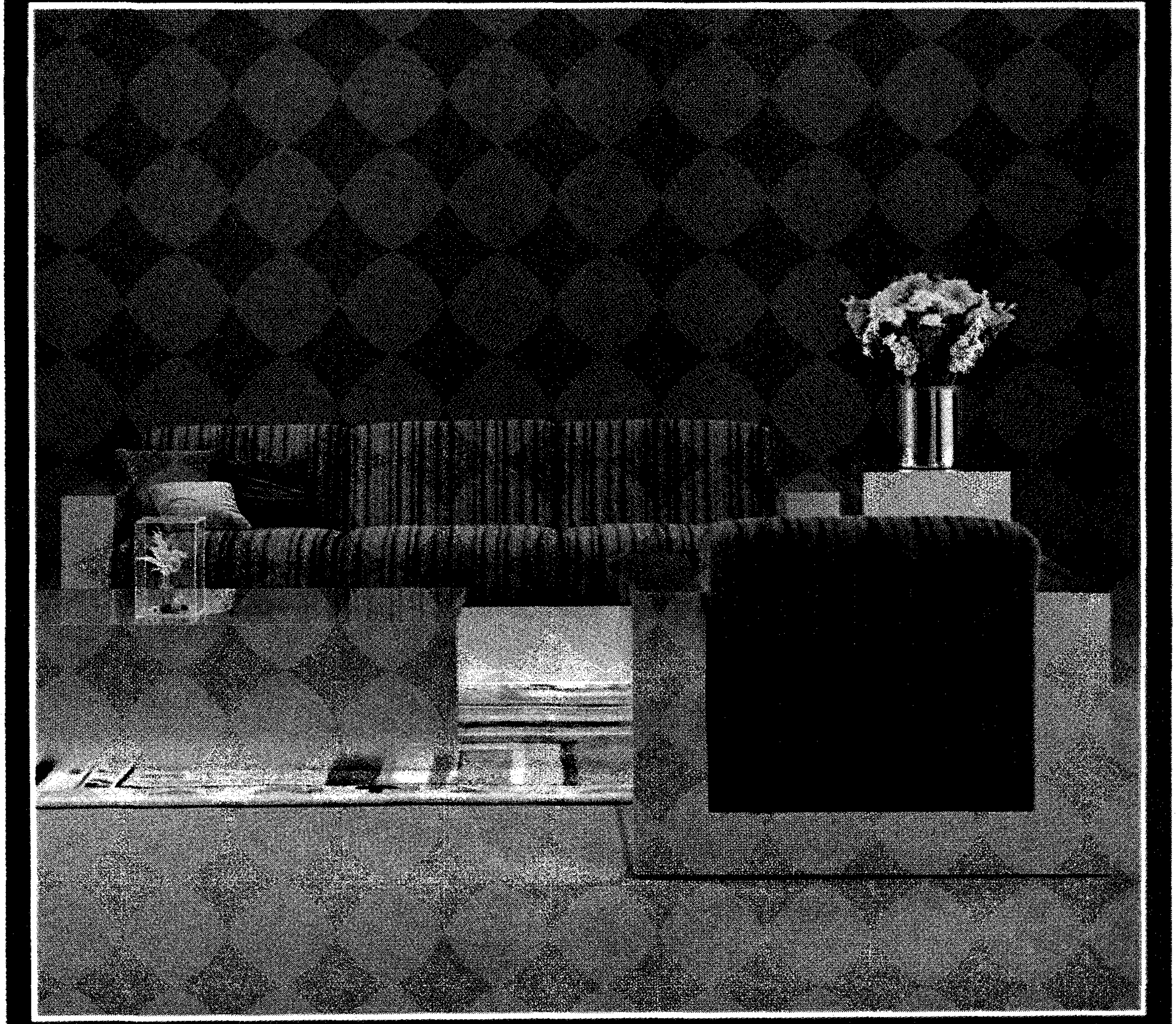

For a kit of color brochures about exciting Milo Baughman designs, send $1.00 to Hilda Lee, dept. G-1, Thayer Coggin, Inc., South Rd., High Point, N.C. 27262 drocarbons tended to increase the emission of nitrogen oxides, and in enforcing the new automobile-engine modifications Los Angeles had simply traded one pollution problem for another. Catalytic exhaust devices have been developed for the purpose of converting engine-generated nitrogen oxides into innocuous products. However, it appears that the catalysts are poisoned by the lead used as a gasoline additive, and here the smog problem reaches to the heart of the automotive-pollution problem—the modern high-powered, high-compression gasoline engine, which operates effectively only on high-octane fuels. Such fuels have usually been produced by the addition of tetraethyl lead, and the elimination of lead requires a large-scale change in the petroleum-refining industry—or else a change in the design of automotive engines. There is also a serious question about how effective the increasingly complex exhaust devices are under actual conditions of use. For example, California tests show that the exhaust devices on 1966 models lost their effectiveness for controlling hydrocarbon and carbon-monoxide emissions and, on the average, exceeded the California emission standards after five to ten thousand miles of use.

In part, the increase in automobile travel during the last twenty-five years is a consequence of changes in the distribution of residences and places of work. Traffic studies show that about ninety per cent of all automobile trips are ten miles or less in length; this class of trips represents about thirty per cent of total automobile mileage travelled. The mean work-residence travel distance in U.S. metropolitan areas is about five miles for central-city dwellers and about six miles for those living in suburban areas. This is statistical evidence of what millions of people know from their own daily frustration: that in most urban areas the roads are clogged twice a day with people driving to and from work—a consequence of the separation between place of work and residence and the absence of adequate means of mass transportation. A related problem that has developed as a result of the American growth pattern since 1946 is the displacement of railroad freight haulage by trucks. The ecological cost of this displacement is evident in the following figures: the energy required to move a ton of freight one mile by rail now averages about 624 B.T.U. (British thermal units), and by truck about 3,460 B.T.U. This means that for the same amount of freight haulage

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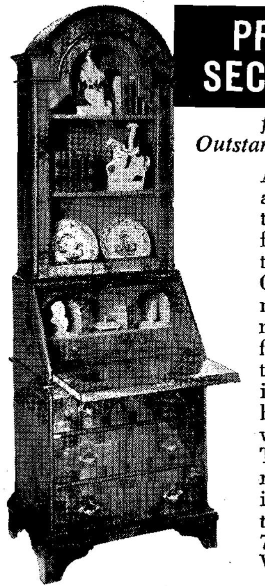
trucks burn nearly six times as much fuel as trains—and emit about six times as much environmental pollution. Moreover, the amount of power required to produce the cement and steel for a mile of four-lane highway—essential for truck traffic—is 3.6 times the power required to produce a mile of steel track for comparable rail traffic. Finally, the highway takes up a four-hundred-foot right-of-way, while the railroad takes only a hundred feet. In all these respects, the displacement of railroads by automotive vehicles for freight—and also for passenger travel—has intensified the environmental impact of transportation.

THE electric-power industry, which has expanded rapidly in the postwar period, is still another source of major pollution problems. These include sulphur dioxide, nitrogen oxides, and dust emitted by power plants that burn fossil fuels; radioactive emissions, and the threat—small but with enormously catastrophic potential—of an accident, from the operation of nuclear-power plants; and the emission of waste heat to the air and nearby surface waters by both types of plants. The growth in the use of electric power has been attributed, with justification, to the modernity of our economy and, with much less justification, to our supposed affluence. The statistics appear straightforward. In the United States, power consumption by the economically active population in 1968 was about 20,500 K.W.H. (kilowatt-hours) per capita, as opposed to about 2,900 for Chile, 260 for India, and 230 for Thailand. (The United States produces thirty-four per cent of the world's electric-power output.) However, electric power is not in itself capable of satisfying any known human need, and its contribution to human welfare needs to be measured in terms of the economic goods that it can produce. Here we discover another serious failing—in terms of human welfare—of postwar technology: the new productive technologies are far more costly in the consumption of electric power and other forms of fuel-generated energy than the technologies they have displaced. For example, aluminum, which has increasingly displaced steel and lumber as a construction material, requires for its production about fifteen times as much fuel energy per pound as steel and about a hundred and fifty times as much fuel energy as lumber. Even when the fact is taken into account that the weight of aluminum needed for a given purpose is less than that of steel,



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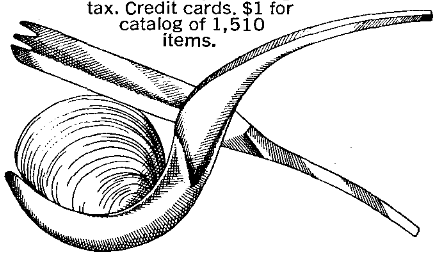

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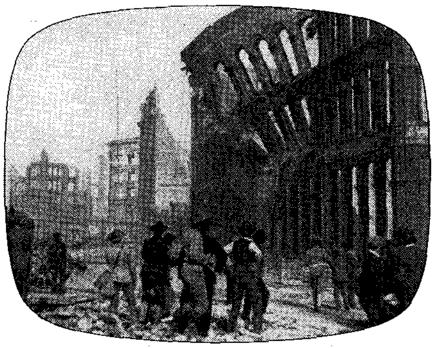
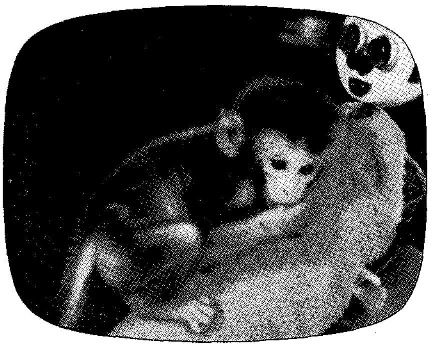


The Violent Earth

Take a Giant Step



Monkeys, Apes and Man

Which one is the children's program?

They all are.

The point, of course, is that television programming doesn't have to be labelled "For Children Only" to be of value to young viewers.

In the season ahead, many programs will attract and stimulate the whole family. Some to be seen shortly are listed on this page.

In those hours which, traditionally, are for children—Saturday and Sunday mornings—there are many new programs rich in information and entertainment. Some of these new weekly series are listed immediately below.

NEW WEEKEND CHILDREN'S SHOWS

Curiosity Shop. Each program is built on a theme and explores related ideas, using real children, puppets, animation. Saturdays, 10:30-11:30 am.

Take a Giant Step. Youngsters 13-15 years old produce this entertainment/information "magazine." Saturdays, 10:30-11:30 am.

Mr. Wizard. Don Herbert and two young guests study nature and science. Saturdays, 12-12:30 pm.

You Are There. Dramatic re-creations of significant events in world history, as though young viewers were electronic eyewitnesses. Saturdays, 12:30-1 pm.

Children's Film Festival. Outstanding foreign movies for children. Saturdays, 1-2 pm.

Make a Wish. Using animation, film, live-action and folksong, each telecast explores the associations around two central ideas. Sundays, 11:30 am-12 Noon.

Directions. Gospel of Godspell; Heritage of Islam—Part 1; Parochial Schools; Changing Images of Christ; Christian Science; Women in the Church. Sundays, Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (1-1:30 pm).

Monkeys, Apes and Man. National Geographic Society explores natural habitats of primates. Tuesday, Oct. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Timex Presents the Circus. Star performers of The Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey Circus. Tuesday, Oct. 19 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Picasso Is 90. CBS Reports will include an hour reviewing the artist's accomplishments. Thursday, Oct. 21 (9-11 pm).

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown. "Peanuts" kids celebrate Halloween. Saturday, Oct. 23 (8-8:30 pm).

Snoopy at the Ice Follies. Charles Schulz hosts ice extravaganza. Sunday, Oct. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Walt Disney World Special. Opening of Walt Disney World in Florida. Friday, Oct. 29 (8-9:30 pm).

Aesop's Fables. Animated version with Bill Cosby as Aesop. Sunday, Oct. 31 (7:30-8 pm).

Robin Hood. The Sherwood Forest story in animation. Sunday, Nov. 14 (5-6 pm).

The Longest Day. Story of D-Day. Starring John Wayne, Robert Mitchum, Richard Burton, Henry Fonda, Rod Steiger, Curt Jurgens. Sunday, Nov. 14 (8 pm-conclusion).

The Snow Goose. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Friendship develops between artist and young girl as they care for injured bird. Monday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

Dames at Sea. Musical spoofing '30's musicals. Starring Ann-Margret, Anne Meara, Ann Miller, others. Monday, Nov. 15 (9-10 pm).

The Last Days of John Dillinger. Appointment With Destiny—Documentary on "Public Enemy No. 1." Friday, Nov. 19 (8:30-9:30 pm).

South Pacific. Film version of Rodgers & Hammerstein musical. Wednesday, Nov. 24 (8-11:30 pm).

Cricket on the Hearth. Dickens' Christmas classic, animated. Thursday, Nov. 25 (3-4 pm).

Mouse on the Mayflower. A mouse joins Pilgrim Fathers sailing to America. Thursday, Nov. 25 (4-5 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Animated adaptation of A. A. Milne story. Friday, Nov. 26 (8-8:30 pm).

Plimpton! Great Quarterback Sneak. George Plimpton plays for Baltimore Colts. Friday, Nov. 26 (9-10 pm).

The Violent Earth. Documentary on earthquakes and volcanoes. Friday, Nov. 26 (10-11 pm).

Treasure Island. Animated version of Stevenson tale. Sunday, Nov. 28 (5-6 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/The Electric Company

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week)

Friday: Chronolog (appearing fourth Friday each month)

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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the power discrepancy remains. For example, the energy required to produce the metal for an aluminum beer can is 6.3 times that needed to produce the metal for a steel beer can. Thus, the expansion of power production in the United States has been greatly inflated by the growing tendency to displace power-thrifty goods with power-consumptive ones. The cost of this inefficiency is heavily borne by the environment.

Once again it is clear that the chief reason for the environmental crisis that has engulfed the United States in recent years is not the increase in our population and not a rise in our affluence but the sweeping transformation of productive technology. The economy has grown only enough to give the people of the United States about the same amount of basic goods per capita that it gave them in 1946. However, productive technologies with intense impacts on the environment have displaced less destructive ones. These technologies are ecologically faulty because they are designed to solve single, separate problems, and fail to take into account the "side effects" that are inevitable because on earth no form of matter or energy is isolated from the whole ecological fabric. The fragmented design of technology reflects its scientific foundation, for science is divided into disciplines that are governed largely by the notion that complex systems can be understood only if they are first broken down into their components. This reductionist bias has also tended to shield basic science from a concern with real-life problems, like environmental degradation.

Confronted by decisions on nuclear power, radiation, nitrate levels, photochemical smog, bacterial warfare, and all the other technicalities of environmental problems, one is tempted to call in the scientific expert. Scientists can, of course, evaluate the relevant benefits: how many kilowatt-hours of electricity a nuclear-power plant can deliver, and at what price; the yield of corn to be expected from the use of nitrogen fertilizer. They can also evaluate the related risks: the radiation dose to people in the vicinity of the power plant; the hazard to infants from nitrate levels exacerbated by fertilizers. Those evaluations can be derived from appropriate scientific theories, principles, and data. However, no scientific principle can guide the choice between some number of kilowatt-hours of electric power and some number of cases of thyroid cancer, or between some number of bushels of corn

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and some number of cases of infant methemoglobinemia. These are matters of morality, of social and political judgment; they are determined not by scientific principle but by the relative value we place on economic advantage and human life.

INDEED, there are powerful links between the environmental crisis and the economic system we live under. Conventional economic science conceives of the production and distribution of wealth as a vastly elaborated development of the ancient marketplace. Goods are produced and services performed so that they may be exchanged for other goods and services; values are determined, at least as a first approximation, by the interplay of supply and demand. The term "externality" has been introduced into economic theory to describe what once appeared to be a rather rare departure from this basic exchange process. In its simple form, an exchange is both mutually beneficial and voluntary; it takes place because both parties hope to gain from it. An externality, by contrast, may be neither beneficial nor voluntary for all parties in the transaction: Mercury benefits the chlorine-alkali producer but harms the commercial fisherman; it is used voluntarily by one party but is involuntarily inflicted upon the other. This is an example of a negative externality. In theory, but less commonly in practice, an externality may be economically positive—as in the case of a householder who happens to live next to a well-kept golf course. Now that very large negative externalities have begun to emerge in the form of environmental degradation, economists have begun to devote considerable attention to this once minor facet of economic theory. They face some difficult questions: How can the social costs of environmental deterioration be evaluated and met by the operation of the economic system? Are the basic operational requirements of the major economic systems—capitalism and socialism—compatible with the ecological imperatives we face?

The conventional solution proposed for a country like the United States is to "internalize the externalities," by taxing pollution or raising the prices of products to cover its costs. However, even if these measures are adopted, many serious difficulties will remain. In the private-enterprise system, one of the chief motivating forces is private profit. What is the connection between pollution and profit in a private-enterprise economic system like that of

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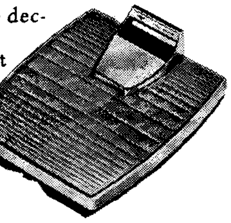

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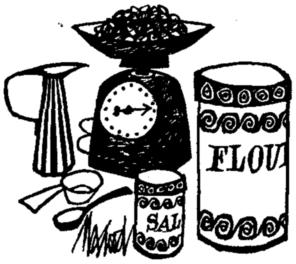
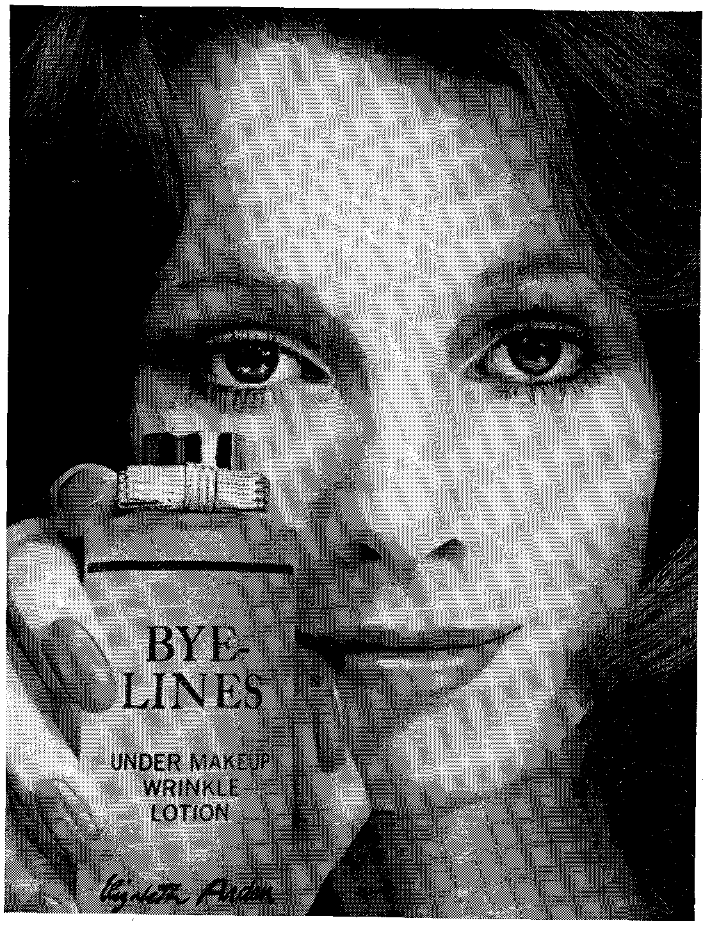
the United States? Many of the large-scale technological displacements in industry and agriculture that have occurred since 1946 are much more prone to pollute than the older ones they have displaced, and the new technology has clearly played an important role in the profitability of postwar business enterprise. A good example is the massive displacement of soap by synthetic detergents. In 1947, when the cleaning-product industry produced essentially no detergents, its profit amounted to about thirty per cent of sales. In 1967, when the industry produced about one-third soap and two-thirds detergents, the profit was about forty-two per cent of sales. From the data for intervening years, it can be computed that the profit on pure-detergent sales is about fifty-two per cent, considerably higher than the profit on pure-soap sales. This may help to explain why soap, despite its continued usefulness for most cleaning purposes, has been driven off the market by detergents. Another important example is provided in the displacement of small, low-powered automobiles by large, high-powered ones. An article in *Fortune* has noted, "As the size and selling price of a car are reduced, then, the profit margin tends to drop even faster. A standard U.S. sedan with a basic price of $3,000, for example, yields something like $250 to $300 in profit to its manufacturer. But when the price falls by a third, to $2,000, the factory profit drops by about half. Below $2,000, the decline grows even more precipitous." The introduction of a car of reduced environmental impact, which would necessarily have a relatively low-powered, low-compression engine and a low over-all weight, would sell at a relatively low price, and it would therefore yield a smaller profit than the standard heavy, high-powered, high-polluting vehicle. This may explain the recent remark by Henry Ford II that "minicars make miniprofits." Steel and lumber have been increasingly displaced as construction materials by aluminum, cement (in the form of concrete), and plastics. In 1967, the profits (in relation to total sales) from steel production by blast furnaces and lumber production were 12.5 per cent and 15.4 per cent, respectively. The products that have displaced steel and lumber yielded significantly higher profits: aluminum, 25.7 per cent; cement, 37.4 per cent; plastics and resins, 21.4 per cent. Again the displacement of technologies with relatively weak environmental impacts by technologies with stronger impacts has been accompanied by significant increases in profitability.

The costs of environmental degradation, it appears, are borne chiefly by society as a whole, in the form of externalities, rather than by the producer. A business enterprise that pollutes the environment is therefore being subsidized by society, and to this extent the enterprise, though free, is not wholly private. When a manufacturing process borrows from the ecosystem and incurs what might be called "a debt to nature" in the form of pollution, there is an immediate saving for the producer. At the same time, pollution often adds to the living costs of the population as a whole, most of which consists of wage earners rather than entrepreneurs. Thus, when the workers in the vicinity of a power plant find their cleaning costs increased because of soot emitted by its stacks, their wages are reduced by the amount of that increase. In essence, the workers' extra cleaning costs subsidize part of the cost of operating the power plant. Of course, it may have taken fifteen or twenty years of environmental pollution from industrial plants along the shore of Lake Erie, say, before the burden of waste reduced the water's oxygen content to zero, halted the self-purification process, and fouled the beaches so badly that in order to enjoy a swim the plants' workers had to add to their cost of living the price of admission to a swimming pool. Similarly, chronic low-level exposure to radiation, mercury, or DDT may shorten a wage earner's life without reducing his income or even causing him to incur extra medical costs during his lifetime. In this case, the cost of pollution is not met for a long time; the bill is finally paid by the wage earner's premature death, which—apart from the feelings of his family and friends—can be reckoned in terms of a certain number of years of lost income.



The economic theory of the private-enterprise system is based very substantially on the advantages of growth. And yet the total rate by which men exploit the earth's ecosystem has some upper limit; if this rate is exceeded, the system will eventually be driven to collapse. Hence, all productive systems must eventually reach a no-growth condition—at least with respect to the

Day Care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accumulation of capital goods designed to exploit the ecosystem, and the products that these yield. In a private-enterprise system, a no-growth condition means no further accumulation of capital. If the accumulation of capital, through profit, is a basic driving force of this system, as it seems to be, it is difficult to see how the system can continue to operate under conditions of no growth. Moreover, different ecological cycles vary considerably in their intrinsic rates—rates that cannot be exceeded if breakdown is to be avoided. For example, the natural turnover rate of a soil system is considerably lower than that of an aquatic system—a fish farm, let us say. It follows that if the private-enterprise system is to exploit these different ecosystems concurrently without inducing ecological breakdown, there will be different rates of economic return. But when one enterprise yields a lower return than another, investment funds will tend to be transferred to the latter. Of course, many marginal enterprises that yield profits significantly below those available elsewhere in the economic system have important social value. It will perhaps be possible to keep them going by means of subsidies, but very often the subsidies will need to be so large as to amount to nationalization—a contradiction of private enterprise. Finally, since the "debt to nature" represented by environmental pollution is essentially a saving in production costs on the part of the entrepreneur, it provides a cushion against the effects of internal problems in the economic system—such as the conflict between entrepreneur and employee over wages. Now we know that the debt must be paid, and in this sense the emergence of an ecological crisis must be regarded as the signal of an emerging crisis in our economic system.

What little I have been able to learn from available reports indicates that the problems of environmental pollution in industrialized socialist nations are not basically different from those typical of industrialized private-enterprise nations like the United States. The pollutants in surface waters in the Soviet Union are similar in both type and origin to the ones that trouble the United States and other developed countries. They include wastes from municipalities, food-processing plants, and pulp and paper plants, industrial chemicals and metals, oil spills, and drainage of fertilizer. There is no evidence that the new postwar technologies introduced in the Soviet Union differ much from those which dominate

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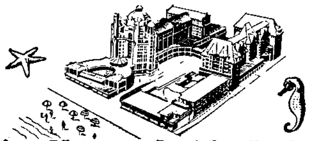

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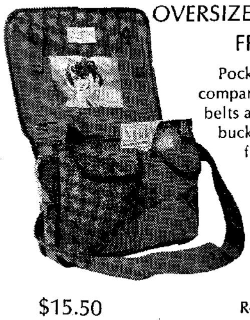

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American production, and the evidence that environmental pollution in Russia is following about the same course it has taken in capitalist countries suggests that the drive for "plan fulfillment" takes its toll of the ecosystem just as the drive for profits does. However, the socialist system does have, in theory, several advantages over the private-enterprise system in dealing with ecological problems. One of these is the relative ease of national planning, which is essential for an ecologically rational system of production. Another advantage relates specifically to the problem of growth. Though it is true that the Soviet Union and other socialist states have emphasized economic growth just as heavily as capitalist states have, the theory of socialist economics does not appear to require that the growth should continue *indefinitely*. Moreover, it should be comparatively easy for a socialist system to enforce varying rates of return from productive activities in different sectors of the ecosystem.

In any case, both socialist and capitalist economic theories have apparently developed without taking into account the limited biological capital represented by the ecosystem. As a result, neither of the systems is now well prepared to confront the environmental crisis, and both will be severely tested by it. For if any civilization is to survive, industry, agriculture, and transportation must meet the inescapable demands of the ecosystem. This will require the development of major new technologies, including methods of returning sewage and garbage directly to the soil; the replacement of many synthetic materials by natural ones; the reversal of the present tendency to retire soil from agriculture and to elevate the yield per acre; the replacement of synthetic organic agents by biological means of controlling insects and other pests; the discouragement of power-consuming industries; the development of land transport that operates with maximum fuel efficiency at low combustion temperatures and with minimum land use; essentially complete containment and reclamation of wastes from combustion processes, smelting, and chemical operations; essentially complete recycling of all reusable metal, ceramic, and paper products; and ecologically sound planning of land use, especially in urban areas. In effect, all major elements of the new productive enterprises constructed on the basis of ecologically faulty technology have to be rebuilt along ecologically sound lines. Obviously, these changes must be worldwide; for exam-

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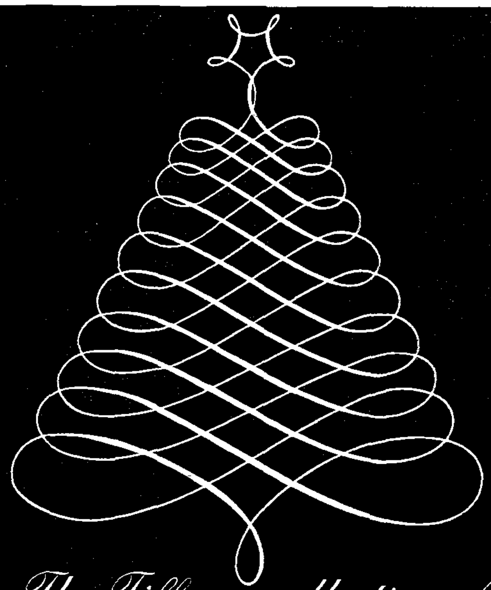

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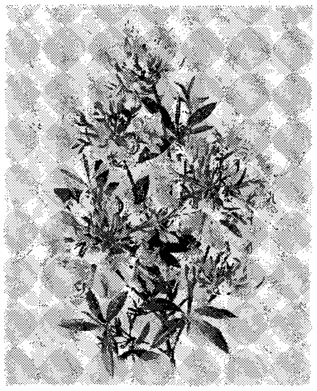

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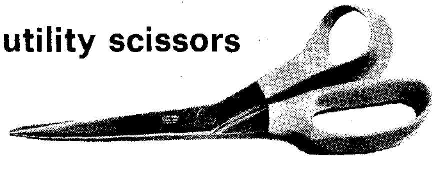

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ple, if industrialized countries were to give up the large-scale use of synthetic materials, tropical countries would need to take up the slack and manufacture such products as soap, tires, and fabrics from natural materials for world commerce. Like the ecosphere itself, the peoples of the world are linked by their separate but interconnected needs to a common fate. The world will survive the environmental crisis as a whole or not at all.

WE live in a time that is dominated by enormous technical power and extreme human need. The power is self-evident in the megawattage of power plants and the megatonnage of nuclear bombs. The human need is painfully evident in the sheer numbers of people now and soon to be living, in the deterioration of their habitat, the earth, and in the tragic worldwide epidemic of hunger and want. The gap between brute power and human need continues to grow, for the power fattens on the same faulty technology that intensifies the need. Everywhere in the world, there is evidence of a deep-seated failure to use the competence, the wealth, the power at human disposal for the maximum good of human beings. The environmental crisis is a major example of this failure. It has come about because the means by which we use the ecosphere to produce wealth threaten the ecosphere itself. The present system of production is self-destructive.

My own judgment, based on the evidence now at hand, is that the present course of environmental degradation, at least in industrialized countries, represents such a serious challenge to essential ecological systems that if it is continued it will destroy the ability of the environment to support a reasonably civilized human society. Some number of human beings might well survive such a catastrophe, for the collapse of civilization would reduce the pace of environmental degradation. What would then remain would be a kind of neo-barbarism, with a highly uncertain future.

Deep pessimism is perhaps a natural aftermath of the shock of recognizing that the vaunted "progress" of modern civilization is only a thin cloak for global catastrophe. No scientist, economist, or politician—no committee of experts—could possibly come up with a specific plan for resolving the environmental crisis. To pretend otherwise is only to evade the real meaning of the environmental crisis: that the world is being carried to the brink of

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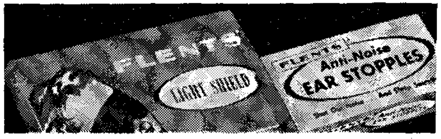

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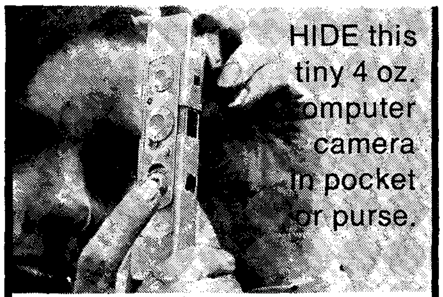

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ecological disaster not by a single fault, which some clever scheme could correct, but by a phalanx of powerful economic, technological, and social forces. What is required is nothing less than a change in the course of history. I am convinced, however, that once we pass beyond mere awareness of impending disaster and begin to understand how we have reached our present predicament and where the alternative paths ahead can lead, there is reason to hope. After all, the environmental crisis is not the product of man's biological capabilities, which could not change in time to save us, but of his social actions, which are subject to much more rapid change. If the environmental crisis is the result of social mismanagement of the world's resources, then it can be resolved and man can survive in a humane condition by consciously bringing his social organization into harmony with the ecosphere.

Here we can learn a basic lesson from nature: that nothing can survive on the planet unless it is a coöperative part of a larger whole. Life itself learned that lesson on the primitive earth—for the first living things, like modern man, consumed their nutritive base as they grew, converting the geochemical store of organic matter into wastes that could no longer serve their needs. Life as it first appeared on the earth was embarked on a linear, self-destructive course. What prevented extinction was the appearance, in the course of evolution, of a new life form, which reconverted the waste of the primitive organisms into fresh organic matter. The first photosynthetic organisms transformed the rapacious linear course of life into the earth's first great ecological cycle. By closing the circle, they achieved what no living organism alone can accomplish—survival. Human beings have broken out of the circle of life, driven not by biological need but by the social organizations that they have devised to "conquer" nature. Once more, in order to survive, we must close the circle. We must learn how to restore to nature the wealth we borrow from it.

—BARRY COMMONER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

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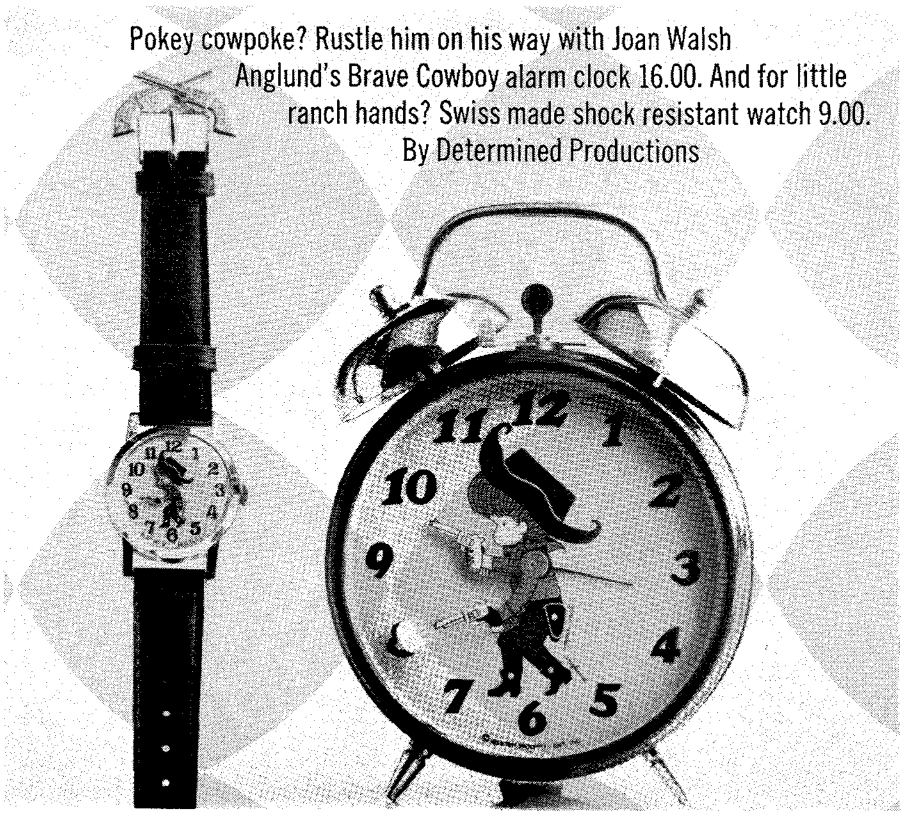

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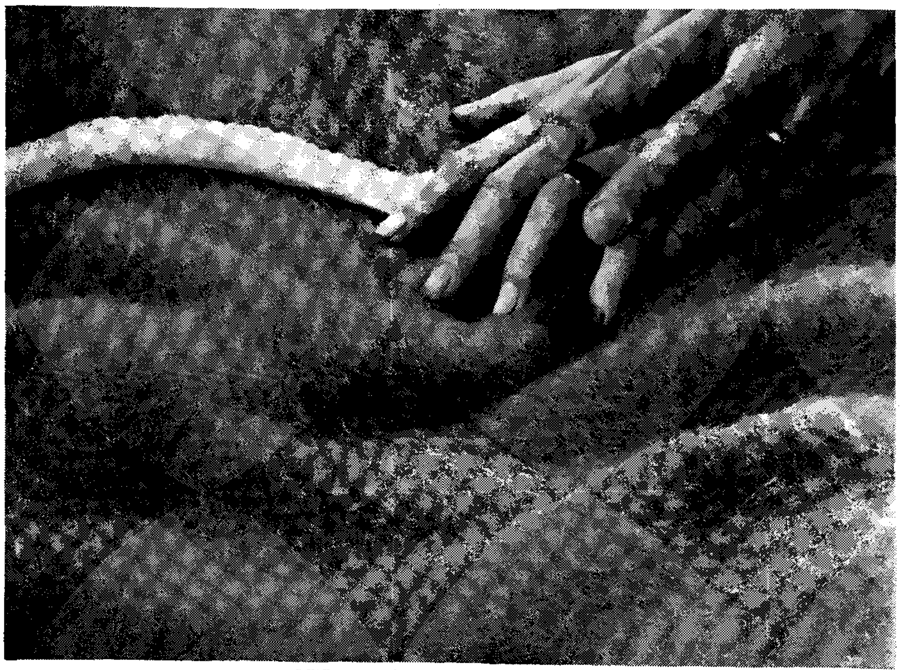

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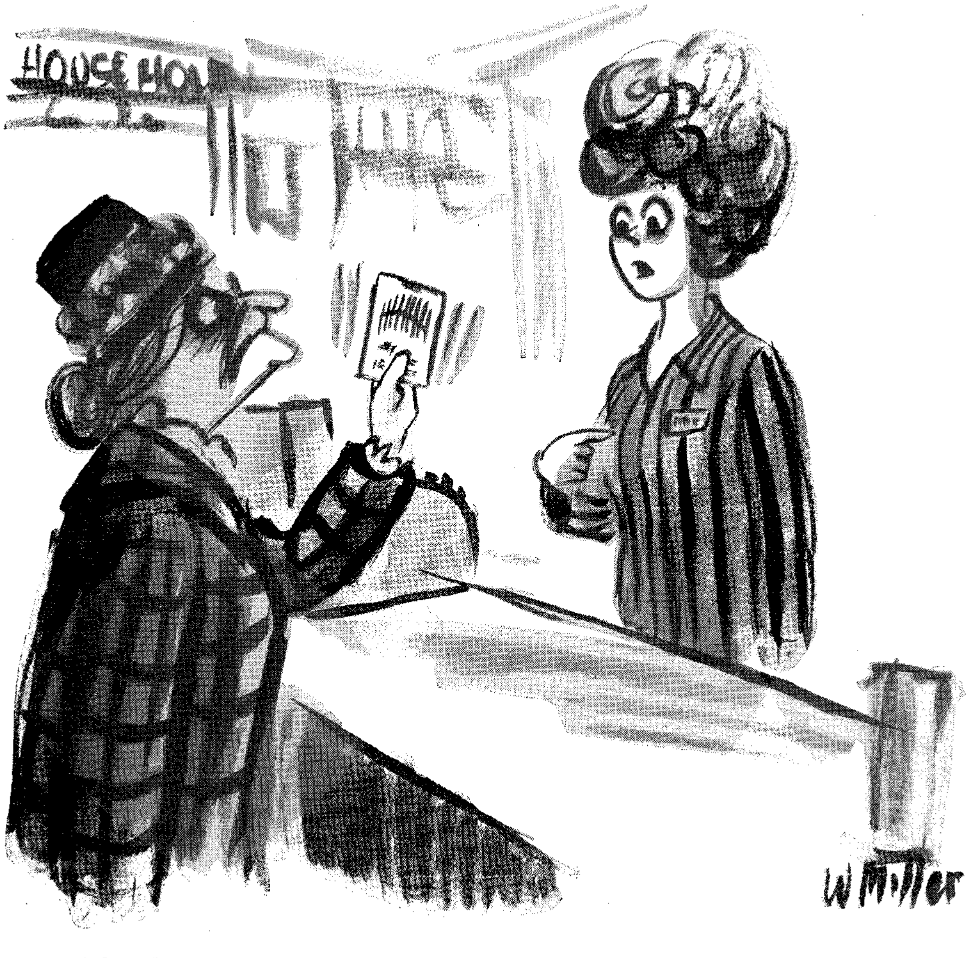
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Movie Classic Is Not Nothing

SEEING "Sunday Bloody Sunday" was for me like reading a novel that was very far from my life and my temperament, and that yet when I finished it had me thinking, It all adds up; it has a vision and sticks to it—and, yes, there's something there, there's truth in it. The movie, which is about the ways in which people learn to compromise, spans ten days in the lives of three Londoners and the breakup of their love affairs. A homosexual doctor in his forties, played by Peter Finch, and an employment counsellor in her thirties, played by Glenda Jackson, are both in love with a boyish, successful kinetic sculptor, played by Murray Head, who casually divides his time and affections between them. He isn't a bitch, but he isn't quite a man, either; with youth and looks and a talent for success all on his side, he is not yet (and perhaps never will be) fully human in the way they are. Nothing has ever struck him down. He does what he pleases, avoids any kind of pressure, and can't see why other people's lives should be confused or messy. He has no special sexual preferences and doesn't understand what upsets the two older people about sharing him, since he loves them both.

The cool sculptor just has to *be*, and Murray Head seems effortlessly right in the role—a hip angel who has never heard of Hell—but the others suffer, and so Peter Finch and Glenda Jackson are required to act. (It's possible to see the characters as representing generations, though I should certainly prefer not to.) In terms of its own split-shift scheme, the movie goes somewhat out of balance, because the doctor's role is better conceived and also better played than the woman's. Peter Finch's Dr. Daniel Hirsh is possibly a movie first—a homosexual character who isn't fey or pathetic or grotesque. He is one of the most simply and completely created characters in recent films. Finch wears a yarmulke well but he never overdoes being Jewish, and he doesn't overdo being homosexual. One is always aware of how faultless and polished and intelligent Finch's acting is, and, as with other characterizations of his, there's nothing for us to fill in, nothing spills over, there's no grit to complain of. We don't usually remember his characters or care about him as an actor the way we sometimes care about even sloppy, rather stupid actors who trust to instinct. Finch is lifelike without much life. Maybe greatness eludes him as an actor because he stays in character so perfectly he's a little boring. This time, however, his subtlety and modesty are memorably right, for the urbane Dr. Hirsh, resigned to loneliness, doesn't have much life in him. He has some guilt about his homosexuality, but not very much; what he feels is closer to occasional social embarrassment. The Doctor is a competent, intelligent man, more tidy than deep, and he doesn't ask much more from life than the half a loaf he gets from his young friend. Perhaps he doesn't really want the involvement of more.

The woman, however, does. Alex Greville is a divorcée, taut and wellborn, with a "piercing, educated mind," a pill-popping woman who doesn't know what to do with herself. (In the theatre of the twenties, she would have been gallant Lady Alex.) But why is she anguishing over this boy? Alex's neo-Bankhead baggage of rue and harsh tenderness and a refusal to stoop to conventional feminine wiles doesn't provide much understanding of what Alex wants. (Surely not "all" of this innocuously blank boy—what could that do for her? And surely not merely a more conventional lover, either?) The boy is meant to be only a catalyst, but we can't see what elements in her are affected by him, or what possibilities crushed by her not having more of him. Glenda Jackson gives the picture a needed tensile strength, and yet the bile and violence in her seem wrong for the role; a scene in which she yells at a child feels totally out of character, and when you see Alex with her mother (Peggy Ashcroft) you just don't believe they could ever be mother and daughter. The director, John Schlesinger, hasn't helped Miss Jackson's performance by shooting her constantly in closeups in which she indicates her thoughts and emotions by movements of her tongue to her lips or against her teeth. Her specialty seems to be a slightly repellent hardness; it's erotic, all right, and she has a definite appeal—all edge and challenge—but she doesn't show many new facets in this role. Seen close, an actress really



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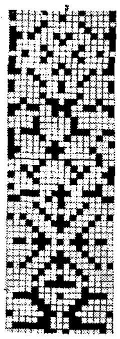

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needs softness and some shadings; in the movies an intense actress without a soft side can easily become inexpressive and unlikable. (Bankhead herself didn't become a popular movie star until she returned to the screen in middle age as a raucous, lecherous comedienne.) Miss Jackson really is a bit hard-nosed. Katharine Hepburn had this glittering hyperconsciousness but could transform it into sheer radiance; Glenda Jackson is no chameleon. Alex's most likable moment comes near the end when she says something wryly self-depreciating to Dr. Hirsh; it's as if she felt free with him, since she has nothing to gain. But we never find out why Alex is such a Brillo pad with her mother and everybody else—or whether Glenda Jackson is simply miscast.

Though in the scheme of the film Alex, who rejects compromise, is the insurgent, her activism rings rather hollow, because the whole vision and attitude of the movie go the other way. The pervasive atmosphere is of a generalized quietism; "Sunday Bloody Sunday" is a curious sort of plea on behalf of human frailty—a movie that asks for sympathy for the non-heroes of life who make the best deal they can. This plea will, I think, help the picture find an audience; people can receive solace from it. It is probably the movie that educated people have been waiting for and longing for—a movie that says they should stop castigating themselves and that yet leaves them mourning for everyone's lost hopes.

It's an unusual film—one of a kind—and unquestionably the most sophisticated weeper ever made. ("Brief Encounter" was relatively middle-class.) The three principals are friends with a left-wing intellectual couple whose children giggle and drop little needling remarks indicating hidden layers of gamesmanship and complicity that make the quick of one's nails ache. The type of elegant, stylized novel that this movie resembles pays for its style with a certain bloodlessness, and the movie does, too. There is maybe a little too *much* sensibility; compassion is *featured*, and it's difficult to separate this compassion from masochism. "People can manage on very little," the Doctor says to relatives of an incapacitated patient. "Too late to start again," a sad, heavy-lidded woman who looks like Virginia Woolf says of her miserable marriage. And Alex's mother says to her, "You keep throwing in your hand because you haven't got the whole thing. There *is* no whole thing." Of her life with Alex's father the mother says, "You think it's nothing, but it's

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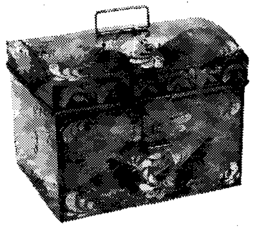

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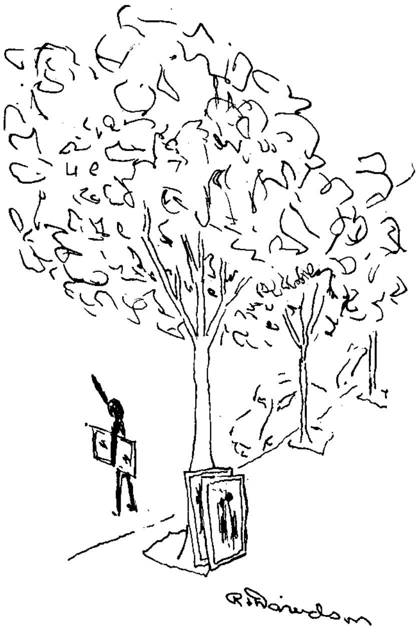
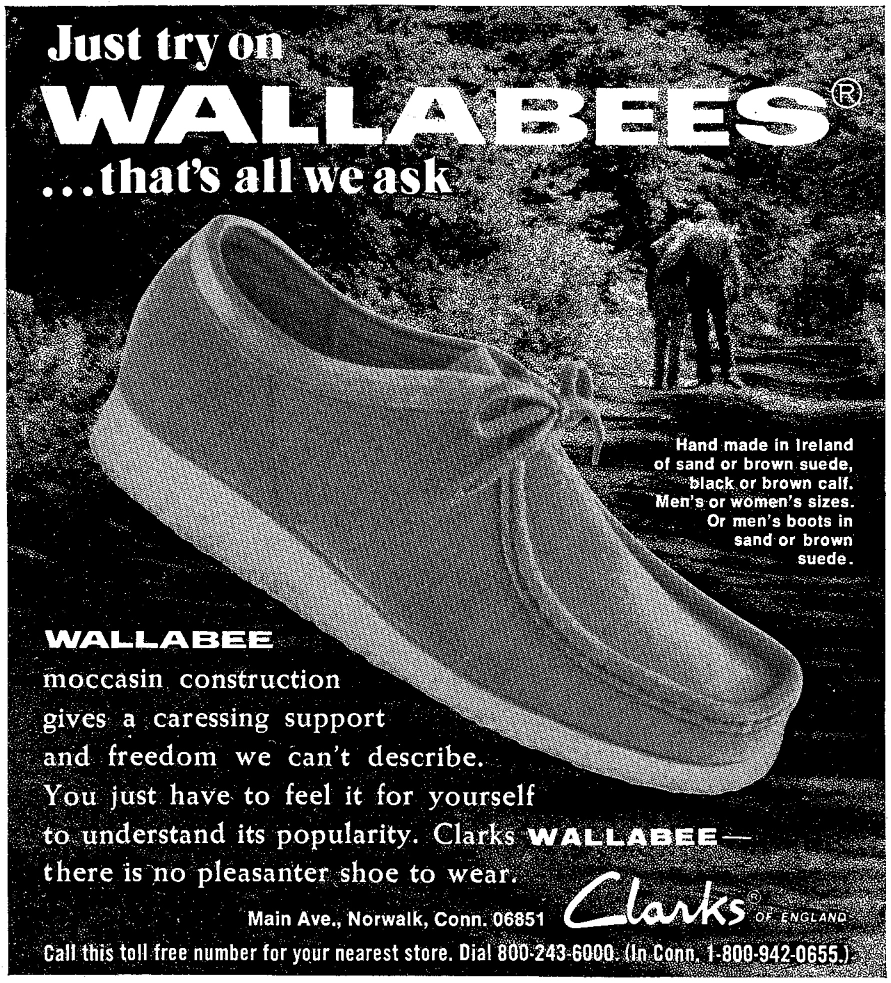
not nothing." This is what all our mothers told us and what we went to the movies to escape from, and so it's an unexpected message for a movie—that we should extend sympathy to those who live on the little margin that constitutes "not nothing." If I may borrow a term from Elizabeth Hardwick, the picture is "willfully vulnerable." It's even insistently vulnerable. All this hanging on may seem a little wan or rather noble, I suppose, depending on the viewer's psychological bent. I don't find it noble, but I was held and affected by the intelligence and skill and conviction that make the movie emotionally all of a piece.

Movies have bypassed this cultivated kind of sensitive fiction, and for reasons—not only because it used to be considered impossible for a large enough movie audience to take to heart emotional problems that are as refined and civilized as these (the characters here are all *coping*, they're not falling apart) but because it's extremely difficult to sustain the literary tone on the screen. It has never been done before—not successfully, that is—and so this movie is instantly recognizable as a classic. It will, I think, have a special lasting value, and it is certainly John Schlesinger's finest work to date. In the past, he has scored what I thought false points and hideously obvious points, and the fact that I could sense that his flash was effective with the audience made it worse for me. I walked out after a half hour of my first Schlesinger film, and I wanted to at the second. I always feel distant from his work; I see him putting it together and I hear it go tick, scratch, tick. In "Sunday Bloody Sunday," Schlesinger—inspired, one may assume, by the delicate substance of





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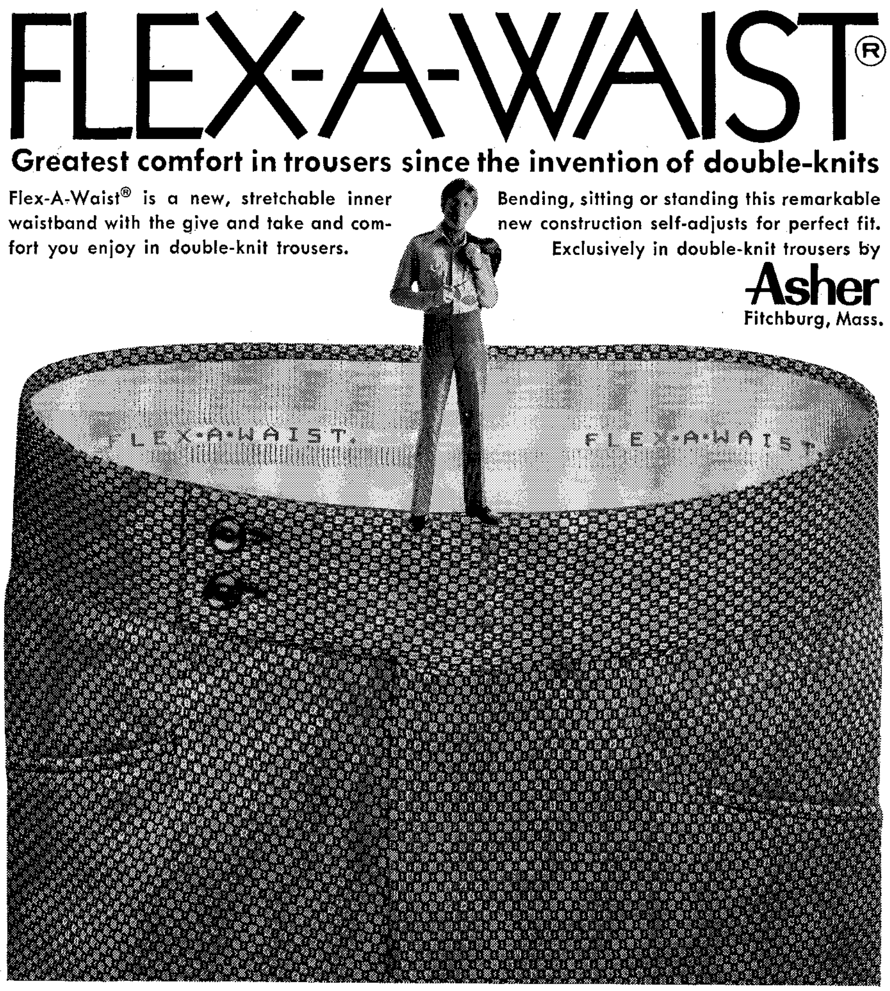

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Penelope Gilliatt's screenplay—has lost his stridency. The stresses and tones are adjusted just right, but his new modulated understatement is almost as mechanical as the old overstatement. This movie is superlatively well made. But though I can recognize how good it is, and though I was moved by it, "Sunday Bloody Sunday" is not my kind of movie. Its extreme refinement is capped by a recurrent inexpressibly sad fragment from a Mozart opera, an emblem of culture and restraint. The music didn't have me banging on the walls of my head the way the score for "The Go-Between" did, but it kept me aware of how little rapport I have with the movie's conception of culture.

This picture wouldn't be instantly recognizable as a classic if it weren't in a classic, immaculate style of filmmaking; that is, the preordained, fitted-together modern mosaic. Schlesinger's method of work is so pat it's almost a form of self-deprivation; there's no looseness or flow in this way of working, and no true freedom. "Sunday Bloody Sunday" bears some resemblance to "The Pumpkin Eater" (which also closed in on sensibility), but you weren't always sure what was going on in that movie; it was a very murky picture. And that murkiness was suggestive compared to this set of planted insights. You can practically count the watts in the illuminations.

The scenes are so tight and utilitarian that when the Doctor goes to his nephew's bar mitzvah and the movie lingers on the episode, at first you think "Why is this here?" When this sequence was over, I felt that it was richer in meaning than anything else in the film, *because I didn't know exactly why I was seeing it.* I'm afraid I liked this sequence best because I felt that the prolongation wasn't for a plot point but for its own sake—because the director wanted it. I liked it because it loused up the dumb symmetry.

Schlesinger has it all—a gift for pacing, the energy to bring all the elements of a movie together—but he uses his technique so that it's just about impossible for you to have any reaction to "Sunday Bloody Sunday" that he hasn't decreed you should. Yet if Schlesinger doesn't stir the aesthetic sense, he does know how to make people feel something, and that's not nothing. This movie is a novel written on film—but truly written on film, in a pungent, slangy style that sounds accurate, not bookish, and with differentiated voices (the Doctor's "frankly"s and "How does that grab you?" are a class away from Alex's "Pack it in"). The movie

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itself, however, speaks with one voice: the director appears to have blended his own voice with that of the writer. Penelope Gilliatt has done what few people who write for the screen think to do: she has kept her self-respect as a writer, and written not down but up. She has trusted the audience. Miss Gilliatt and I are ships that pass each other in the night every six months. It is a pleasure to salute her on this crossing.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

EDITOR DISMISSED
OVER CROQUET
FUNDS DISPUTE

By a Staff Reporter

The Croquet Association's decision to accept a grant from the Central Council for Physical Recreation to develop the sport has led to the dismissal of the editor of the association's official magazine. The grant originated from the Department of the Environment.

Mr. Bryan Lloyd-Pratt, the editor, wrote an article criticizing the use of public funds for a minority sport and conveying his forebodings that the type of publicity envisaged might attract the wrong people.

After the article appeared a meeting of the board responsible for the magazine was held, and in the words of Mr. Lloyd-Pratt, who attended the meeting: "We decided that I should be dismissed."

Mr. S. S. Townsend, chairman of the association, said that the article was only one reason for the dismissal, but the magazine was the official organ and its editor had to toe the line in certain respects.

Mr. Lloyd-Pratt's anxiety is that croquet might be invaded by the wrong kind of person whose appearance on a croquet court would be contrary to the tradition of the sport.

Mr. Townsend sees no danger that such persons might be recruited: "A high degree of skill and intelligence are required and therefore it is not going to attract the lower income groups." It is also an expensive game to play.

The decline in the game's popularity, attributed by Mr. Lloyd-Pratt to the inimical atmosphere of the jazz and aspirin era of the twenties, has not led to a decline in the quality of player.

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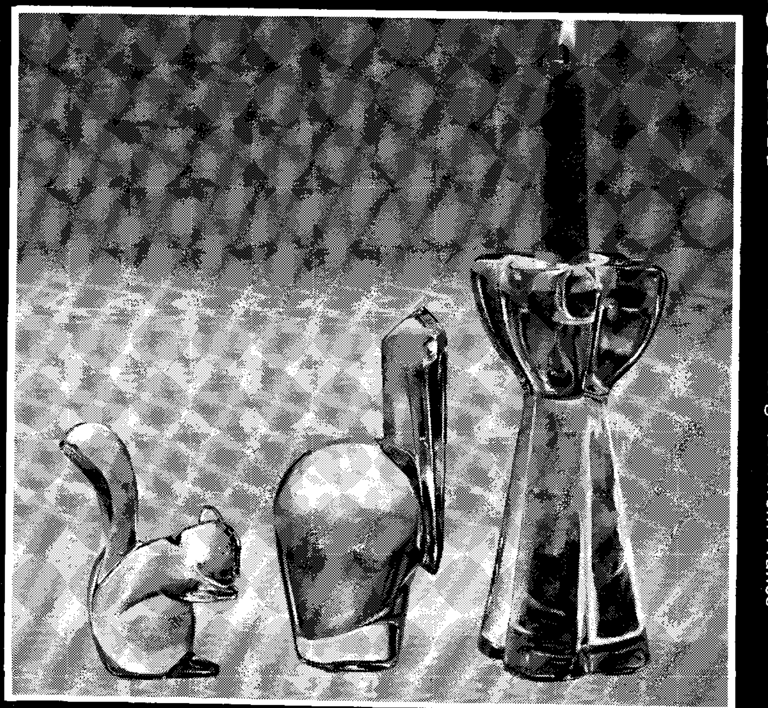

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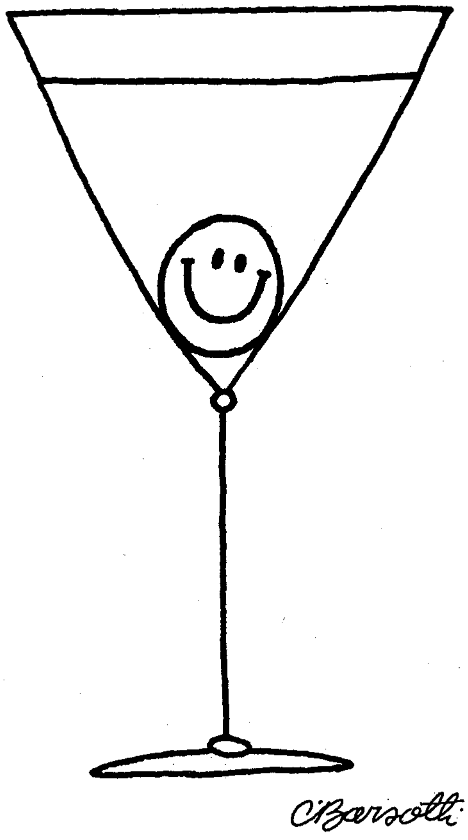
THE SPORTING SCENE

TENNIS TROUBLES

DURING the nearly one hundred years of its existence, tournament tennis has seldom been able to go for much longer periods than governments of Bolivia do without incurring disruption and strife. For example, when the long-cherished dream of open tennis became a reality in 1968, most of the game's followers were sure that it was now ready to enjoy, if not a gleaming Periclean Age, at least a calm and productive Era of Good Feeling. There were, to be sure, certain loose ends and inconsistencies. It seemed illogical, for instance, that a so-called Contract Professional, a professional who was under contract to a tennis promoter, was not eligible to represent his country in Davis Cup competition, whereas a so-called Registered Player, a professional who was affiliated with his national lawn-tennis association, was eligible. In the euphoria of the moment, though, everyone was confident that these complications would be straightened out in no time. Well, we were all a little naïve. Over the past three seasons, the world of tennis has become the same old plexus of contention and cabal that it has always been, and today things have reached the point where the national organizations, such as the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and the International Lawn Tennis Federation, which is made up of ninety-three national associations, are on extremely chilly terms with the two big professional outfits—World Championship Tennis and the Women's Pro Tour. Indeed, at the close of this year's Wimbledon tournament the I.L.T.F. and World Championship Tennis, which had been meeting to resolve their differences, called a press conference to announce that they had agreed to disagree. The I.L.T.F. further declared that, beginning in January, 1972, none of the players under contract to World Championship Tennis would be able to enter the Australian, French, All-England, or United States Championships or, for that matter, any other tournament conducted under the aegis of the I.L.T.F. This would mean a Wimbledon and a Forest Hills without Rod Laver, John Newcombe, Ken Rosewall, Arthur Ashe, Tom Okker, and nearly all the rest of the top-rank players, which would be sort of like "The Forsyte Saga" without the Forsytes.

Considering how muddled the world of tennis has become, I suppose it is not so strange that professional tennis should currently be centered in Texas, immeasurable miles from the Royal Box at Wimbledon, the blue-and-gold striped marquee at Forest Hills, the slow red clay of Stade Roland Garros, outside Paris, and the high-rise bleachers of Kooyong and White City in Australia. The Women's Pro Tour has its headquarters in Houston, and World Championship Tennis has its headquarters in Dallas. In midsummer, in search of enlightenment, I went down to visit them.

THE story of the Women's Pro Tour is largely the story of Gladys Heldman, an energetic, strong-minded, peppery New Yorker, now in her late forties, who has been a considerable force in tennis since 1953, when she founded *World Tennis*, a monthly magazine that quickly became the leader in its field. During the 1970 championships at Forest Hills, a group of prominent women players who had long felt that most tournaments did not allot a big enough share of the prize money to the distaff side of the proceedings decided that the time had come to do something about it. What had set them off was the prize-money ratio in the Pacific Southwest Open, scheduled to be played in Los Angeles two weeks after Forest Hills. The usual prize-money ratio between the men and the women in European tournaments is two and a half to one, and in American tournaments it is about five to one, except at Forest Hills, where it is about three to one. In the Pacific Southwest, though, the purse for the women—seventy-five hundred dollars—was less than one-eighth of the men's purse. (The way things were set up, a woman player had to reach the quarter-finals to receive any prize money at all. The tournament, furthermore, was paying no travel fares or other expenses.) At Forest Hills, Billie Jean King and Rosemary Casals, representing the dissident group, approached Mrs. Heldman and asked her if she would talk to Jack Kramer, the tournament director of the Pacific Southwest, about increasing the women's prize money. Mrs. Heldman was the logical choice for the group's spokeswoman. As the editor and publisher of *World Tennis*, she had long been at the heart of the game, and, as the mother of Julie Heldman, then the second-ranked American-woman player, she was particularly close to women's tennis. As it turned out, Kramer proved to be unbudgeable, whereupon Mrs. Heldman swung into action with her characteristic briskness and arranged for a tournament with a field of eight of the insurgents to be held at the Houston Racquet Club the same week as the Pacific Southwest. She chose Houston because her husband, a vice-president of the Shell Oil Company, had recently been shifted to that city from New York and she was then in the process of moving her household and her magazine there.



Despite the speed with which things had to be done, the Houston tournament worked out well. It was able to offer seventy-five hundred dollars in prize money, five thousand of it from the sale of a hundred fifty-dollar tickets that entitled the purchaser to attend special instruction clinics, and the rest from Virginia Slims cigarettes. (With a field of only eight, the first-round losers received three hundred dollars—enough to cover expenses.) To protect the Houston Racquet Club from suspension by the U.S.L.T.A. for putting on an unsanctioned tournament, the eight players—Nancy Richey, Kerry Melville, Judy Tegart Dalton, Valerie Ziegenfuss, Peaches Bartkowicz, and

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Kristy Pigeon, along with Mrs. King and Miss Casals—turned Contract Pro, signing with *World Tennis* for a dollar each. (At that time, a club that put on a tournament only for Contract Pros did not require official sanction.) On the second day of the tournament, the players were informed by telegram that they had been suspended by the U.S.L.T.A., but by that time several encouraging things were happening. Most important, Barry MacKay, the chairman of the Pacific Coast Championships, scheduled for Berkeley following the Pacific Southwest, called Mrs. Heldman to tell her that the tournament, which had originally offered twenty-eight thousand dollars in prize money for the men and two thousand for the women, had raised the women's share to forty-four hundred. He was informed that the women would be delighted to appear if their prize money was raised to eleven thousand dollars, a figure in keeping with the minimum standards that the group had established. When MacKay rang back to report that he had been able to round up the eleven thousand, the Women's Pro Tour—Women's Lob, it inevitably came to be called—had scored a major victory.

Mrs. Heldman arranged for only one other tournament in 1970, but this year, with more and more players joining the tour, she was able to set up a whole new circuit for the women. During the first four months alone, they played thirteen tournaments offering prize money of between ten and fifteen thousand dollars—in San Francisco, Long Beach (California), Oklahoma City, Milwaukee, Chattanooga, Philadelphia, Fort Lauderdale, Winchester (Massachusetts), Birmingham (Michigan), New York, San Juan, St. Petersburg, and San Diego—as well as a thirty-thousand-dollar tournament in Las Vegas. Local corporations sponsored about half of these events, and where this wasn't possible Virginia Slims stepped in and put up the necessary money. When you reflect on the tensions traditionally believed to be endemic to all-girl orchestras or all-girl anythings, the tour has done amazingly well. To begin with, the players have been happy because they have made out much better financially than they had ever hoped to. As early as May—by which time just about all the top players in the world except Margaret Court, of Australia, and Virginia Wade, of England, had gravitated to the Women's Pro Tour—four of the tourists had earned over twenty-five thousand dollars each: Mrs. King, Miss

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Casals, Ann Jones, of England, who had been the 1969 Wimbledon champion, and Françoise Durr, the best French player. (In the past, only the most outstanding women players could ever hope to make as much as twenty-five thousand a year, either above or below the table, but as of this writing Mrs. King has won over ninety thousand dollars in prize money in 1971 and is sure to go over the hundred-thousand mark.) For another thing, the regular presence on the tour of Philip (Pip) Jones, Ann's husband, gave the tour just the balance wheel it needed. A sound and amiable man, Jones retired four years ago, upon reaching the age of sixty, as the director of sales for a worldwide British paint company that has its headquarters in Birmingham, England, and he has since travelled with his wife on her tennis campaigns. Fretful this past winter at the amount of free time on his hands, he volunteered to take on the duties of tour coördinator, and he has performed them superbly. Moreover, since all but two of the winter and spring tournaments drew well and made money, the sponsors were extremely pleased, and Mrs. Heldman consequently found it no trouble to set up a full post-Wimbledon summer circuit, which featured a twenty-thousand-dollar Ford Capri tournament in Venice and a forty-thousand-dollar Virginia Slims International in Houston—the richest women's tournament in history.

The fact that the separate women's tour, for which many tennis insiders had predicted outright disaster, has fared so well is really not surprising when one recalls Gladys Heldman's astonishing record of achievement. A slim, dark-haired woman who is the daughter of the late George Z. Medalie, a New York lawyer and judge, she graduated from Stanford in 1942 and shortly thereafter married Julius Heldman, a former national junior tennis champion who was then an instructor in chemistry at the University of California at Berkeley. Mrs. Heldman took a master's degree at Berkeley in medieval history, and went one up on her husband by becoming a full professor of mathematics at Williams Institute, a small college in Berkeley, where she taught calculus and differential equations. Although she did not take up tennis until after the birth of her two daughters, Carrie and Julie, she quickly became proficient at the game, and in 1951—by this time her husband had accepted a position with Shell and the family was living on the outskirts of Houston—she won the

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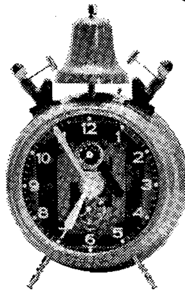

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women's division of Houston's famous River Oaks tournament and was ranked No. 1 in Texas. She has played at Wimbledon once—in 1954. In 1953, a month after the first issue of *World Tennis* came out, Mr. Heldman was transferred to New York. Mrs. Heldman brought the infant magazine along, and quickly established herself as the city's ranking tennis hostess, but it wasn't until 1959 that the scope of her executive ability became apparent. That year, after the U.S.L.T.A. had voted not to hold the national indoor championships, an inveterate money-loser, she and two friends got permission from the organization to put on the tournament, rented the Seventh Regiment Armory, and made a profit of eight thousand dollars, which they turned over to the Association. In 1962, when the U.S.L.T.A., as poky as ever, was undecided whether it would be financially worthwhile to bring over a contingent of foreign players for the championships at Forest Hills, Mrs. Heldman had a bright idea. She and nine friends put up seventeen hundred dollars apiece and chartered a jet, which collected some seventy international players at Amsterdam, flew them to New York for the tournament, and then flew them back. Under the terms of the deal, the U.S.L.T.A. was obliged to recompense the ten underwriters only if the gate receipts for the championships broke the old record; they did. Despite all these outside activities, Mrs. Heldman's primary commitment has always been to *World Tennis*. She has made it the most successful tennis magazine of all time, with sixty-five thousand subscribers and a newsstand sale of approximately twenty thousand.

My visit to Houston coincided with the Virginia Slims International, and I naturally spent a good deal of time watching the tennis. Because of the oppressive humidity and heat of August along the Gulf of Mexico, the matches were held in the University of Houston's new Hofheinz Pavilion, an air-conditioned auditorium with ten thousand seats—all of them brilliant red—which serves as the home court for the school's basketball team. The tennis was of a very high order, with Billie Jean King defeating Kerry Melville, a much improved player, in the final. The matches were well attended, and I was struck by the fact that many of the patrons' cars were adorned with blue-and-chartreuse bumper stickers, supplied by the Houston Tennis Association, which proclaimed "Houston, Tennis Capital of the World." Houston has not yet attained quite that eminence, but it is a lively tennis town, having been exposed to competition on the best international level since 1931, when Ellsworth Vines won the first River Oaks tournament.

I also spent a good portion of my time trailing after Mrs. Heldman—or the Empress, as her friends refer to her. During the tournament week, what with attending the matches and a stream of parties, she spent only a couple of hours a day at her office, in the *World Tennis* building, a new one-story rectangle of buff-painted brick that is roughly the size of a doubles court and is situated in a suburban office park that has such other promising tenants as Humble Oil and Gulf & Western. Behind the building there is a new tennis court, for the boss and her staff of ten. Mrs. Heldman also has a court at her house, on Timberwilde, an extraordinarily beautiful street that curves its way through a residential district of Houston called Hunter's Creek Village. There are twenty-four houses on Timberwilde, and almost every one of them has the look of a small tennis or golf clubhouse. They are set some fifty yards back from the road under tall oak and gum trees, which shade the houses from the steaming Gulf Coast heat as effectively and as handsomely as the huge old plane trees in Aix-en-Provence shade the main street of that city from the glaring sun of the Midi. Whenever I visited the Heldman house, I found a swirl of activity, but I especially remember one late breakfast I looked in on there. The Empress sat at one end of a large oval table, attired in a flowered bikini and her usual gray-tinted glasses; she had already played two sets of doubles and was ready for a dip in her pool. Gathered around the table, and all in full conversational flight, were her husband, her daughter Julie, and their house guests: Pip and Ann Jones; Joseph H. Cullman III, the chairman of the board of Philip Morris (which puts out Virginia Slims), and Mrs. Cullman; and the London couturier Teddy Tinling, who—after interrupting his career to serve for four years of the Second World War as the personal assistant to General Kenneth Strong, Eisenhower's G-2—became an international celebrity in the late nineteen-forties as the designer of tennis clothes for Gussie Moran and many other celebrated players. Tinling was the only person

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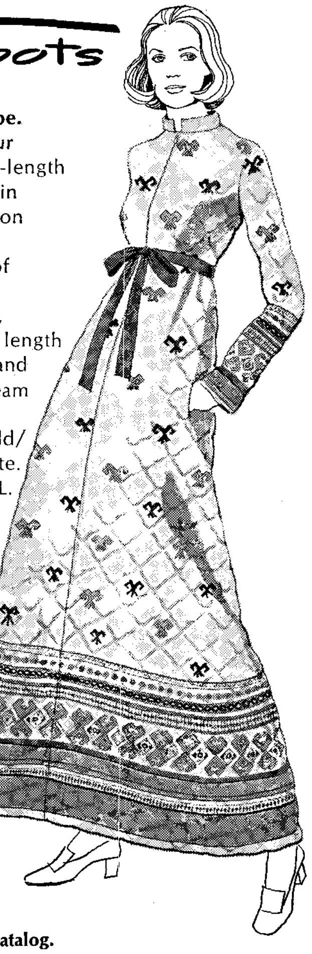

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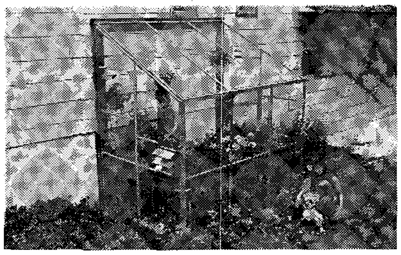

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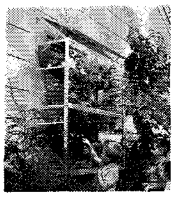

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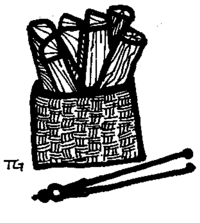
at the table except Mrs. Heldman who was not in tennis clothes. A lean man who stands six feet four, he was outfitted in a purple cotton T-shirt, a white chiffon scarf, a white French-silk shirt patterned with turquoise and lilac roses, white trousers of ribbed Dacron, white socks, and white patent-leather shoes. It was nearly an hour before Mrs. Heldman could get her swim in, for the phone kept ringing and friends and neighbors kept dropping in. These included Mrs. Charlotte Lorenz, who had an appointment for a fitting with Tinling—one of Mrs. Heldman's devices for stimulating tournament ticket sales had been to promise every woman who sold a thousand dollars' worth, as Mrs. Lorenz had, a free tennis dress designed by the Master himself.

There was a good deal of spirited, knowledgeable tennis talk around the table that morning, and two passages in particular linger in my memory. The first was an iridescent biographical sortie by Tinling in which he touched on (a) his boyhood years in southern France, when he served as the umpire Suzanne Lenglen insisted on in a hundred and six matches; (b) the years in which he competed at Wimbledon and also acted as the tournament's official liaison with the "overseas players;" and (c) the dress he designed for Evonne Goolagong, the sensational young Australian, to wear in the final at Wimbledon this summer ("The dress that Evonne had worn in June when she won the French championship had scallops, so we gave her some scallops on this one. The 'in' color this year, as you know, is lilac, so we gave her some lilac buttons. My staff worked like beavers, and we got the dress finished in fourteen hours"). The second passage, a brief dissertation by Pip Jones on some of the problems that tennis is currently facing, was remarkable for its frankness and its progressive outlook: "Nothing should ever stand still—not even Wimbledon, with all its excellent points. The time has come, I believe, for Wimbledon to adopt a more modern approach to advertising in order to produce a larger revenue. Of course, this must be handled intelligently. The main reason behind such a move is *not* to have the funds to pay the star players large guarantees. No, the reason is that we need money to develop young players in Britain, and this would provide it. You see, our boys and girls cannot practice indoors during the winter months. We don't have the facilities. If we had some modern indoor arenas—and some *good coaching*—I think we could find a champion." He paused for a sip of coffee, and then went on, "Now, where is all this extra money going to come from? Well, for a starter, Slazenger's gets all that advertising free simply because they supply the balls for the tournament. They should have to pay Wimbledon a proper price for that concession. The same thing with the Lyons people, who operate the food and drink concessions. They should have to pay for that privilege. And bearing in mind the enormous amount of television they do from Wimbledon—about six hours a day for twelve days—the B.B.C. really should be required to pay a good deal more money than they do. That's the pattern. To sum it up, then, the days of strawberries and cream are over. Wimbledon has got to keep going forward."



LAMAR HUNT, the man behind World Championship Tennis, is the youngest of the six children of H. L. Hunt, the Texas oilman, the others being H. L., Jr., Margaret, Caroline, Nelson Bunker, and William Herbert. Another Texas oilman, J. Paul Getty, whom many people believe to be the richest man in the world, himself believes that this distinction belongs to Hunt, a native of Illinois, who started his empire by trading in oil leases around El Dorado, Arkansas, in 1920, and really hit it big ten years later, when he bought four thousand acres in Rusk County in East Texas, and it turned out to be the richest oil field that had ever been discovered in this country. Today his income is reputed to be more than a million dollars a week. Achieving a separate identity when you are "H. L.'s boy" and are further saddled with a modest, sensible nature is *no* easy thing, but Lamar Hunt has managed to do it. A founder of the American Football League and the owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, he was responsible, more than any other individual, for the A.F.L.'s survival and its eventual successful merger with the National Football League. Football is just one of several ventures he has made into professional sports. He is a part owner of the Dallas-Fort Worth Spurs, a baseball team in the Texas League. "Tommy Mercer, a friend of mine from Fort Worth, got me interested in that about eight years ago," Hunt told me when, at the conclusion of the Houston tournament, I called on him in his office in Dallas. "Behind it was the idea of trying to get a major-league franchise for Dallas-Fort Worth." Hunt is also co-owner of the Dallas Tornado, of the North American Soccer League—an eight-team league, now in its fourth year. "I went into that because soccer is a truly international sport and, as such, an excellent sport for our country to be involved in," Hunt explained. And then there is World Championship Tennis—W.C.T. for short. Hunt got into that in 1967, the year before open tennis arrived. That year, in preparation for the new era, George MacCall, who had been a captain of our Davis Cup team, had formed a group called the National Tennis League by signing up the game's top professionals—Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, and Pancho Gonzales—and a small supporting cast. At about the same time, Dave Dixon, a New Orleans promoter, had created W.C.T. by signing eight young players who stood a rung or two below the top: John Newcombe, Tony Roche, Dennis Ralston, Butch Buchholz, Nikki Pilic, Pierre Barthes, Cliff Drysdale, and Roger Taylor. (This second group came to be called the Handsome Eight, or, sometimes, the Handsome Seven and Tony Roche.) In any event, Hunt, who had become interested in tennis through a nephew of his, Al Hill, Jr., at one time a nationally ranked junior player, bought a half interest in W.C.T., and later, when Dixon wanted out, took it over completely. Last year, after the National Tennis League disbanded, he acquired its best players, thus becoming *the* professional-tennis entrepreneur. "My brother Herbert likes to say, 'Lamar doesn't work. He's in sports,' " Hunt said to me, in his light Texas drawl. "I see it somewhat differently. I approach sports as a business. I've always been fascinated by sports, so most of the time I find my business relaxing and enjoyable. When it gets wearing and I need a change of pace, then I fall back on my hobbies—antiques and working around the yard." Hunt has such a down-to-earth way about him that it is not difficult to visualize him working around the yard, even if it happens to be an estate in North Dallas that he bought not long ago from James Ling, of Ling-Temco-Vought, one of the first of the glamour conglomerates.

Hunt runs his sports enterprises from an office on the twenty-ninth floor of the First National Bank Building, a fifty-story skyscraper. It is the tallest building in Dallas and is trimmed with nine stripes, running from top to bottom, that light up at night. (Members

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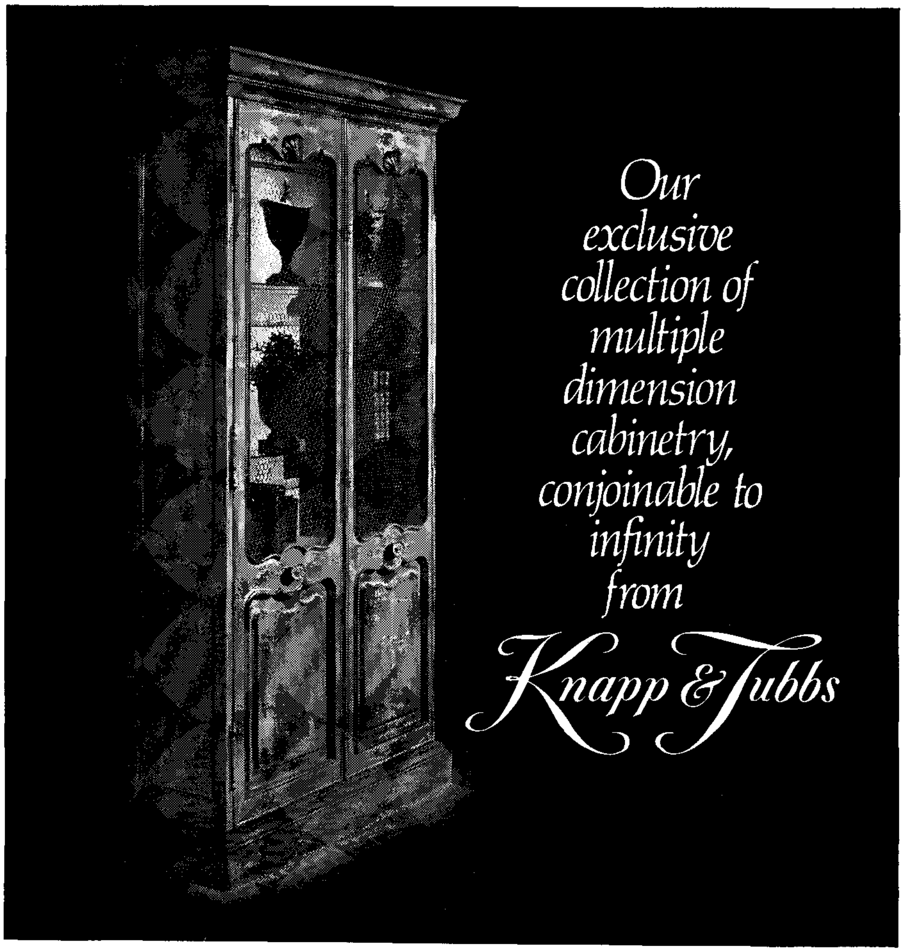
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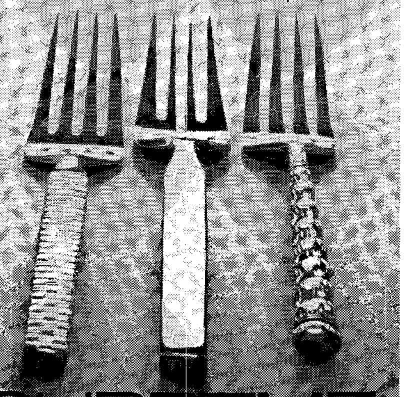

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of the Hunt family rent nine floors of the building for their various business interests.) On a clear day, you can see the purlieus of Fort Worth, thirty-five miles away, from Hunt's office, and almost every day you are aware of airplanes roaring by overhead—one about every five minutes—on their way to or from Love Field, the airport for Dallas and Fort Worth. What you are most conscious of, however, is the unpretentiousness of Hunt's setup. There is a small reception room, decorated with a few subdued paintings, among them a watercolor of "Penrod Rig No. 32 Drilling for Sinclair McElroy Ranch, Upton Co., Texas, May, 1951." In the office proper, which is about eighteen feet by twenty, Hunt works at a large antique wooden desk of the type called a partners' desk, whose two opposite sides are identical, drawer for drawer. It came from a bank in London. The rest of the furnishings are a bulky overstuffed tan couch, two small leather-covered chairs, and an ornately carved wooden chest that appeared in several M-G-M movies and was acquired when the studio auctioned off a selection of old props and costumes. Hunt is an incorrigible collector and non-discarder, and the walls and shelves of his office are crammed with books, photographs of his wife and their children, team portraits, plaques, cups, citations and proclamations and awards, and autographed footballs that were used in important games. Hunt's secretary thinks that the best word for the office décor is eclectic, and he is inclined to agree with her.

Hunt, who is thirty-nine, is a stockily built, thick-necked man about five feet ten. His face is round, his hair dark brown, his forehead high, his eyes gray-blue, his nose snubbish, and his mouth wide, and he wears glasses that give him the owlish, ministerial look of a young Branch Rickey. He is a good athlete himself. At The Hill School, in Pennsylvania, he was a halfback on the football team, but when he went on to Southern Methodist University he was shifted to end. He played third base on The Hill baseball team and on the S.M.U. freshman team, but then gave up baseball. Although he is a fairly accomplished golfer, he has been playing less golf than tennis the last few years, because his business affairs have kept him busy and it takes so much less time to get in a couple of sets of tennis than a round of golf. He has a court at home. For a rich Texan, he is a very conservative dresser. On the day I met him, he had on a gray suit, a plain blue shirt, and a plain ma-

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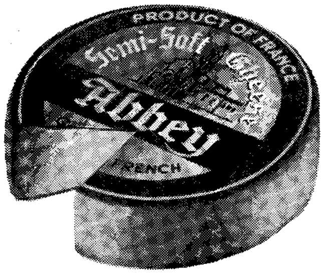

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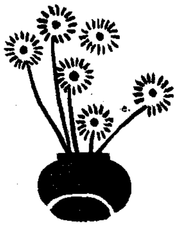
roon tie. His style as an administrator is similarly quiet. For example, when W.C.T. has an important announcement to make, Hunt usually stays in the background while Mike Davies, the executive director, confers with the press or faces the television cameras. Some of Hunt's friends think that W.C.T. would stand to profit if Hunt came to forecourt more often. What they have in mind are some occasions in the past when Davies, a former British Davis Cup player and touring pro, who knows tennis inside and out but who has more than a touch of Welsh truculence in his make-up, has put W.C.T. in an unsympathetic position with the sports public by making it seem that he was forcing old-line tournaments to ante up large "corporate fees" by threatening to withdraw W.C.T.'s star players, though often it was the old-line tournaments that were doing the pushing around. For myself, I found Hunt not only a very likable man but a far more impressive one than anything I had heard about him had led me to expect. Like the Rockefellers, who believe that not much gets done when money is handled loosely, and who try to make a fair return on even their essentially altruistic enterprises in order to insure their effective operation, Hunt is out to make money from his sports businesses. It pleases him that today all of them except the soccer team are in the black. At the same time, if making money were his main concern, he would not be frittering away his time with the likes of tangential sports. "What attracts me is building something up," he said during our talk. "If I were offered a chance to buy, say, the Cincinnati Reds or the New York Giants, I wouldn't be interested. My pleasure is starting from scratch and building something into both a financial and an artistic success."



Hunt has found it a lot tougher than he thought he would to build professional tennis into a significant, flourishing world sport. The crux of the difficulty has been that his view of what professional tennis is all about is entirely different from the view held by the I.L.T.F. and its component national associations. As Hunt sees it—and here the I.L.T.F. would agree with him—there was no professional tennis to speak of before the coming of open tennis, in 1968. Up till then, the pro game just about began and ended with "the tour," the annual safari that was run after the Second World War, first by Jack Kramer and later by a short-lived coöperative called the International Professional Tennis Players Association, in which a handful of name players moved across the United States and the other tennis-minded countries playing one-night stands before sparse crowds in shabby halls. Occasionally a formal tournament was arranged, but neither the prestige nor the prize money came to much. (At least one of these tournaments, the 1963 United States Professional Championship, went bankrupt, and the two finalists, Rosewall and Laver, received nothing for their brilliant performances beyond the plaudits of the gallery.) Looking at this comparative wasteland, Hunt felt that it offered a great opportunity for the creation of a new business. In the eyes of the officials of the I.L.T.F., however, all tennis is their preserve, and this includes professional tennis if they choose to make it their business—and since 1968 they have chosen to. Consequently, they have tended to regard Hunt, as they would any outside promoter, as an intruder, an interloper.

To touch briefly on the key points of its complicated operations, W.C.T. has thirty-three players under contract this year and is conducting twenty forty-five-thousand-dollar tournaments, spread around the world from Teheran to Toronto, with about half of them in this country. The eight players who amass the highest point totals in these events qualify for a hundred-thousand-dollar tournament in November that will decide the world's professional champion. The top W.C.T. players, such as Arthur Ashe, receive substantial annual guarantees from the organization. After all, Ashe, who joined W.C.T. last autumn, had been doing nicely as an Independent Pro (the new term for a Registered Player); his earnings from prize money alone in 1970 exceeded a hundred and forty thousand dollars. In addition to guaranteeing its contract players a certain income for the year, W.C.T. pays for their air travel. As you would expect, it helps organize the various tournaments on its schedule, usually contributing a percentage of the prize money but in a few instances contributing all of it. It shares in the gate receipts in proportion to its degree of participation. When its players appear in "outside" events, like Wimbledon or Forest Hills, where they receive from the tournament's expenses fund an amount equal to one-third of the prize money they win there, that money goes

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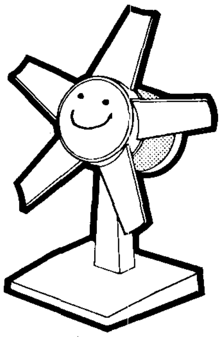

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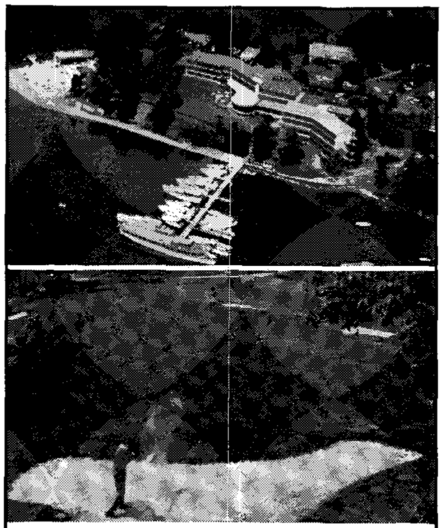

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to W.C.T. This year, in competition with W.C.T.'s million-dollar tournament tour, the I.L.T.F. has been running a far-flung million-and-a-half-dollar circuit, consisting of thirty-five tournaments and featuring a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar Pepsi (Cola) Grand Prix, in which the players with the largest point totals at the end of the year will take home the largest checks and qualify for the Pepsi Masters tournament. This battle between W.C.T. and the I.L.T.F. has, of course, been wonderful for the players; some fellows who couldn't carry Tilden's racquet press are raking in more than he ever did. However, it has been a very expensive rivalry for the two organizations, reminiscent of the bonus battle between the two professional football leagues which led to their merger. The realization that this was bound to be the case prompted the I.L.T.F. and W.C.T. to undertake a series of meetings last November and December, first in London and then in Dallas, to see if they could iron out their difficulties. The meetings were resumed at Wimbledon this summer, and one of the chief items on the agenda then was the feasibility of setting up a unified world schedule that would permit W.C.T. and the I.L.T.F. to run their separate circuits and would also make the players with both groups available for the major championships and a number of other tournaments. The meetings continued to the last day of Wimbledon and then broke down utterly, leaving each party embittered and determined to go its own way, W.C.T. confident that it would survive the power struggle because it controls the world's best players, the I.L.T.F. equally confident of its future because it controls the big prestige championships and also because attractive young players of talent are always coming along.

What caused the collapse of the negotiations? The impossibility of setting up an interlocking tournament schedule apparently had something to do with it, but, according to representatives of the I.L.T.F., it had been brought on mainly by W.C.T.'s "demands" for corporate fees and for the right to dictate the terms of the television contracts, the rules that would govern the tournaments, the type of surface the tournaments would be played on, and the kind of balls that would be used. In reply to these charges, W.C.T. has said that it made no such demands and that its whole position in the discussions had been misrepresented. "The I.L.T.F. really

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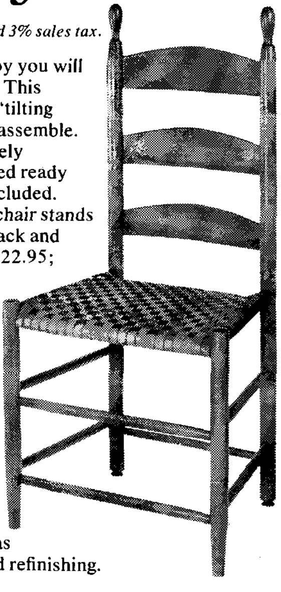

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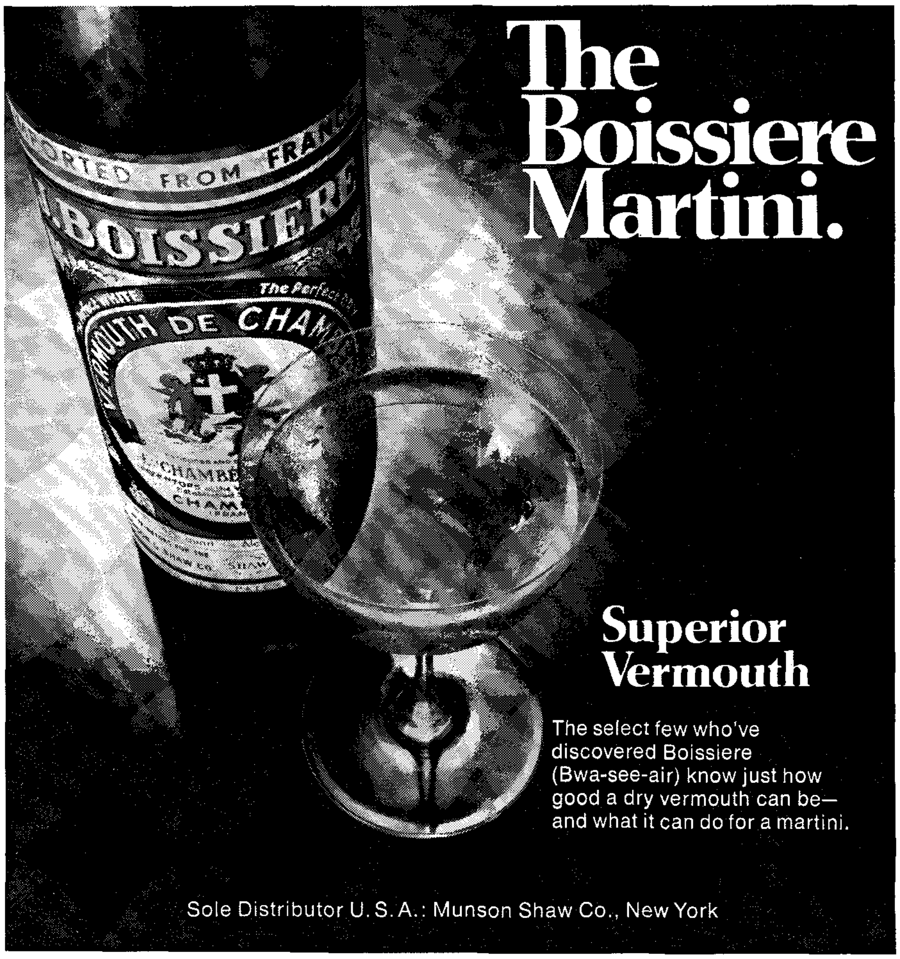
doesn't have any idea of what we're trying to do," Hunt said, with vigor, at one stage of our talk. "They're very much behind the times in certain ways. For instance, they feel that a player like Laver should be delighted to make twenty-five thousand dollars a year and should automatically play in all the traditional events. They want to protect all those traditional events whether or not they mean something anymore or have a chance for growth. If there's no reconciliation, the I.L.T.F. can keep us out of the tennis clubs of France, England, Sweden, and so on, but our organization, I believe, will do well here in the United States. This is where the arenas are. We may have to think, though, about building a modern outdoor tennis complex suitable for a great championship. Through it all, we must never lose sight of our goal, which is to hold a series of top-class professional tournaments around the world."

Hunt moves around a lot. Two days before I saw him, he had been in Baltimore to watch the preseason clash between the Colts and his Chiefs, and then he had gone on to Boston the next day for the final of the United States Professional Tennis Championship at Longwood. The day after I saw him, he was in Tulsa for a luncheon talk en route to the Hunt family ranch in Wyoming. That morning, I returned, by prearrangement, to the twenty-ninth floor of the First National Bank Building to study the eclectically decorated office more carefully. Among the books I noticed on the shelves were "Physical Principles of Oil Production," by Morris Muskat; "Naked in a Branch Office," by Theodore Hasbrouck; "Hunt for Truth," a collection of newspaper columns written by H. L. Hunt; and "Playing Pro Football to Win," by Johnny Unitas. Near Hunt's desk stands an antique cigar-store Indian, complete with tomahawk; Hunt had originally planned to install the Indian in the Chiefs' offices in Kansas City, but he grew so attached to it that he decided to keep it in Dallas. On the walls and around the room I also noted the following: a team photograph of the Dallas Texans (who later became the Kansas City Chiefs) taken in 1962, when the Texans won the A.F.L. championship; an honorary contract with the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team signed by Gussie Busch, the owner; a photograph of Mack Lee Hill, a player for the Chiefs, who died in December, 1965, while undergoing surgery; a Chiefs red-and-white football helmet; a Distinguished Service



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Award plaque from the Exhausted Roosters of America, presented by the Exuberant Gizzard of the Dallas Roost; an old Wedgwood bowl (Hunt collects Wedgwood); a plaque from the Kansas State Chamber of Commerce for "Bringing Football to Mid-Way U.S.A.;" The Hill School Bulletin; a watercolor of the Nelson Bunker Hunt-British Petroleum C1 Discovery, Concession 65, in Libya; a facsimile of the front page of the New York *Times* for August 2, 1932, Hunt's birth date, which a friend thought he should have; and a ticket, under glass, to the fourth Super Bowl game. However, the object that made the sharpest impression on me was a golden bowl mounted on a globe ornamented with a pair of crossed tennis racquets. This was the Kramer Cup, put up by the professional players in the early nineteen-sixties and named for Jack Kramer. It was intended to be a sort of professional equivalent of the Davis Cup. The third, and last, Kramer Cup match was held in 1963—Australia won it for the third straight year. After that, the competition was abandoned and no one thought about the trophy again. Last year, Rosewall was cleaning out his garage in suburban Sydney when he came across the cup, and, not knowing what to do with it, he shipped it to W.C.T. headquarters. It has been a long time since any object connected with sport sent my imagination churning the way the Kramer Cup did—nothing could symbolize more dramatically the ambitious hopes that professional tennis has periodically entertained and their Ozymandian mortality. Under Hunt, of course, the pro game has the best chance it has ever had to establish the permanence that has always eluded it, not only because he has the financial resources to see it through hard times but also because, as his record makes clear, he is a stayer. Besides, my guess is that he is far more devoted to the welfare of tennis than a good many of the wheelhorses of the "amateur" associations, who, after all, are the men who for years were responsible for the hypocrisy of "shamateurism," with one hand pointing pious fingers at the professional promoters who would sully their game, and with the other hand paying off the amateur stars under the table. In any event, there is no doubt there will always be professional tennis outside the domain of the I.L.T.F., and what we are all hoping is that the I.L.T.F. realizes how fortunate it is in having a man of Hunt's quality to deal with, and that it will delay no longer in sitting down with him to work out an equitable solution to their joint problems. The last thing the game needs at the moment is a drawn-out war of attrition. Besides, after three years of incessant bickering about corporate fees, sanctions, synchronized scheduling, and the rest of it, everybody is heartily sick of the business of tennis and longs to get back to the tennis of tennis.

As the most important American tournament and the last major championship of the season, Forest Hills is a tennis occasion second only to Wimbledon. This year, however, the one player everyone wanted to see did not appear at Forest Hills—Evonne Goolagong, the twenty-year-old Australian girl who lit up the sky when she won Wimbledon with the loss of only one set, defeating Billie Jean King, 6–4, 6–4, in the semifinals, and Margaret Court, 6–4, 6–1, in the final. As everyone surely must know by now, Miss Goolagong is one-eighth aborigine and was discovered at the age of ten in her native village of Barellan, New South Wales, by Vic Edwards, who has long been regarded as one of the best of the Australian tennis coaches. With her parents' consent, Edwards became her legal guardian when she was fourteen, so that she could go to Sydney and live with him and his family while he supervised her development. His timetable called for Miss Goolagong (the name means "nose of the kangaroo") to win Wimbledon in 1974, and he has not allowed the fact that she got there three years ahead of schedule to change his plans for bringing her along gradually. These plans call for her to make her début in this country next summer, and we will just have to wait until then. Miss Goolagong is well worth waiting for. A relaxed and pleasant young lady, perhaps a shade less sophisticated than many girls her age, she is a highly instinctive player who moves beautifully on the court, improvising sharp and imaginative strokes, particularly off her backhand. Like all the great players, she has the gift of making it seem that the ball is attracted to her racquet.

Forest Hills suffered from other absences, too. Rosewall, the defending champion, and Laver, still the No. 1 player in the world, decided in August to withdraw from the championship. Their basic reason was that both were physically and nervously exhausted after a heavy schedule of tennis and

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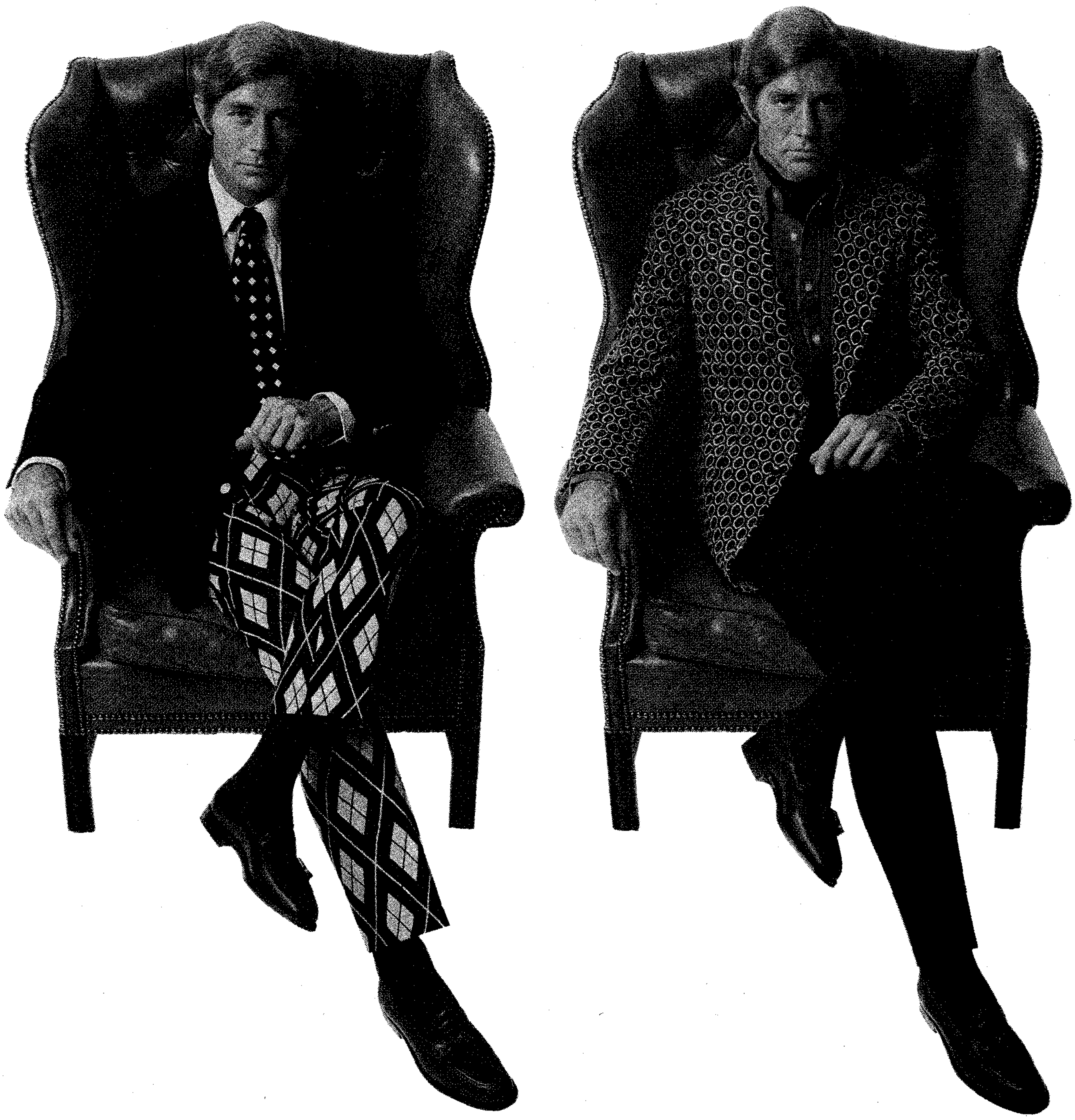

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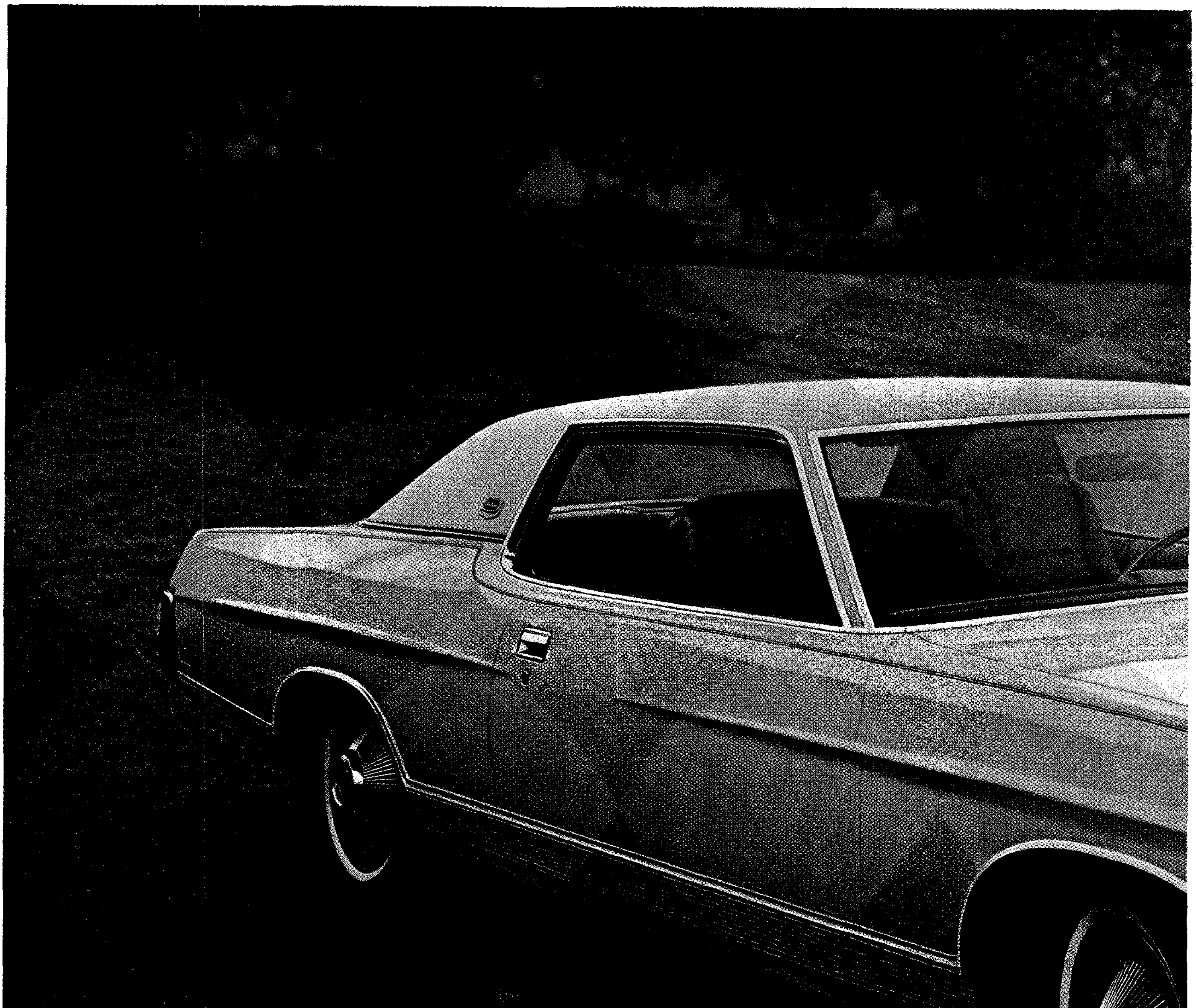

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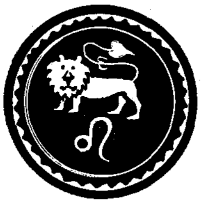
travel, but it seems likely that after the I.L.T.F.'s decision to ban W.C.T. players from Wimbledon and Forest Hills next year, Rosewall and Laver felt no moral obligation to appear at Forest Hills this year. There was one other notable absence: Mrs. Court, the defending women's champion, was not entered, because she is expecting a child in March. To make matters worse for the tournament, on the opening day of play—September 1st—it lost the biggest name it had left when Newcombe, the reigning Wimbledon champion and the top seed, was eliminated by Jan Kodes, of Czechoslovakia, 2–6, 7–6, 7–6, 6–3. Kodes, who has won the French Championship the last two years, is a superlative clay-court player, but he had never before done anything on grass—in five cracks at Wimbledon he has never got beyond the second round—and his victory came as a surprise and a shock. It was well earned, though. Catching Newcombe on a day when the timing of his big, pulverizing serve was a trifle off, Kodes returned service so aggressively and shrewdly that as the match wore on Newcombe was placed more and more on the defensive.



Then, just when it looked as if the 1971 championships were destined to be the dreariest in years, things took a definite turn for the better. On the second day of the tournament, Chris Evert, a slender sixteen-year-old Floridian, who had emerged the week before as the heroine of the American victory over Great Britain in the Wightman Cup match, brought Forest Hills to life by beating Edda Buding, an experienced German player, 6–1, 6–0. Miss Evert first came to public attention just about a year ago, when she defeated both Françoise Durr and Mrs. Court in a tournament at Charlotte. This past winter, when she invaded the big time in the Virginia Slims Masters at St. Petersburg, she defeated Miss Durr once more and then won from Mrs. King when a leg injury forced the latter to retire after they had split the first two sets. Since everyone wanted to have a look at Miss Evert, her match against Miss Buding was played in the stadium, and the large crowd was entranced by her poise, her concentration, and her solid, consistent ground strokes—her two-handed backhand in particular. The daughter of James Evert, a teaching professional who runs a large tennis complex in Fort Lauderdale, she has a vivid court personality. In addition to being feminine and pretty—she wears her brownish-blond hair parted in the middle and tied back in the contemporary fashion—she has the awesome tight-lipped self-possession that one associates with Helen Wills. This quality was very much in evidence when, two days after her first-round victory, she met Mary Ann Eisel, a seasoned internationalist with a good serve, a fast volley, and, generally, the kind of game that can beat a baseliner like Miss Evert, who rarely comes to net. After winning the first set, 6–4, Miss Eisel broke Miss Evert's serve in the eleventh game of the second set and, at 6–5, was serving for the match. She moved quickly to 40–love—triple-match point. Here Miss Evert made a thrilling stand. She saved the first match point by taking a hard first serve and ripping a flat backhand down the line for a clean placement. She saved the second match point by moving in on a shortish second serve and whipping a forehand cross-court for another outright winner. She got to deuce when Miss Eisel double-faulted, but she was still far from out of the woods, and had to fight off three more match points before she succeeded in pulling the game out. She went on to win the set, in the tie-breaker game, 7–6. The last set came easily, for by then Miss Eisel was thoroughly disheartened. Miss Evert left the court to a roaring ovation. She had captured the imagination of the spectators—and the millions watching over national television—as no other young American player had in years. From that moment on, she was the tournament. I cannot remember attending a major tennis event where there was so little conversation about the men players. Every so often, someone would turn to someone else and say, "Okker seems to be playing well" or "Ashe's serve looks better to me this year," but that was about it. In fact, the only player, male or female, that anyone talked about was Chris Evert, and soon people weren't even bothering to identify her by name. Two fans would meet and one would say, "Didn't she play well!," and the other would respond, "Marvellously. Who does she play next?"

Miss Evert's next opponent was Miss Durr. Like Miss Evert, she has a comparatively weak service, which is struck with an awkward, hammer-the-nail stroke, and she, too, relies principally on her sureness at the baseline. After Miss Durr had taken the first set, 6–2, Miss Evert, hitting out with more

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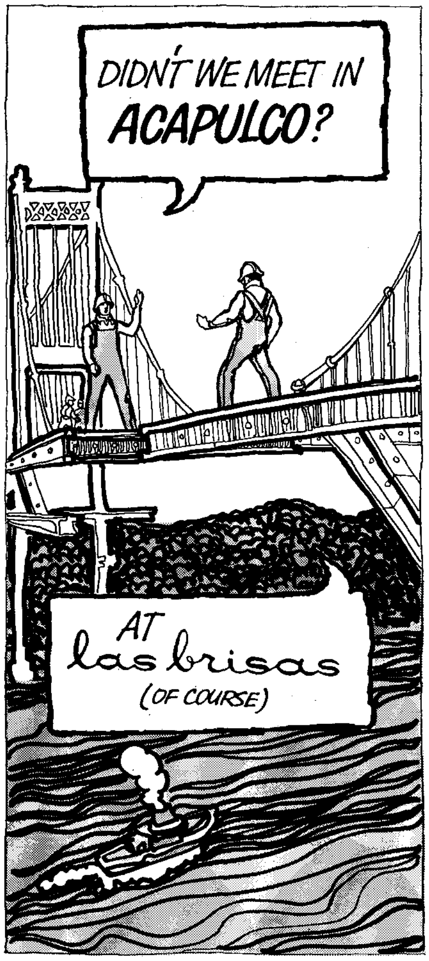
power, gained control of the exchanges and won the next two sets without undue trouble, 6–2 and 6–3. Miss Durr had played her "down the middle"—that is, she had purposely kept returning the ball down the center of the court, to give Miss Evert the minimum amount of angle on her drives—and her fourth-round opponent, Lesley Hunt, a young Australian, played her the same way. In what was very much a repetition of the Durr match, Miss Evert, after another slow start, outsteadied her, 4–6, 6–2, 6–3. Now she was in the semifinals, up against Mrs. King, a three-time winner at Wimbledon and for the past decade the best American woman player. A baseliner like Miss Evert, who has the ability to keep hitting the ball over the net—and, moreover, to keep hitting it a good length—is tough to beat; indeed, it takes absolutely first-class tennis to do it. When Mrs. King is in top form, she is eminently capable of first-class tennis: she has a strong serve and the finesse to chip and dink her returns of service, to throw off an opponent's timing; her ground strokes are sound; and up front she is far and away the best volleyer in women's tennis. Her weakness is her temperament. She is apt to get up too high for certain matches, and if things go wrong early she finds it difficult to dismiss her choler and her chagrin and get back to business. There was little doubt that if Mrs. King could produce her best all-court game she would beat her young challenger. On the other hand, if she allowed herself to become emotionally distracted, anything could happen. It was years since a women's match at Forest Hills had created such a stir.

Mrs. King and Miss Evert met on a warm, sticky Friday afternoon before a tense, expectant crowd that almost completely filled the horseshoe stadium. Miss Evert, serving first, dropped the first three points but then won the next five to pull the game out. She did not seem nervous. Mrs. King did. Her first service game went somewhat similarly—she lost the first two points and then took the next four. Each held service in the next two games—deuced games marked by extended baseline rallies. In the fifth and sixth games, each again held service, but it was significant that Mrs. King took hers at love; coming to net far more often than she had at the outset, she won two points on very pretty volleys and the other two when Miss Evert, feeling the pressure, hit two forehands well out of court. Mrs. King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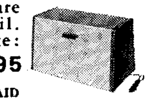

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was in full flight now. She won the next three games handily to take the set, 6–3, and, after sweeping the first three games of the second set, ran it out, 6–2. In truth, considering the high pitch of anticipation, the match was something of a letdown. Though Miss Evert was not at her best, she did not play badly. It was simply that Mrs. King played magnificently. She did everything right. She served very well, keeping the ball deep and putting lots of spin on it. She prevented Miss Evert from finding her best rhythm by constantly varying the spin on her ground strokes—slicing one return and top-spinning the next, and so on. She threw in a number of deft drop shots. In the forecourt, she got to everything and volleyed or smashed it away decisively. I have never seen her play a better match—certainly not in this country.

To return to Miss Evert. Throughout the tournament, the older hands at Forest Hills asked each other regularly how they thought she compared with Maureen Connolly. The comparison was irresistible, because the late Miss Connolly was a confirmed baseliner, like Miss Evert, and was sixteen when she came out of California in the summer of 1951 and carried off the first of her three consecutive national titles. To these she added three consecutive Wimbledon titles, and there is no knowing the record she might have compiled if she had not shattered a leg in a freak horseback-riding accident and been forced to retire from competition when she was only twenty. For myself, I would say that Miss Connolly at sixteen was a somewhat more advanced player than Miss Evert: her serve, though hardly a feature of her game, was better, and she hit the ball harder and with more control off both sides. For that matter, it is by no means a certainty that Miss Evert will develop into an authentic champion. To begin with, there are many departments of her game that must be improved, and, furthermore, what any young athlete of exceptional promise goes on to achieve or fails to achieve depends on his character—how much of himself he is willing to expend to reach his goal. Only time will tell whether Miss Evert will become our next great woman player or whether that distinction will fall to, say, Marita Redondo, the gifted fifteen-year-old Californian who took a set from Miss Evert in this year's national Girls' Championship—or, possibly, to Miss Evert's sister Jeanne, now thirteen, who is the current national Girls Fourteen-and-Under champion, and who looks as if she might grow up

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into a bigger and stronger player. Regardless of what happens in later years, however, the 1971 championships will always be remembered as Chris Evert's tournament, just as the 1951 championships are remembered for Maureen Connolly's victory at sixteen, the 1923 championships for Helen Wills' victory at seventeen, and the 1904 championships for the victory of the sixteen-year-old Californian May Sutton, our first great woman player.

Owing to the heavy rains that forced the postponement of play three days in a row, the women's final did not take place until a full five days after the Evert-King match. By that time, Miss Evert was back in Fort Lauderdale attending classes at St. Thomas Aquinas High School, and many of the familiar frontbenchers had departed: Gladys Heldman, for example, was in Houston beefing up an editorial, Lamar Hunt was at his desk in Dallas with the cigar-store Indian peering over his shoulder, and Teddy Tinling, who had looked smashing at Forest Hills in a quilted jacket of Thai silk, was in his salon in London. They missed a good final, in which Mrs. King defeated Miss Casals, 6–4, 7–6. As for the men's final, it brought together Stan Smith and Jan Kodes. Smith, who is twenty-four and is the son of a Pasadena real-estate man, had defeated Marty Riessen and Tom Okker to get there; Kodes, who is twenty-five and is the son of a Prague lawyer, had gone on from his conquest of Newcombe to eliminate such able opponents as Bob Lutz, Frank Froehling, and Arthur Ashe, all the while repeating the lament that grass was not a good surface for tennis, because it produced so many bad bounces. (What audacity to say this about the grass at Forest Hills!) Smith carried the day, 3–6, 6–3, 6–2, 7–6. A victory by Kodes would not have been unpopular—in fact, it would have been very well received—but everyone felt particularly pleased about Smith's achievement because earlier this year he had come within a set of winning at Wimbledon. A slim young man who stands a towering six feet four, Smith used to have nothing much more than a big serve, but he has worked diligently on his game and has made himself into a redoubtable all-court player.

ONE word more. Over the last nine or ten years, there has been a lot of talk about "the tennis explosion," most of it by people who stood to profit if such a phenomenon actually came to pass. Well, this year the tennis explosion finally exploded. The surprising thing is that it was brought about mainly by a new attitude among men and women over forty. Up to now, persons of that age who had never played tennis—or who had played it infrequently and badly in their youth—wanted no part of it. Now they have suddenly discovered that they can play respectable tennis if they give it just a fair amount of application, and they are pursuing it with all the passion of middle age. They have also come to appreciate the virtues of a game that takes only an hour to play (compared to the five hours a round of golf now requires) and provides such a wonderful athletic workout. Anyhow, there has been a change from coast to coast. Today, if you have the wherewithal, you build a tennis court, and not a swimming pool. That's for old people.

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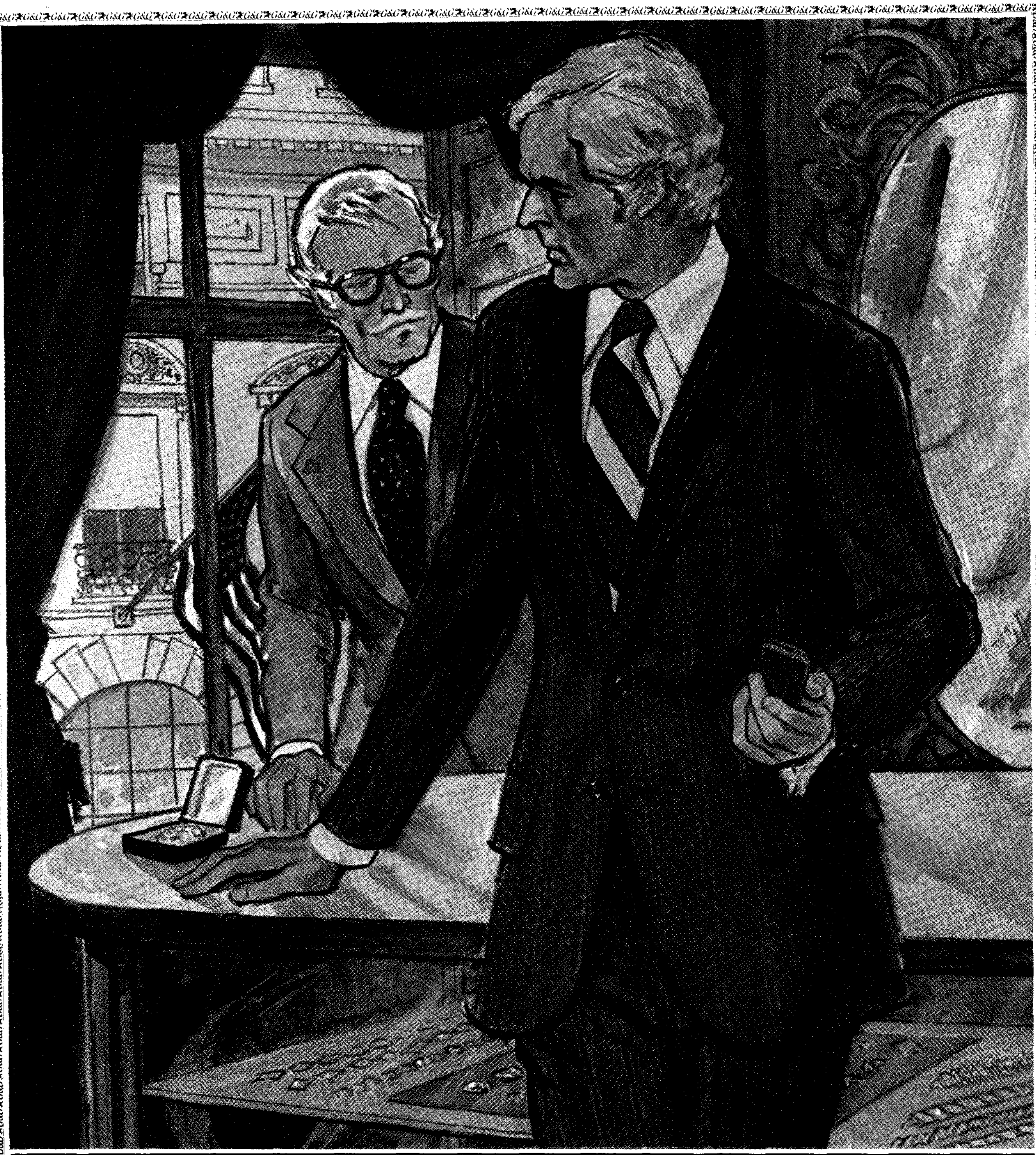
the lost place lifts like a bubble.

Our blood makes a little leap over its name.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD



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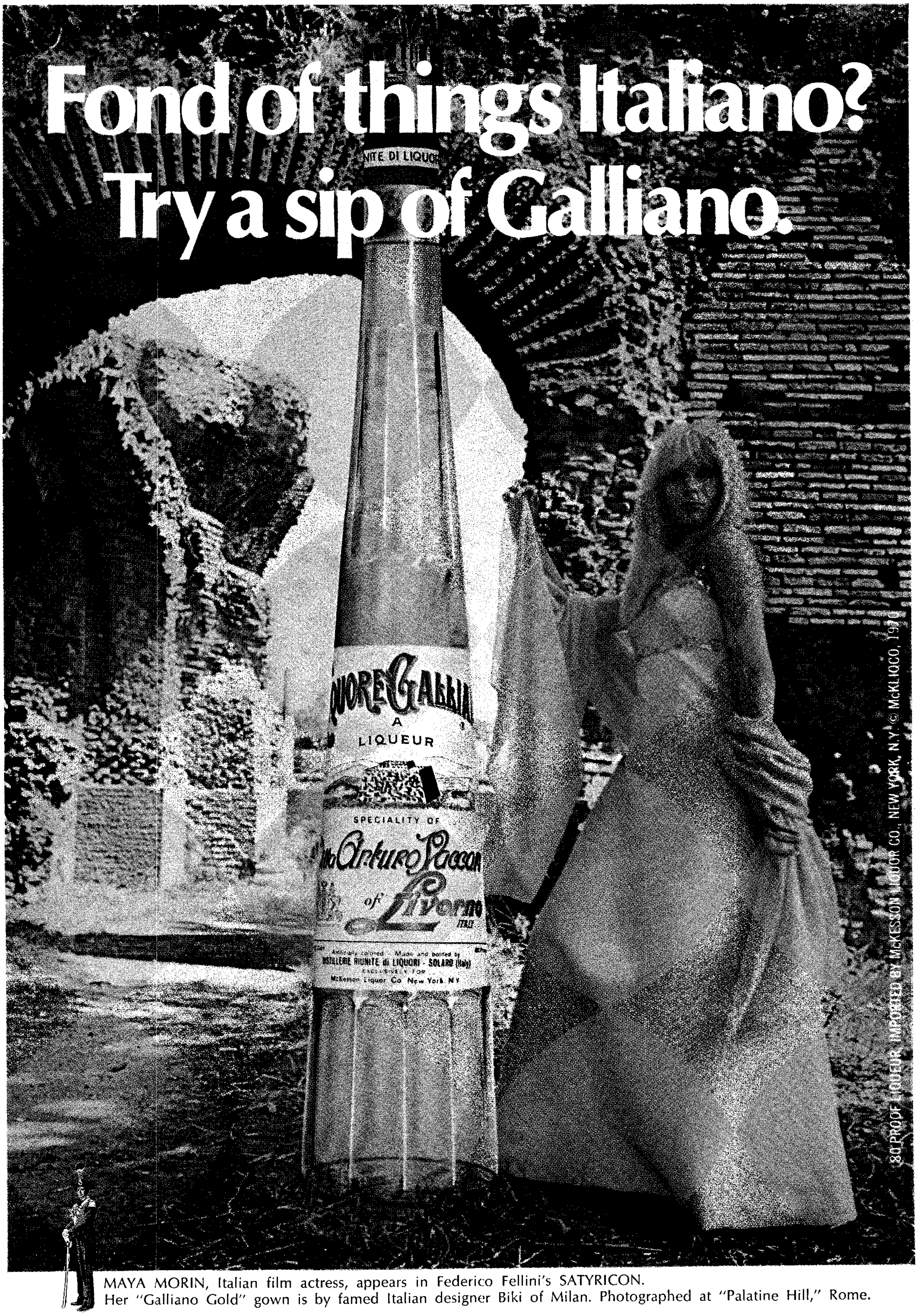
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MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.
Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Beginning of the End

THERE have been rumors for some time that Mr. Bing's lame-duck season is going to sprout peacock feathers. It hasn't sprouted any yet—at least, not in the performances I have encountered. The Metropolitan Opera opened on Monday night of last week, with the usual fashionable audience at fifty dollars a head. The opera was the one Mr. Bing started his career here with: Verdi's "Don Carlo," in the production put together then by Margaret Webster. The first time this production was on view, twenty-one years ago, it was unquestionably a stunner. For one thing, we had not had a "Don Carlo" at the Met in many years. For another, the great Italian bass Cesare Siepi was making his début in the role of Philip II of Spain, and a conductor of stature, Fritz Stiedry, was in the pit. The revival last week revealed the same sets and costumes, by Rolf Gérard, and they are admirable. There was the typical Bing touch in a stageful of superb star singers. But the staging, as redone by Patrick Tavernia, sagged badly, losing all the tension it originally had. Most of the singers simply stood around and sang. And the conductor this time was Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, a second-rater, whose orchestra alternately drowned out the singers and limped flaccidly through the score. One new and welcome feature appeared: the stage band did not have sheet music propped up on its instruments; it played from memory, as it should have done for years. This added a touch of realism to the auto-da-fé scene. The singers must be judged individually, since there was precious little coördination among them. Three were veterans of the original production: Cesare Siepi, who makes an unforgettable figure as the aging and arthritic King Philip and still sings with remarkable musicality, though his voice has lost some of its velvet; Robert Merrill, the Rodrigo, who, incredibly, sings with nearly all the beauty of tone that he produced two decades ago; and Lucine Amara, who sang the bit role of the Celestial Voice more or less accurately. Placido Domingo was the Don Carlo. In the absence of adequate direction, he overacted a trifle. But he sang as beautifully as any tenor I have heard in this part. It is almost impossible to visualize Martina Arroyo as Elizabeth of Valois. The singing was fine, but the physical appearance and the acting were pretty unconvincing. Grace Bumbry, on the other hand, made an excellent Princess Eboli—one with presence and fire. Paul Plishka sang wonderfully well as the Friar, and John Macurdy was a menacing Grand Inquisitor.

"FAUST," on Wednesday night, was even less impressive, owing to a multitude of flaws. This is the production concocted by Jean-Louis Barrault and Jacques Dupont, the team that was responsible for the disastrous "Carmen" of several years back. It may be that Mr. Barrault doesn't understand opera, but a suspicion crosses my mind that, as a great man of the theatre, he takes the condescending attitude toward it that theatre people sometimes do. The dancing soldiers in the first scene of "Carmen" showed that he considered that opera to be merely amusing. In Act III of "Faust," he, or Mr. Dupont (which amounts to the same thing), has caused a large tin soldier to be placed on a pedestal in the middle of the stage, where it remains throughout the scene. I can only suppose this is intended to lend a touch of humor to Valentin's death. I find it ridiculous. And in the Kermesse scene, which is widely thought to have been inspired by Pieter Bruegel the Elder, the dancers in Flemming Flindt's ballet look and move like aristocrats rather than peasants. There were a few small improvements. The erotic ballets demanded by nineteenth-century opera are almost always embarrassing, and Milko Sparemblek has created a new Walpurgisnacht ballet in Act III, Scenes 3 and 4, which, while it does not seem to have any particular relation to the rest of the production, is certainly less embarrassing than its predecessor. And again the stage band was mercifully without those pieces of sheet music. This seems to be one of the principal innovations of Mr. Bing's final season.

Faust was sung by Franco Bonisolli, a handsome young Italian with a light tenor voice that improved in quality as the evening went along. Mr. Bonisolli has good French enunciation—a rarity among Italian tenors. Raina Kabaivan-

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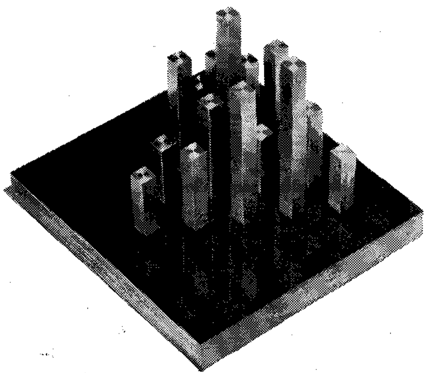
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ska makes the prettiest of Marguerites, but she hasn't any trill to precede the Jewel Song with or much in the way of French diction. Giorgio Tozzi, the Mephistopheles, is a great singer, and he did his "Veau d'or" magnificently. But his temperament is so far from Mephistophelean that he made an almost benign and fatherly figure of the Prince of Darkness. The most satisfactory singer of the evening was Kostas Paskalis, whose Valentin was admirably sung, and it was acted with conviction. Frederica von Stade made a touching Siébel, and Batyah Godfrey and Russell Christopher were quite good as Marthe and Wagner. Again, however, the conductor, Alain Lombard, was not up to his tasks. He dragged tempos unbearably. The best "Faust"'s of recent years have been done across the plaza, at the State Theatre, with Beverly Sills as Marguerite and Norman Treigle as Mephistopheles.

PIERRE BOULEZ, who has now taken over as musical director of the New York Philharmonic, apparently has a bark that is worse than his bite. After holding forth recently in the *Times* on the subject of classical and contemporary music ("It is not enough to deface the Mona Lisa because that does not kill the Mona Lisa. All the art of the past must be destroyed"), he offered his audience at the Philharmonic's opening concert, on Tuesday evening of last week in Philharmonic Hall, what amounted almost to a semi-pop program of the nineteen-thirties. There was Wagner's "Faust" Overture, which was a popular item during that period; there was Liszt's "Totentanz" for Piano and Orchestra, a quite tawdry exhibitionistic item that used to be a favorite of pianists of the type of the prodigious Moriz Rosenthal; there was Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun"—all too familiar stuff—and there was Stravinsky's old ballet score for "Le Sacre du Printemps," which once shocked the bourgeoisie but which today is to be found in recorded form in practically every music-loving upper-middle-class home. The only unfamiliar item was the "Royal Hunt and Storm," from Berlioz's "Les Troyens." It contains some beautiful music, but it seemed rather fragmentary, and somewhat incoherent as well. Mr. Boulez's performances were variable. The "Faust" Overture seemed unrehearsed. The "Totentanz," with the brilliant Cuban pianist Jorge Bolet as soloist, was done with éclat. The "Afternoon of a Faun" was all right; I have heard better performances. The "Sacre" was done in a

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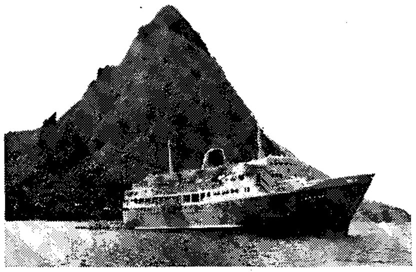

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Thursday night's Philharmonic program was more interesting. It started out with Ives' "Robert Browning" Overture, certainly a worthy composition, which oscillates between tender string passages and a considerable amount of noise. Then, with the help of the excellent Israeli pianist David Bar-Illan, Mr. Boulez gave us a far more absorbing Liszt work than the "Totentanz;" namely, the composition known as "Malédiction," a youthful item, in which Mr. Bar-Illan performed very well indeed. After the intermission, there was a performance of the first movement of Mahler's Tenth Symphony in the edition of Erwin Ratz, which is said to follow Mahler's manuscript more faithfully than any other. In any edition, this is great music, and the proclaimed anti-Romantic Mr. Boulez conducted its ultra-Romantic phrases with extraordinary eloquence. The concert ended with Prokofieff's familiar "Scythian Suite," a bit of post-"Sacre" Russian primitivism. Even though I think that Prokofieff is going to loom in the future as a greater composer than Stravinsky, I admit that this work is inferior to "Sacre du Printemps." It was well performed by both orchestra and conductor. I might note one small evidence of the change that Mr. Boulez is expected—and hoped—to bring about: the orchestra appeared in black instead of white tie.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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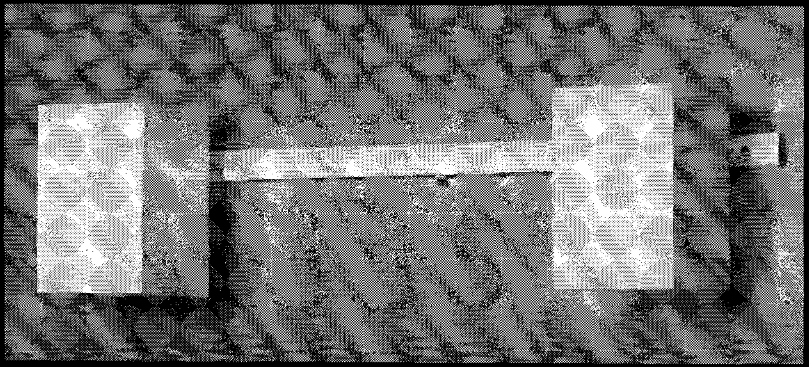

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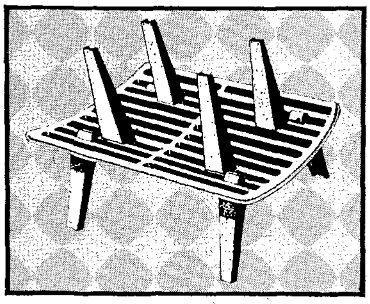

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Columbia was not at home last weekend; it was out in Pennsylvania, losing a tormenting match, 3–0, to Lafayette, and losing, to a knee injury, its quarterback, Jackson. Columbia manages to come up with one performer of calibre every season; this year it is—or was—Jackson. Rutgers, having boggled away its encounter with Lafayette the week before, met up on Saturday with a Princeton so innocent of the ways of life that it seemed a pity to deflower it, and won going away, 33–18. Gasienica ran the Rutgers squad—ran and passed, that is—in the grand manner of Policastro two seasons back; Plummer ran and passed Princeton well, in a style to which he was not at all accustomed a year ago, but Bjorklund, who by Ivy League standards is a truly great back, could get little coöperation from his playmates. Harvard's global search for natural resources has brought in a pro coach, Joe Restic, from Canada, who lost his first engagement, 21–16, to Holy Cross, in the most recent renewal of the long-standing town-and-gown series between the two institutions. Pennsylvania, using a new instructor (Harry Gamble, ex Lafayette) and a new halfback, Ron Dawson, who was a dropout last season when his team was suffering psychological problems, beat Lehigh handily, 28–14. Dartmouth, using a new instructor, Jake Crouthamel, a well-remembered runner for the team some years ago, and Pollock, the efficacious backup man for Chasey last year, at quarter, destroyed University of Massachusetts, 31–7. Yale, making fine use of Jauron, a runner whose every move inspires confidence, and Sizemore, a quarterback who one hopes is surer of himself than he was a year ago, put down Connecticut quite firmly, 23–0. Later on this fall, we'll have a chance to see Marinaro, who (two hundred and sixty yards, four touchdowns) was the main reason Cornell beat what was expectedly an improved Colgate by 38–20—a pro-football score if there ever was one. —J. W. L.

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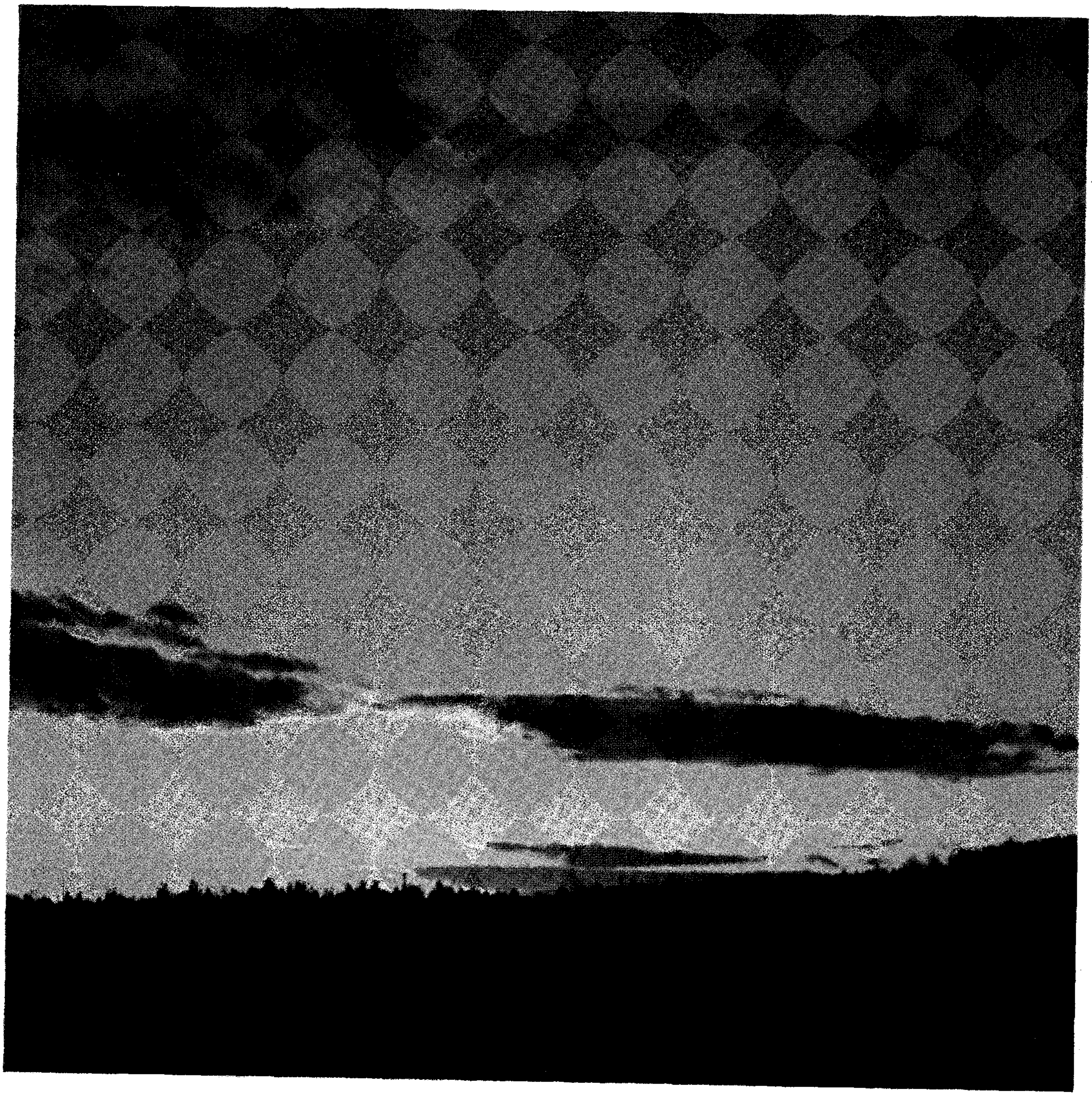

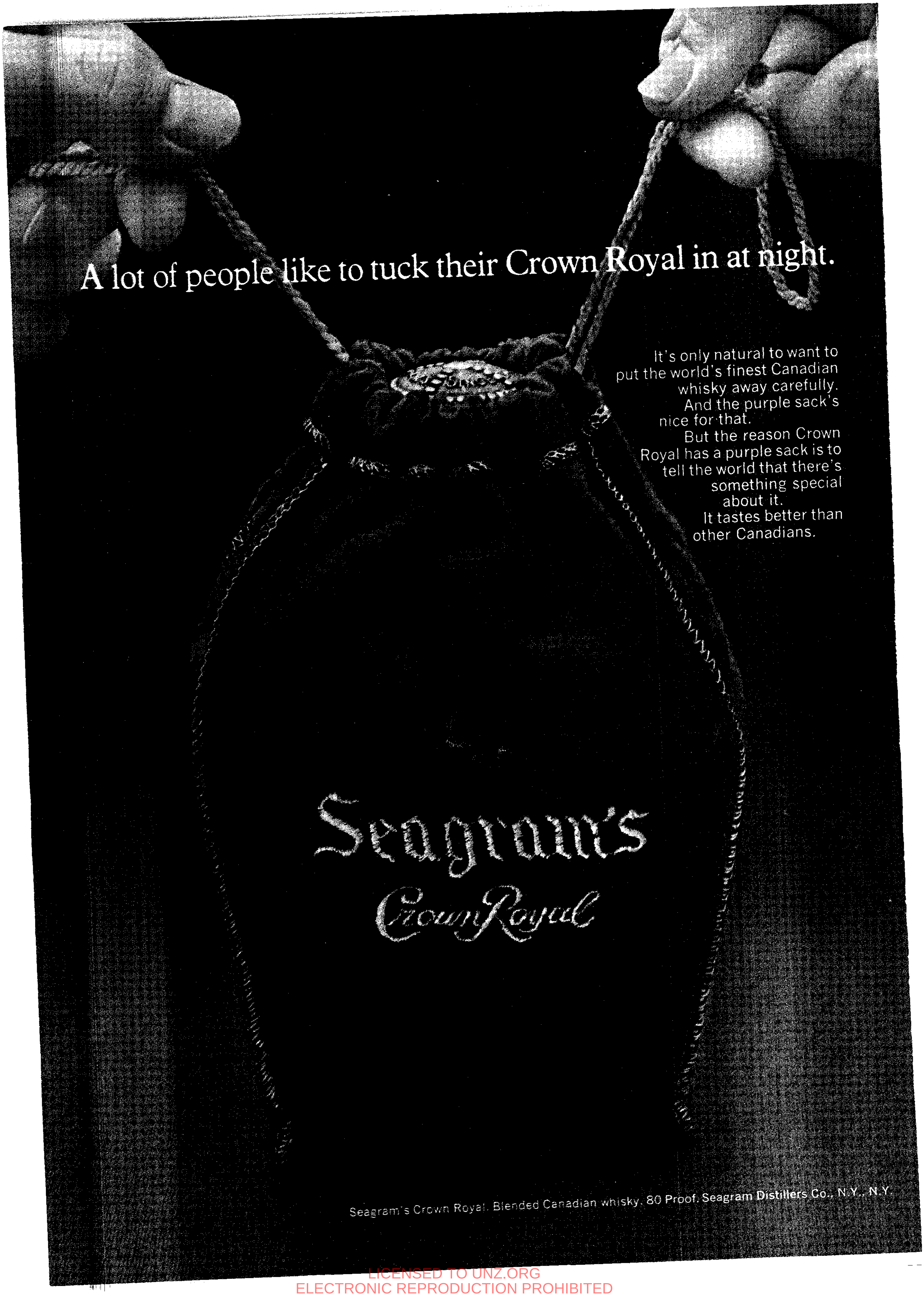

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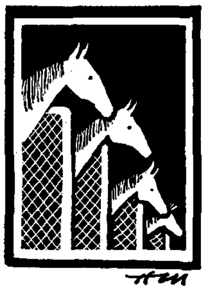
THE RACE TRACK

A Few Ladies



AT Belmont Park last Saturday, the Matron Stakes, one of the season's prizes for two-year-old fillies, wasn't the family party for the Phipps horses that race-trackers thought it might be. Ogden Phipps's Numbered Account won it, of course, by six and a half lengths, but Bold Example and Ideal Day, carrying the colors of Mr. Phipps's son Ogden Mills Phipps, who were expected to finish second and third, wound up fourth and sixth. The Greentree Stable's Stepping High took second place by half a length from the Brookfield Stable's Informative, and James Adams' Miss Gunflint, the only other starter, was fifth. Numbered Account stumbled as she came out of the starting gate, but when she settled into her stride the race was all over but the cheering and the ticket-cashing. There wasn't much of either, for she went off at 1–5, and Saturday horseplayers don't like those odds, but as she galloped home, there was no longer doubt that she is the best of her age and sex this season. As you've probably heard, she came out of the Matron with a cut on her right foreleg. She got it when she stumbled at the start. They say it is superficial. Let's hope so. Had the entry run one, two, three, the prize money would have totalled $94,479. Numbered Account's share was $60,306, which isn't bad for a minute and ten seconds' work. Her next start will be in the Frizette Stakes at Belmont on the eleventh.

It's not often that a stable runs one, two, three in a stakes race. The last time I remember was when Calumet's Bewitch, Citation, and Free America did it in the old Washington Park Futurity in Chicago in 1947. The 1941 Hopeful was a family affair, for Mrs. Payne Whitney's Greentree pair, Devil Diver and Shut Out, finished one, two, and Amphitheatre, who belonged to her daughter, Mrs. Charles Payson, was third. My favorite, however, is the 1924 Astoria Stakes at Aqueduct—long before it became the Big A. In this one, H. P. Whitney's Maud Muller, Mother Goose, and Swinging took all the money, which wasn't much in those days. Earlier that year, Mother Goose led twenty-eight other two-year-olds in a cavalry charge down the Widener Course at Belmont in the Futurity. And one of Swinging's foals was Equipoise.

IT'S a long time, too, since a filly won the Lawrence Realization Stakes—not since Alfred Vanderbilt's Bed o' Roses beat the colts she met by lengths. In those days, the race was at a mile and five furlongs on the main track at Belmont. The seventy-ninth running last week was at a mile and a half on the grass, and another filly, Elmendorf Stable's Specious, brought off the surprise of the afternoon, if not of the week. Coming up along the rails in the last furlong, she won by three lengths from Yellow Zorker (now, what's a yellow zorker?), with Gleaming third. Lightly regarded in the betting, because she'd won only twice in thirteen tries this season, she paid an eighty-dollar mutuel. By the way, she was ridden by Maple, who had been riding Gleaming in many of his races but had been bumped this time so that Baeza could have the mount.

TOMMY TROTTER, the official handicapper, should take a bow for his assignment of weights in the Stymie Handicap. Protanto, Loud, and Naskra passed the post in that order but in a finish that was the closest thing to a triple dead heat I've seen in some time. The races at a mile and a quarter at Belmont have a new starting point—on the main track instead of at the far end of the chute on the backstretch. It was used for the Stymie, and it gave the crowd in the stand a much better view of what was happening. It will be used for the Woodward Stakes this weekend. Among the probable runners for the Woodward are Cougar II, who came here from California; Tinajero, who came from Puerto Rico; Shuvee, who passed up the rich and important Delaware Handicap in favor of it; Bold Reason; Protanto; Farewell Party; and a number of dark horses. It should be a good show.

FOR the record: Hobeau Farm's Blessing Angelica won the Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park on Sunday, winding up the meeting there. Deceit, who had led for most of the mile and a quarter, was second, and Cathy Honey was third, a nod behind. Sunday racing has proved such a success at Delaware Park that they will have it again next year.

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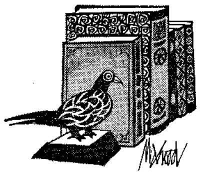
BOOKS

Graham Greene Begins

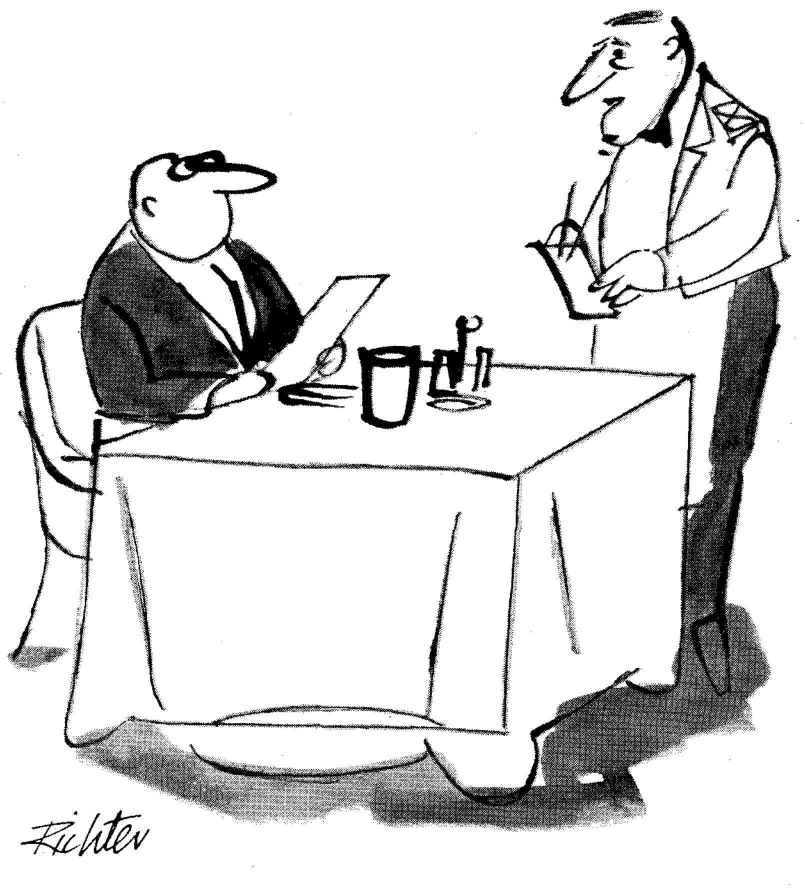


AS Dame Edith Sitwell, herself not notably inconspicuous or conformist, wrote in her "English Eccentrics," "eccentricity exists particularly in the English, and partly, I think, because of that peculiar and satisfactory knowledge of infallibility that is the hallmark and birthright of the British nation." That innate knowledge of near-papal—or, at any rate, near-archiepiscopal—infallibility may have been shaken by the calamity of the First World War and destroyed by the dissolution of the Empire, but not before it could leave its arcane, inspiriting mark on the present generation of older British writers, which these excerpts from three recent autobiographies will show:

> He had lost his eye by galloping into the branch of a tree, while out hunting at Cirencester.... Vyner used to tell the story of how he was walking in London with him one day and had said to him, "Father dear, don't you think it is time you got yourself a glass eye?" The old Rajah, in a particularly jovial mood—at least, jovial for him—replied, "You are quite right, my boy; let us do it at once." They happened to be passing a taxidermist at the time. The Rajah stalked in and bought himself the first eye he saw. It happened to be one destined for a stuffed albatross, and it gave him for ever afterwards the ferocious stare of some strange solitary marine bird.
>
> Mr. Bourchier was a *totally preposterous* parson. When he felt festal he decreed a feast, whatever the season or occasion marked on the calendar.... When the mood took him he improvised his own peculiar ceremonies. Once he presented himself on the chancel steps, vested in a cope and bearing from his own breakfast table a large silver salt-cellar. "My people," he *announced*, "*you are the* salt of the earth," and scattered a spoonful on the carpet before us.
>
> Very remote my Uncle Graham seemed, and the more important for his dryness and his taciturnity and the glasses which dangled over his waistcoat on a broad black ribbon.... At the age of eighty-nine he fell under a tube train owing to failing eyesight on his way to attend a subcommittee of the Committee of Imperial Defence which was to discuss the import of reindeer into the north of Scotland. He lay, quiet and self-possessed, beside the live rail while the train moved back and it was found that he had only bruised a rib.... He survived quite a while even then.... The first sign of his approaching end was when my old aunts while undressing him removed a toe with his socks.

The first of these passages is from "Queen of the Headhunters," by Sylvia Lady Brooke, the Ranee of Sarawak; the second is from "A Little Learning," the first volume of the lamentably unfinished memoirs of Evelyn Waugh; the third is from Graham Greene's new autobiographical fragment, "A Sort of Life" (Simon & Schuster). As the accounts of Waugh and Greene in particular reveal, the props of social stability and financial security that made this kind of harmless and sometimes even productive eccentricity possible and permissible—often, in fact, admired—in their parents' generation had begun to crumble badly before they reached their teens, at the onset of the dark night of the war: the Somme and Second Ypres. Nurtured in Victorian families that encouraged or at least scarcely hampered their Edwardian sense of self and self-expression, both these young men encountered and were excluded by a null sense of conformity at school, a shallow and bitter conformity that echoed the last unavailing attempts to shore up the traditional pieties in the world beyond. Waugh, at Lancing, was plucked from the mildly questing gentilities of literary Hampstead and plumped into the cold and pointless monasticism of High Church education in its final days; Greene, at Berkhamsted, where his father was headmaster, was abruptly transformed from a member of a large and clannish family into a solitary schoolboy who abhorred his squalid dormitory and was ostracized as a potential talebearer by his schoolfellows. In Waugh's case, individuality denied expressed itself eccentrically but self-defeatingly later on: self-conscious revelry and atheism at Oxford; a self-conscious attempt at suicide by drowning at a low point in his fortunes, not long before "Decline and Fall." In Greene's, the self frustrated turned against itself even earlier and more explicitly: suicide attempts at school with a penknife, pills, and medicine; at Oxford, a term-long bout of drunkenness and a terrifying series of games of Russian roulette.

Significantly, I *think*, both these memoirs end on a low chord of failure—Waugh's after he burns his earliest novel, "The Temple at Thatch," upon receipt of a disparaging comment from Harold Acton; Greene's after he comes to realize that his early romantic novels were an irrelevant false start. It is interesting to note that failure is indeed a common and constant theme in the later work of both these novelists: in Waugh, the quite different but



"Which Businessman's Lunch will it be, sir—on the way up or on the way down?"

equally mortifying humiliations of such characters as Tony Last and Guy Crouchback; in Greene, the humbling of virtually every protagonist. This can be read as a sort of self-lament for lost individuality and innocence, for promising eccentricity turned back against oneself by a world that has increasingly less use for scruples, honor, and differentiation of character or even mannerism. It is an elegiac thought, and it is well expressed, in Graham Greene's famous elegiac tone, in his introduction to "A Sort of Life": "If one cannot close a book of memories on the deathbed, any conclusion must be arbitrary, and I have preferred to finish this essay with the years of failure which followed the acceptance of my first novel. Failure too is a kind of death: the furniture sold, the drawers emptied, the removal van waiting like a hearse in the lane to take one to a less expensive destination."

In between the beginning and the failure—and the implied new beginning, at the age of thirty, with "It's a Battlefield," which, like "Decline and Fall," turned failure into success, quite paradoxically, by drawing on the materials of the author's own failure—there is a great deal of description and evocation, if not really very much intimate personal history, to recommend "A Sort of Life." Mr. Greene, as he has every right to do, is rather indulging himself by writing a set of set pieces that are strong on person and place but on the whole less self-revealing than we might wish. No matter; the set pieces and the language they are clothed in are well worth the price of admission. As Orwell pointed out in his essay on Dickens, that writer's atmosphere is often created by a "florid little squiggle on the edge of the page," a specific and idiosyncratic detail that does not advance the plot. By similar devices—the rueful manner that has little to do with matter and marginal squiggles like Dickens' (e.g., "the import of reindeer into the north of Scotland" in the passage about Sir Graham Greene already cited)—Greene creates an atmosphere for the reader that is totally his and totally involving, which is perhaps the ultimate use of eccentricity. In the opening sequences of this book, he sketches a picture of Berkhamsted at the beginning of the century that stands with Orwell's picture of once-rural, now-conurbanized Lower Binfield (in "Coming Up for Air") and Betjeman's Berkshire market town ("Ask of the Abingdon bus with full load creeping/ Down into denser suburbs. The birch lets go/ But one

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brown leaf upon browner bracken below") in "The Old Liberals." There is a ripe and sorrowing air of imminent decay about the country town on the verge of cancerous proliferation; speaking of the Hall, his uncle's house, Greene says, "When I see a performance of 'The Cherry Orchard' today, it is on that estate I hear the axes falling." There is a lingering sense of passing, too, about Greene's picture of his family, with its roster of sharply differentiated aunts, its dimmer and more numerous cousins, its dead and distant but somehow present collaterals and ancestors, its servants seen in close-up for a season and then gone.

All this is material of the past—our past as well as Greene's. So is his account of school and university. These things, it seems, were handed on to him, like a parent's cut-down clothes, without his desire or his consent. But he is not a part of them. Instead, he is a member of the first generation of twentieth-century men to embody the clash between nineteenth-century verities and twentieth-century uncertainties and to resolve it in their work. In this book, which is really a gentle, painful odyssey between centuries, the first hint of Greene as a new man, as a card-carrying representative of the modern condition, comes when, in 1920, he is sent, astonishingly and at the age of sixteen, to an analyst in Kensington after an abortive attempt to run away from home. The second hint is in the overt self-destructiveness—the drinking and the pistol games with one round chambered—at Oxford. And the third lies in his curious—but ultimately logical—embrace of Nottingham, when he goes there to become a newspaper reporter, as a kind of paradigm of man's urban fate. This love of urban squalor, this vision of cities as a testing ground for human viability, augmented itself in London, where he went to work on the *Times*. His novels still bore little relation to the present in theme or content—he was still obsessed by the romantic models of his youth—but the material of modern fiction, of the kind of cinematic city montage of which he was to become a master, was growing steadily in his mind. After the failure this book ends with, it was to flower in the electric London landscape of "It's a Battlefield," of which V. S. Pritchett wrote, when it appeared, "It is the only genuinely modern novel I have read for a very long time; it is exciting to the reader; it has something serious to say without being pretentious." And it was to consolidate itself in the portrait of Nottingham, a foggy city of dreadful

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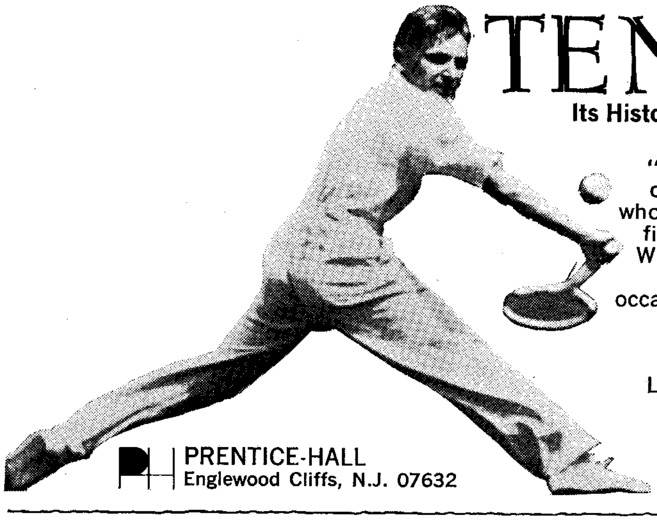

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night, a "focal point of failure, a place undisturbed by ambition, a place to be resigned to, a home from home," in his next novel but one, "A Gun for Sale."

Though he does not probe as deeply into his own motivations and reactions as we might like, though "A Sort of Life" is more often the view of an observer than that of a participant, this is still a valuable book, not only for an understanding of Greene himself but for an understanding of his generation—the first that took its stand and made its life on the uneasy frontiers of the present. While he seems to state that this is all the memoir we will have from him, I hope he will not end his autobiography here. There is still too much that he, as one of the last of that first generation, as one of the last eccentrics and originals to smuggle themselves past the border guard of enforced conformity, has to tell about himself and us. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TENANTS, by Bernard Malamud (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Mr. Malamud's new novel is a play on stereotypes. It tells of two writers, one black (Willie Spearmint) and one white (Harry Lesser), both working with ludicrous dedication in an unheated Manhattan building that the landlord wants to demolish. Harry, having already published two novels (although the second was ten years ago), is helping Willie, a novice. He tells him things like "There's *no* question you're a writer, Willie. . . . Whatever the writing lacks there's obviously a talent at work." Meanwhile, he falls helplessly in love with Willie's white chick, Irene. (Helplessly but not hopelessly, since Willie is saving himself for his work.) Finally, the two men break apart—mainly because they really are no better than stereotypes—and they destroy each other, neither having finished his novel. It is not a false outcome, but, given the superb playfulness of the beginning, it does have a falsely desperate tone.

AVERY'S MISSION, by J. I. M. Stewart (Norton). To insure that we aren't bored on this little Italian holiday, Mr. Stewart places us in the hands of Charles Bannerman, a Cambridge don whose charming fastidiousness with language is fruitfully joined to an inquiring, not to say inquisitive, mind. When we meet him, Bannerman is about to delve into the mysteries of the Laurentian Library,

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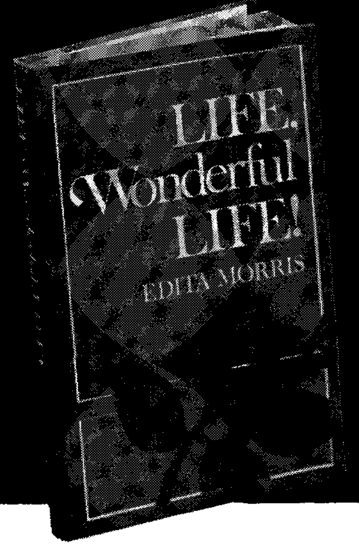

Yes, this enchanting story is indeed a "charmer," as *Publishers' Weekly* states, "as joyous as its title—alive, funny, tender, full of the spirits of Christmas, spring and Midsummer's Eve."

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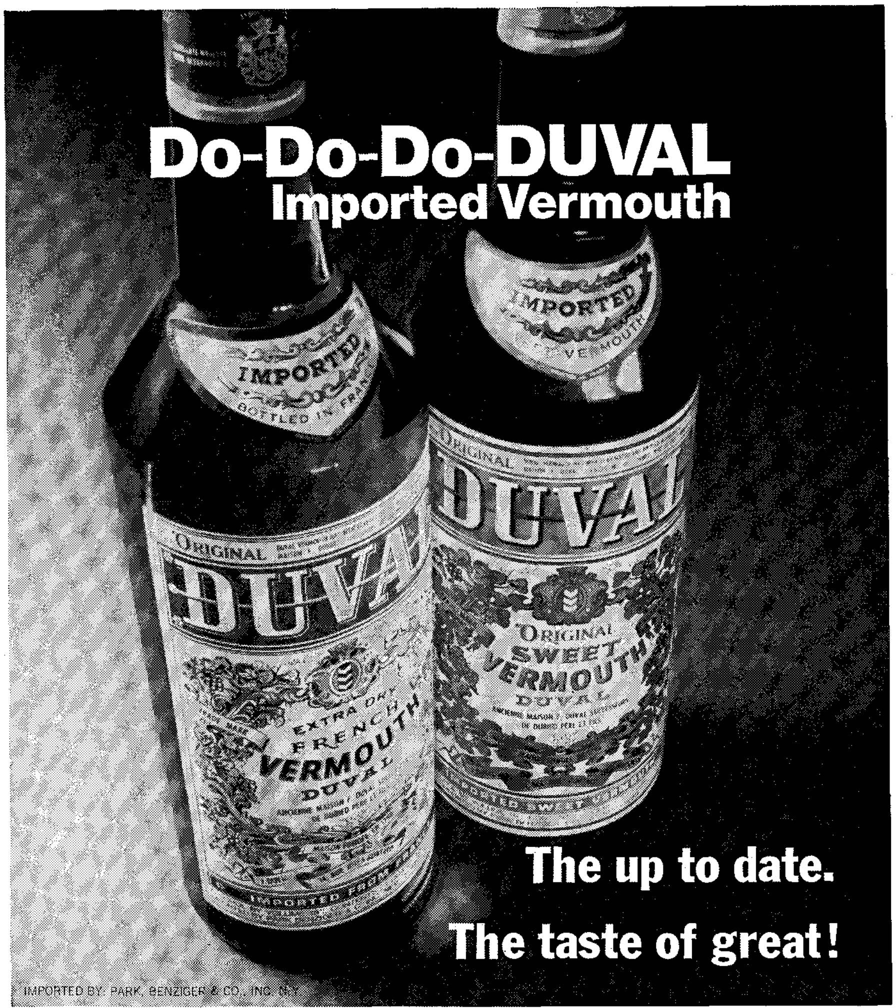
in Florence, but he is easily diverted to the more vital mysteries contained in the family of one of his former pupils, Avery Brenton. Young Avery, it seems, has been sent by his mother—a formidably attractive woman—to visit his father, who has been living in Florence, happily divorced from her, for over ten years. Will the elder Brenton be lured into remarriage? Why has he become so attached to his beautiful young male secretary? It is Bannerman's job (suavely performed) to interest us in these questions. The answers come by themselves, and they do not upset us unduly.

GENERAL

THE PRESIDENT'S WAR: THE STORY OF THE TONKIN GULF RESOLUTION AND HOW THE NATION WAS TRAPPED IN VIETNAM, by Anthony Austin (Lippincott). Mr. Austin, who is a newspaperman (he works on the *Times*), begins with a modest preface in which he says that he doubts whether a "definitive history" of this momentous military and political decision can be written until "all the secret documents" are published and all the "decision-makers . . . in Washington and Hanoi reveal all they know." Maybe, but his superior book, the result of three years of research, appears to refute that contention. The naval engagement in the Tonkin Gulf (or half engagement, since it supposedly consisted of two incidents, one of which Mr. Austin is convinced did not occur) will evoke among readers past a certain age some of the flavor of Second World War service comedies, but nothing else about the book is funny. Almost everybody in it, on every side of every question, with some justification feels personally bitter or betrayed—from Senator Fulbright, who was persuaded that the broad language of the resolution would not be used to wage a war, to President Johnson, who was deserted by most of the men who formulated the policies he carried out. Mr. Austin's account leaves the reader appalled, if not by the decisions themselves, then by the high-handed secretiveness of the executive bureaucracy, which concerned itself with many things—ships and shoes and sealing wax—but never with the possibility that its actions were violating the American Constitution.

HOMAGE TO THEODORE DREISER, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House). Dreiser was born in 1871



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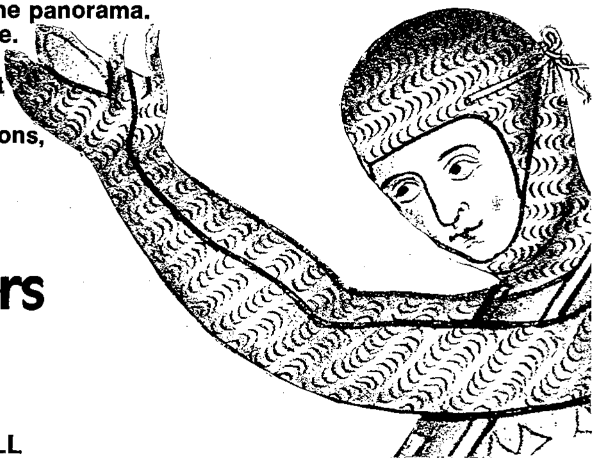

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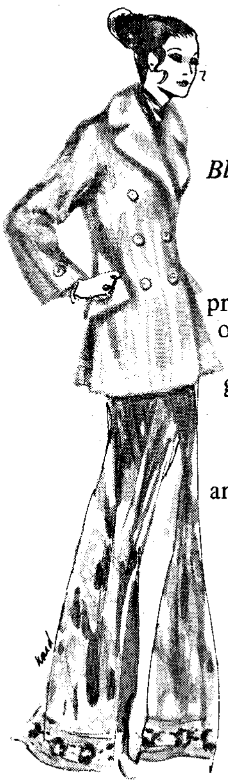

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(as, interestingly, were such other innovators as Stephen Crane, Marcel Proust, and Paul Valéry), and this is a centennial appreciation. It is a measured one. Mr. Warren is not powerfully drawn to Dreiser as a man: he notes that Dreiser wore a "health belt" and consulted tea-leaf fortune-tellers, and that he was incapable of sustaining a decent relationship with anyone. He sees, as well, Dreiser's faults as a writer: his clumsiness, his heaviness, his verbosity. But he also sees beyond all that to the genius of Dreiser as "a novelist of the metaphysics of society," not only in the mighty "An American Tragedy" but almost equally in "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt," and his perception both explains Dreiser's ability to entrap and commit and induces one to seek out (or reinspect) those studies of the nature of man's illusions.

NOTE: Knopf has published "The Affair of Gabrielle Russier," a collection of Mlle. Russier's letters, many from prison, with a preface by Raymond Jean and a long introduction by Mavis Gallant. Miss Gallant's introduction appeared originally in *The New Yorker*, under the heading "Annals of Justice: Immortal Gatito.". . . Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "London War Notes: 1939-1945," a collection of Mollie Panter-Downes' Letters from London, written for this magazine.

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A high proportion of our population weighs more than is considered desirable for optimum health. Those persons who are excessively overweight probably are obese also.—*Booklet issued by the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.*

And some of them are fat.

•

The cast consists of Nancy Amell as Amanda, Melora Furman as Laura, Tom Becket as Tom, and John Strout as the gentleman caller. They should prove to give an excellent portrayal of the characters. This play will not be worth missing.—*Dover (N.H.) Foster's Daily Democrat.*

Even if you don't like the theatre?

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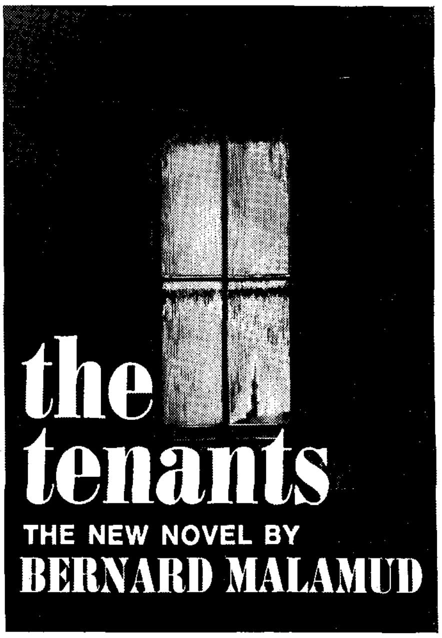

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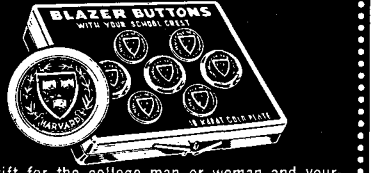

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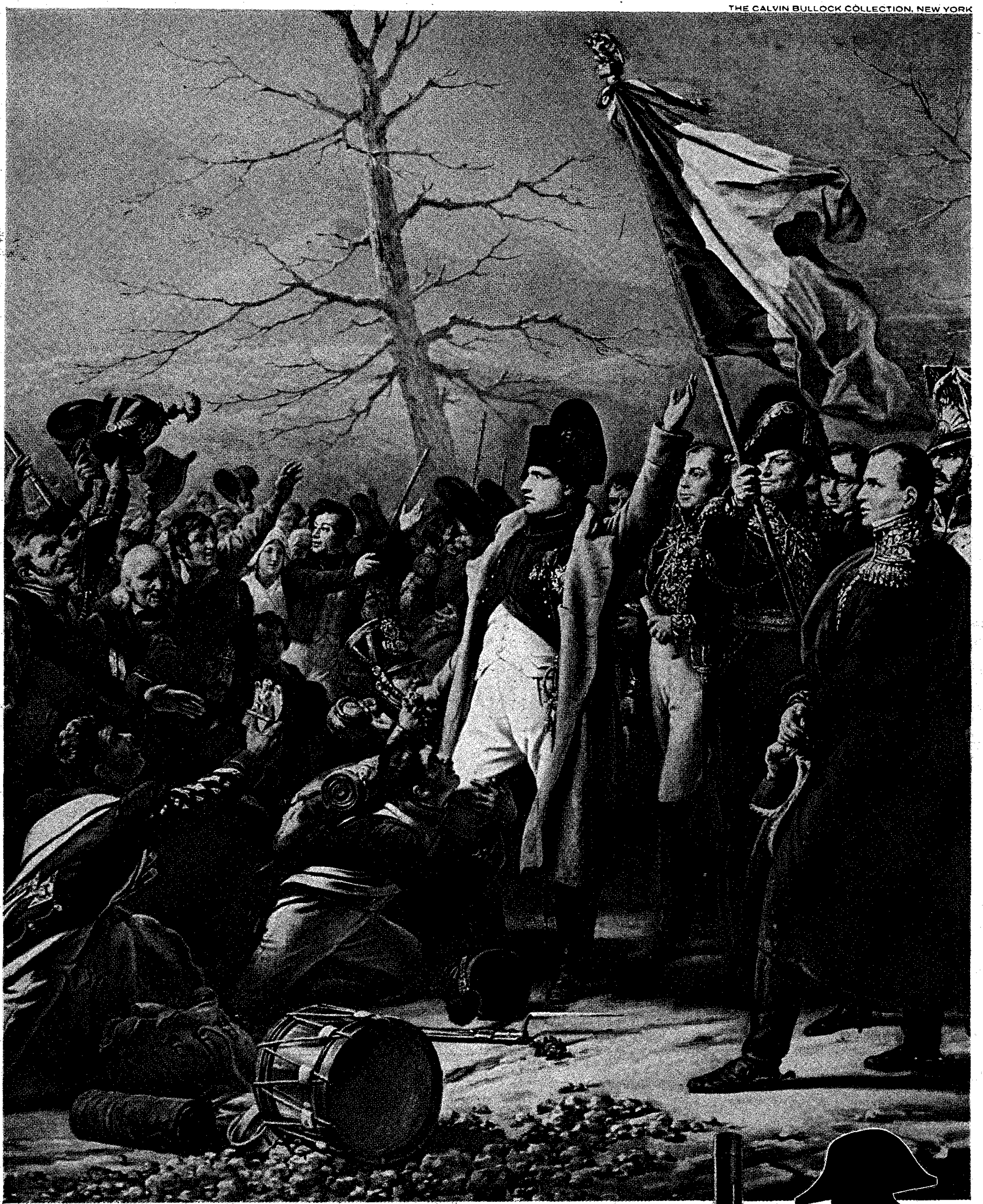

Retour de l'Ile d'Elbe Février 1815. Detail from the painting by Karl Steuben (1788-1856). Napoleon sailed from Elba on February 26th and nine days later reached Grenoble, where a garrison of troops marched out to stop him. Napoleon stepped forward: "If there is one among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, here I am." A pause, then "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from a thousand throats as his former troops knelt at his feet.

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